Mr. Brady's Camera Boy

by

FRANCES ROGERS

illustrated by

DUDLEY G. SUMMERS

MR. BRADY'S CAMERA BOY

by Frances Rogers

The young camera expert of today—and any boy or girl who likes adventure—will enjoy this story of a boy who had the luck to get a job as apprentice to Mathew Brady, the great pioneer in photography. "Brady's Gallery" was a busy place in Washington even before Civil War days, and at the Battle of Bull Run, Brady drove his dark-room on wheels to the battlefields and took photographs which are now famous as the first official American war photographs.

Timothy, the camera boy, served in this dangerous project and learned his trade while he shared in the making of camera history.

Besides an interesting portrait of Abraham Lincoln's photographer, Mathew Brady, the plot includes, as one of its famous people from real life, Harriet Tubman in her work of freeing slaves through the Underground Railway.

Frances Rogers, known for her excellent American historical stories, including *Paul Revere: Patriot on Horseback,* and *Jeremy Pepper,* adds to her impressive record in this story of a boy in Civil War days in Washington.

Illustrations by Dudley G. Summers

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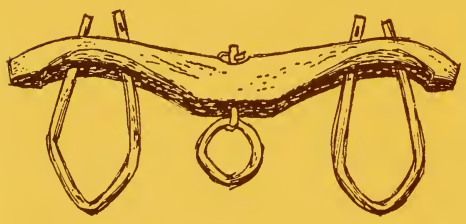

MEMORIAL

the Class of 1901

founded by
HARLAN HOYT HORNER
and
HENRIETTA CALHOUN HORNER

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Mr. Brady's Camera Boy

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5000 YEARS OF GEMS AND JEWELRY

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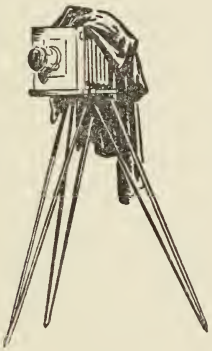
HEELS, WHEELS AND WIRE: THE STORY OF MESSAGES AND SIGNALS

MR. BRADY'S CAMERA BOY

BY FRANCES ROGERS

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY G. SUMMERS



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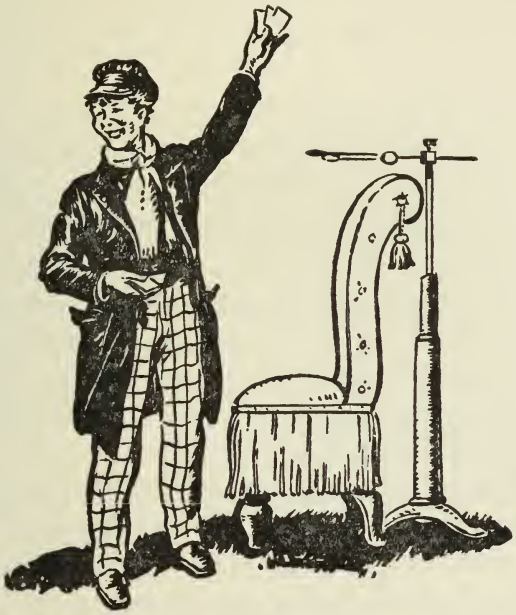
Mr. Brady's Camera Boy



CHAPTER ONE

LIKENESS WHILE YOU WAIT

THE CANVAS-COVERED VAN DREW UP AND stopped at the edge of the village green as exactly as might be in the busiest part of town. And just at that moment the January sun, which since dawn had been sulking behind gray clouds, changed its mood and blazed gloriously down on earth with most satisfactory brilliance.

"Hey, Professor—lookie!" Young Timothy poked a jubilant elbow into the driver's ribs. "Couldn't have better light than this, could we?"

Professor Pippin gave the reins a double turn around

the whip-socket and cast a speculative eye upward.

"True for me sure," he said. "But you've got to hustle while it lasts. No sun, no go—not in our business. And you can't trust—"

The end of the remark was lost to Timothy, who had already scrambled to the ground and was making for the back of the van. Even with hustling it took considerable time to transform a village green into a Portrait Gallery.

Opening the back of the van, the boy hauled out the wooden steps, hooked them in place and then climbed in. Except for a narrow aisle leading to the little darkroom up front, the van was packed to capacity, and Timothy must disentangle and move toward the rear such things as were needed outside.

Meanwhile Professor Pippin had made a leisurely descent from the driver's seat and was ready to lend a hand. Then out came the long-legged tripod, the folding screen, the adjustable metal head-clamp (known as the immobilizer) and last—as crowning touch—the red-plush chair whereon the customer was privileged to sit while being "taken."

It was a most unusual sort of chair, luxuriously trimmed with heavy mustard-yellow fringe at least a foot long. Large yellow tassels dangled from its sides.

"Can't buy anything as tasty as this in common furniture stores—has to be made special," the Professor remarked with pride as together they eased the chair from the van, then carried it to an open space, clear of trees.

Timothy raced back to fetch the folding screen.

"Bet you can't buy fancy screens like this one, either—not just anywhere," he said gleefully.

"Not by a jugful, you can't! It's *extra* special—that screen is. A artist feller I knew painted it for me 'bout

three years ago. See where he signed it?—A. B. And the date, 1858."

"It's a jim-dandy!"

"Yep."

They both paused to look admiringly at the picture which spread across all three panels. There were two marble pillars and a voluminous velvet curtain edged with a Greek border and caught back with a twisted cord—all amazingly life-like.

Several small boys sidled up, eyes popping. The photographer turned quickly.

"Hey—what we thinking of! Dawdling like this. Why, customers'll be here and us not ready. Get stepping, Tim."

Attracted by the unusual activities on the green, several villagers had already stopped in their tracks to stare open-mouthed—which was as it should be. Their eyes lingered on the van.

With intent to make the vehicle as conspicuous as possible, Professor Pippin himself had decorated its canvas sides with dabs and flourishes of bright green and red. In the center of all this was his sign painted in bold black letters:

Professor Adolphus Pippin

FINE FERROTYPES

Twenty-five Cents

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Even the piebald horses, Punch and Judy by name, had been chosen because of their contrasting patches of different colors. And now the public—men, women and children—were showing every evidence of being lured by the whole display.

The photographer's eyes swept appraisingly over his Portrait Gallery. The red-plush chair caught the full blaze of sunlight; directly behind it stood the immobilizer, with the painted screen as background. He gave a nod of approval.

"I'll get the camera now," he said, "but watch out, Tim —mind you don't let any of the kids touch things."

Timothy made a grimace. No one knew better than the Professor's assistant how troublesome youngsters could be. Unless you kept an eye on them they'd be sure to paw the equipment. And you had to take care how you dealt with them so's not to offend the grown-ups and drive away possible customers. The young assistant squared his shoulders, ready for the job.

He was a rather stocky, well-built boy of thirteen, with mischievous brown eyes, a ready grin and a lively sense of fun. His mop of brown hair was so unruly that five minutes after combing, it was again every which way—but that bothered him not at all.

"Say—what's this thing for?" yelped a pert-faced youngster, running a grimy finger along the metal prongs of the immobilizer.

Timothy good-naturedly maneuvered the meddler away.

"You'll see what that's for just as soon as Professor Pippin comes," he said, glancing about at the many villagers who were gradually forming a ragged semi-circle on the green. Then raising his voice for the benefit of the grown-ups, he began to enlarge on the subject.

"Nobody—nobody at all could sit still enough—long enough—if they weren't held steady by the im-mo-bilizer . . ."

He was striving to gain everyone's attention, but with

the tail of his eye he could see a toddler making straight for the red-plush chair. Her mother, a tall woman with a market basket on her arm had turned to speak behind her hand to an old man with a shawl about his shoulders.

Fascinated by the bright yellow tassel, the baby grabbed for it and tugged with all her might.

Timothy whirled and in an instant was on his knees beside the chair, thumbs in ears, fingers wriggling furiously, eyes crossed and tongue wagging. The effect on the baby was most gratifying. With a squeal of delight she turned toward the clowning boy, tassel forgotten. Behind him he could hear people laughing. Good! For a fellow who had had only a few weeks' practice at this business, he was doing pretty well.

"Hey you—when d'you start taking likenesses?" demanded a voice.

"Yep! When'll the show begin?" shouted another.

"Come on—let's see you take somebody," cried one of the boys.

Whipping a handful of printed cards from his coat pocket, Timothy flourished them on high.

"We'll start just as soon as the Professor brings the camera," he announced, then drew a deep breath and went into his spiel:

"La-dies and gents! Here's the opportunity of a lifetime—a chance to get a bee-U-tiful likeness while you wait. And at SMALL expense—(the boy took an impish joy in parroting Professor Pippin's very tone and manner) —*only* one quarter-dollar each. *Only* twenty-five cents. And *guaranteed to please.* A likeness you'll be proud to show your friends—a ferrotype that's fine as they come . . ."

He paused briefly while handing cards to the adults

who happened to be standing near.

"What's a ferry—a ferry type?" asked a gawky youth with large, outstanding ears.

Timothy's grin broadened.

"Oh, maybe *you* call them tintypes," he said airily, "but they're never on tin. Always on iron—"

He broke off to look inquiringly toward the van. It was high time the Professor put in an appearance. Today the man was lingering even longer than usual—probably preening himself like a long-legged, weather-beaten old crane smoothing its feathers. It was no secret that the Professor loved to peer into the little mirror, kept in the van for the benefit of lady customers who wished to fix their hair before facing the camera. He would carefully arrange his oily locks, then set and reset his frowsy stovepipe hat till he had it just so, at a cocky angle. And all the time he had to stoop, half crouching with bent knees to keep his tall hat from bumping the top of the van, because the lanky photographer, even minus his hat, was a good six feet tall.

And now, with a sense of relief, the boy saw his friend emerge from the van, camera in hand. On his gaunt face was the customary, professional smile.

There was a stir of anticipation and eager craning of necks while the young assistant proudly mounted the big camera on its tripod. Everyone wanted a good look at the awe-inspiring, shiny red box-like object, with its long jutting brass cylinder in front. Meanwhile the beaming Professor waited, his fingers thrust into the breast of his coat, his practiced eye sizing up likely customers.

Conspicuous among the spectators was a thin-faced, middle-aged lady whose fashionable hooped skirt was wider, and poke bonnet more beflowered, than was usual

among the village ladies. On her the photographer's keen gaze came to rest.

"Ready, Professor Pippin," announced the assistant.

In two strides the Professor had placed himself directly in front of the well-dressed lady and was crooking a long forefinger at her.

"Ah—*you,* Ma'am! How about a lovely picture to give your best young man?" he wheedled.

The thin face flushed bright pink. There was a faint smile and a little shake of the head.

"Not me," she murmured, "I don't think I'd care to be taken."

"Oh now—go on, Miss Petty—do," urged the tall woman with the market basket, "you'd take just fine."

"Yes—why not? What're you afraid of?" cried the old man in the shawl.

"No. No—really—"

But, even as she was protesting, Miss Petty's hands were fluttering to her bonnet strings, giving the bow a smoothing pat. And a grin of understanding twitched at the corners of Timothy's generous mouth, for he knew that the revealing bit of pantomime spelled *yes* even though the lady *said* no.

"Sit right here please, Ma'am," he directed, patting the red-plush chair invitingly.

After some hesitation and further encouragement from her friends, the lady seated herself on the extreme edge of the seat, stiff as a ramrod.

The assistant gave the thumbscrew on the immobilizer a lively twirl, then tried in vain to adjust the curved prongs to the sitter's head.

"Please, Ma'am—please. You've got to sit all the way back in the chair," he begged.

Miss Petty cautiously hitched herself back; and the Professor, well pleased, went into his routine.

First he removed the little leather cap from the lens in the end of the brass cylinder and slipped it into his pocket. Then he shook out the big square of black velvet with which he would keep out the light while focusing the camera. And next, with marked deliberation, he removed his tall hat and placed it hollow-side up on the ground directly under the sprawling legs of the tripod.

"Now, Ma'am—set real still while I take a squint at you."

Deftly he flipped the cloth into place, covering both the camera and his own head and shoulders.

Timothy suddenly caught his breath. A small yellow dog was approaching on the trot. It made a bee line for the Professor's hat and began to sniff at it in a manner that set the boy's nerves on edge, but he could do nothing about shooing the mongrel off—not while the Professor was getting the focus.

Miss Petty's thin hands clasped and unclasped themselves apprehensively.

"I've never had my likeness taken before and I must say it makes me fidgety," she muttered. "I declare! I'd about as soon have a tooth out."

"Ferrotypes don't hurt a mite—" the Professor tossed the black cloth to his assistant. "Now please, Ma'am, stay just like you are—I'll be back in a jiffy."

As he turned quickly to replace the cap over the lens the photographer's foot landed on a yellow paw. There was a sharp yelp of pain.

"Oh! Poor doggie!" he cried in distress, fully aware how unlucky such a mishap could be—especially if the creature belonged to a potential customer. But a pho-

tographer simply had to move fast: he must get back to his darkroom, prepare the little iron plate, slip it into a plate-holder and return to the camera—all in the shortest possible time.

Professor Pippin hurried off, leaving his assistant to deal with the situation.

The boy was already at it—trying to sooth the yelping dog, coaxing him with friendly words. Several of the children were whistling to him and the tall woman called him by name, but the animal preferred to stay in the center of things, barking noisily.

Miss Petty, her head still firmly clutched by the curved prongs, was now scowling and rolling her eyes toward the bystanders. They were hugely enjoying Timothy's futile efforts to make friends with the yapping dog, but to the lady's sensitive ears the giggling and laughter sounded all too personal. They must be laughing at *her!*

"I do wish everybody would go away!" she exclaimed. "I declare! It's horrid—being stared at like this. What's more—I won't stand it! Boy! Boy—undo this dreadful thing on my head. I'll not have my likeness taken."

Timothy wheeled instantly. Let the dog yip if it must —nothing could be worse than having the first sitter of the day leave in a huff. Why, that could queer things for keeps—they might get no customers whatever. Then the Portrait Gallery would have to shut up shop and move on.

Determined to keep the lady in spite of her protests, Timothy faced her squarely.

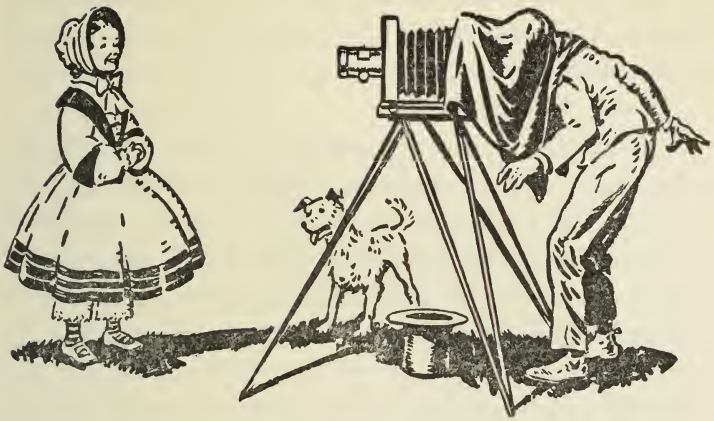
"Please, Miss Petty, Ma'am—" he smiled his best— "the Professor will be back in a jiffy—really. But it's like this, Ma'am. You can't get plates ready ahead of time—they just don't keep. So that's what he's doing now, Ma'am— he's in the darkroom, coating a plate. But he's a quick

one, the Professor is. He'll be back here as fast as he can leg it."

The lady was not listening; her hands continued to tug at the metal prongs that held her prisoner. She was muttering indignantly.

"I won't stand it, I tell you." Her voice rose as she glared at Timothy.

"Boy! Undo this dreadful thing at once."



CHAPTER TWO

PLUMPERS AND BEE'S WAX

TIMOTHY TWISTED HIS NECK AND PEERED anxiously toward the van. What ailed the photographer anyway? Had something gone wrong in the darkroom? Had he fumbled and dropped the plate? If so, the sticky thing would pick up dirt; he'd have to discard it and coat a fresh one. Or perhaps—

"Boy—are you stone deaf?" Miss Petty's voice had grown shrill. "Undo this clamp I tell you."

Some of the spectators, greatly entertained by the boy's obvious dismay, sought to fan the flames.

"Good for you, Miss Petty," shouted one of the men, "don't you stand for no nonsense."

"Say—what sort of tintypers are you fellers anyhow?" jeered the gawky youth. "Why don't you get going?"

Suddenly aware that he must divert attention in some

spectacular way, Timothy did the first thing that popped into his head. He upped his heels and balanced himself on his crown.

"Lookie, Ma'am—lookie!"

From his upside-down position he grinned impishly up at the lady who was now regarding him with concern.

There was a ripple of applause, then a man shouted:

"If the kid's game enough to stand on his head till the tintyper comes, I reckon the lady's game enough to wait."

Miss Petty rolled her eyes from the speaker to the inverted boy.

"Your face is getting red," she said uneasily. "Get down—do. I'll wait. Although, goodness knows, I don't want to," she added.

A welcoming shout went up from the children.

"Here he comes! Here comes the tintyper now!"

The young assistant hastily righted himself and made way for the Professor who, smiling happily, waved the plate-holder at the crowd.

"Well, well, well—now! That didn't take long, did it? Ah—nice doggie—keep quiet, doggie . . . good for you, my lad."

One of the boys had managed to capture the wriggling animal and was petting it.

"Just one more little minute, Ma'am, and we'll be all set." The Professor spoke soothingly.

All eyes, including the sitter's, followed the photographer's every move as he took the focusing glass from the back of the camera and replaced it with the plate-holder, then removed the slide which covered the plate.

Snapping his fingers arrestingly he indicated a spot in the air.

"Look right here, Ma'am. And keep dead quiet—*all parts,* please."

Miss Petty stiffened her spine and clenched her fists.

"Atten—shun!"

Off came the little cap from the lens.

"One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . six . . . seven."

Back went the cap. The photographer beamed.

"Splendid—simply splendid, Ma'am! You sat like a rock. Didn't move a hair—the picture will be clear as a bell. I'll have the likeness ready for you in no time. It don't take long to develop a plate. Tim, you can release the lady's head now." The Professor, plate-holder in hand, set off briskly for the van.

"Gracious me, I hope that dreadful clamp hasn't ruined my bonnet," sputtered Miss Petty.

The tall woman examined the bonnet critically.

"Far as I can see, it didn't hurt it least bit. And you looked real pretty setting there in the sun. Reckon I'll have mine taken, with the baby—if yourn turns out good."

Timothy's grin of satisfaction lasted only an instant. The small fry began to flock about the camera, poking at it with inquisitive fingers; the little dog was once more free to circle the tripod. The young assistant knew he had his work cut out for him.

The Professor, however, was back in record time, his smile radiating confidence. He held the finished ferrotype up for all to see.

"Here it is, ladies and gents—a true likeness," he shouted proudly.

Miss Petty extended an impatient hand.

"Give it here, please—no one could be expected to see at that distance."

She held the little picture gingerly by its edge while she studied it at close range. Then unexpectedly she flung it on the ground.

"Why, I'd not accept such a looking thing!" she cried indignantly. "That's not a likeness of *me*—it could be my grandmother!"

Timothy's eyes flew from the customer's flushed face to the photographer's worried countenance before stooping to pick up the little metal picture. One glance at it convinced him that the portrait was far from flattering. The ruthless sun had high-lighted the lady's prominent cheekbones and cast unwanted shadows beneath them.

"I wouldn't want a soul to see such a hollow-faced scarecrow of a likeness," insisted Miss Petty.

A murmur of sympathy could be heard. Then someone remarked loudly that tintypes weren't near as good as daguerreotypes anyhow.

"Satisfaction guaranteed eh?" bawled a voice. "That's what your sign says."

The photographer drew himself up to his full height.

"That's right," he shouted, "guaranteed is *right* and I'll be glad to take another picture—free."

But by now Miss Petty had had more than enough. She did not intend to go through the whole miserable business a second time and she said as much emphatically.

Professor Pippin, however, felt that his artistic reputation was at stake. He began to coax and wheedle. Timothy pleaded. And the spectators were soon taking sides. A man with a booming voice urged Miss Petty to "give the guy his chance."

"It's no more than fair," he shouted. "Let's see if he *can* make good."

Miss Petty suddenly wilted. After a helpless glance at Timothy, who grinned hopefully, she moved reluctantly toward the red-plush chair.

The boy was about to follow her when an idea struck him. Wheeling abruptly, he reached for the Professor's sleeve and twitched to gain the man's attention.

"Listen—listen," he urged and in a whisper added a single word:

"Plumpers."

Instantly his friend's anxious expression gave way to a broad smile. Snapping his long fingers he cried:

"Why on earth didn't I think of that in the first place?"

Miss Petty had seated herself on the red-plush chair and the photographer, bending over her, spoke in a voice so low that it could not be overheard while he explained the reason for his wanting her to accompany him to the van.

"It'll take only one little minute," he promised.

The lady hesitated an instant, then with the air of a martyr, rose. And Timothy, a gleam of understanding in his eye, watched the pair mount the steps of the van and go inside.

By now the spectators were agog with curiosity.

The old man wearing the shawl gave a tittering laugh.

"Maybe he's going to put stage paint on her face—or flour," he volunteered. "When *I* had my likeness taken they smeared flour all over my face—and even then I had to sit still so long I 'most fainted."

"But why flour?" someone questioned.

"To make me look white of course," retorted the old

man. "It made my face stand out good and clear."

"Say—is that right? Is she getting floured?" yelled the gawky youth.

Timothy grinned, shrugged his shoulders and made a gesture with his hands which as good as said, "how should I know?" Nevertheless he did know exactly what was taking place in the privacy of the van.

First the Professor would open a certain red box containing two items of great value to the photographer. One was a lump of bee's wax used for sticking back the outstanding ears of men and boys. The other was a bundle of "plumpers"—the plumpers being nothing more than so many little wads of cotton. Two of these would be needed—a wad for each of Miss Petty's cheeks. With the cotton tucked securely in place she could safely face the sun, confident that her smooth cheeks would not be disfigured by shadows.

They were back in almost no time, the Professor's hand respectfully guiding Miss Petty toward the red-plush chair.

As Timothy adjusted the prongs of the immobilizer he brought his lips close to the flowered bonnet and whispered a warning:

"Better not try to speak, Ma'am. The plumpers might shift out of place."

And again, after the second photograph had been taken, he offered further advice in an undertone.

"Now's the time to spit 'em out, Ma'am," he said and gave the thumbscrew a twirl.

Miss Petty blushed crimson, but short of swallowing the plumpers there seemed no other way of getting rid of them, so she turned her back on the crowd and disposed of the cotton wads.

With an eye to keeping the folks amused while the photographer was in the darkroom developing the second ferrotype, Timothy invited a small girl to stand before the camera.

"Who wants to see the little lady's image on the focusing glass?" he said, looking straight at the tall woman. Unfortunately it was the gawky youth with the big ears who responded. He bounced forward shouting, "I do! Let me see it!"

Timothy made a wry face, but obligingly spread the square of black velvet over the camera and the fellow's head before uncapping the lens.

For a moment there was silence, then from under the black cloth came a muffled shout,

"Ho! Jennie! I can see you real plain . . . *you're standing on your head!*"

With a shriek of horror, the small girl clutched her full skirts about her and fled.

Several of the men hawhawed, but there was no mistaking the murmur of protest—it sounded like the hum of angry bees.

Waving his arms to command attention, Timothy shouted his explanation:

"The image is always *upside down* on the focusing glass, ladies and gents. But that doesn't make *you* look as if you were on your head—I mean you look just the same as you do when you're right-side up. . . ."

It was hard sledding, but the Professor was soon back with the ferrotype. There was a smile of triumph on his face and without a word of comment he handed the little portrait to Miss Petty.

Timothy held his breath. For a long tense moment she studied it.

"I'm afraid that this one actually flatters me," she murmured.

"Oh—indeed not, Ma'am!" cried the photographer, "the camera *never* lies."

All at once everyone seemed to be crowding close, eager for a look at the successful portrait and Timothy had difficulty in catching a glimpse of it. But what he did see pleased him. Thanks to the plumpers no dark shadows marred the sitter's cheeks—the hollows had simply vanished.

While two would-be customers were arguing over who should be first, a third one took possession of the red-plush chair.

"Hey, you all," he yelled at Timothy, "come fix this clamp thing on my head."

The young assistant eyed the new customer thoughtfully for an instant—it was the gawky youth—then raced off to the van to fetch the bee's wax.

You had to use your wits in this photography business, he told himself, but it was fun. There was no telling what might turn up next.

CHAPTER THREE

FOLLOWING THE NORTH STAR

NEXT DAY, BEING SUNDAY, THE CANVAS-COVered wagon kept to the Virginia road which led due north. No stops for photography would be made during the day—and for good reason. On Sundays, village shops were always closed and main streets deserted—customers would be few and far between.

Punch and Judy jogged along at a comfortable pace, and every now and then the Professor would sing snatches of his favorite tune—a song with a buzzing chorus called *The Bluetailed Fly.*

As time went on Timothy grew increasingly restless. He wriggled about on the hard seat, poked a leg out across the dashboard and finally yawned noisily.

Professor Pippin grinned and twitched the reins.

"Guess you'd rather be taking likenesses than traveling, anyday," he remarked.

"Reckon I would," agreed the boy. "And things came out all right yesterday—we did all right."

"We did. Yep, we did—specially considering how small the town was."

Timothy puckered his forehead in thought.

"Seems to me—" he began slowly— "seems to me we could do even better if we stopped in places where there's more people—like—like Richmond, I mean. There'd be so many more folks wanting likenesses."

"Yep—guess you might figure it that way. But according to what I've learned it don't work out like that. I do better when I stick to the little places and leave the cities to the fellers who run regular parlors. All-year-round portrait galleries, you know."

"You mean portrait galleries like Mr. Brady's?"

The lanky photographer eyed Timothy with mock surprise.

"What'd you mean?—*like Mr. Brady's!* Why, there just ain't another gallery like his. He's top of the heap I can tell you."

"Oh, I know that," cried the boy. "I know a lot about Mr. Brady—Dad told me."

The Professor nodded.

"Yep. Brady's tops all right. *Brady of Broadway* he's called."

"I know."

"Um-m. How old did you say you was when your pa died?"

" 'Most nine."

"And your ma? She dead, too?"

"Yes—only she died so long ago I can't even remember her."

"And that aunt you was telling me about?—the one you was living with back there in Fayetteville. Sounds like you had a lot of trouble making her see what a fine trade taking photographs is." The Professor chuckled as if greatly amused at the idea.

"Oh, no—that wasn't it," protested the boy. "Aunt Belle hasn't anything against photography. You see, my Dad had a camera himself—he used to take daguerreotypes, and sometimes they turned out fine. I can remember the way he'd get the little plates ready. He'd polish them and polish them—and the copper'd get so shiny it would be just like a little mirror—"

"Yep—just like a mirror," agreed the Professor. "And in a manner of speaking that's what picture-taking amounts to," he continued thoughtfully. "Let's say you aim a camera at a tree. And the tree's reflected in a special sort of little mirror (that's the plate)—and the image *sticks!* You've got it for keeps. You could look at it in the house and you'd still be seeing the same tree."

Timothy caught up the idea with enthusiasm.

"Why yes! Sure enough! A regular glass mirror would reflect the tree—just the same way. But the minute you turned the thing, the tree would be gone. You couldn't take the image home with you."

"True for me sure."

The Professor gave the reins an indifferent jerk and began to hum—much as a cat purrs when it's pleased with life. Timothy relaxed and let his thoughts drift idly back to the days when he used to watch his father prepare copper plates and trays of queer-smelling chemicals. Presently he said,

"Dad was always talking about going to New York to take lessons from Mr. Brady. But I reckon Grandma couldn't get along without him. She said she'd never be able to manage the plantation by herself."

"You're luckier—" the Professor smiled at the boy—"you're starting young to learn photography."

"Yes—but—well, did I have a time making my aunt say yes!"

Aunt Belle hadn't seemed to realize that going on fourteen was practically grown up . . . yet she admitted that times being so hard he might have to skip school for a while and get himself a job.

Then he had replied explosively:

"Yes! A job here in Fayetteville! Do you want me to sell papers?"

At that she'd abruptly switched the subject.

"All this talk about war, Tim—it worries me so, I can't sleep nights. If South Carolina actually does secede, then probably the rest of the South will too."

"What if the South does secede!" he'd said, "it won't matter. Let the old Yankees mind their own business and run the North any way they want to—the South can run herself—just like she always has."

Aunt Belle's eyes were getting all moist-looking and shiny, as if she were about to cry. So he hastened to steer the conversation back to where it belonged.

"Now this chance to hitch up with a professor of photography is more than just a job," he pointed out. "It's a real start—that's what it is. And someday I'll be a regular photographer. Own my own camera. Maybe a big one like Dad's—the one you had to sell."

Finally she'd given in.

"Well, dear—I suppose I shouldn't stand in your way.

Your dear father did so want to make a life-work of fine photography—" she choked a little and wiped her eyes—"but he had no choice. And now *you*. He'd not want me to hold you back—I feel certain of that."

By that time Timothy was swallowing at a lump in his throat—he couldn't speak.

"So—dear—since things are as they are—" his aunt's voice took on a more cheerful tone— "we must look on the bright side. You would have the advantage of associating with a professor. I suppose he is a professor of chemistry? And you must tell Professor Pippin for me how sorry I am that he does not have time to call—I should have so liked to meet him."

Timothy nodded, but kept discreetly silent.

His new friend was not in the least like any of the professors known to his aunt—the dignified gentlemen who taught at the Academy. It was lucky there was no time for a call from Professor Pippin.

He had met the professor of photography by chance in the post office. The tall, shabby stranger had been inquiring for letters, and before leaving the window he had asked Postmaster Jones if he knew of any likely young fellow who would like a job as assistant to a traveling photographer.

"I had to get rid of the boy who's been helping me," he explained.

The old postmaster happened to catch Timothy's eye.

"Say, Tim—how 'bout you? Need a job?" he asked and chuckled to show that he was joking.

"Who doesn't?" Timothy laughed.

To his surprise the stranger promptly took him up.

"Come on out to the van—let's talk it over," he said.

In next to no time they had reached a gentleman's

agreement: the boy would assist as best he could, in exchange for his keep and whatever instruction in the art of picture-taking the Professor would dole out. After that Timothy had set out for home with his head in the clouds. He was determined to win his aunt's approval. And he had—in the end. She'd packed a carpetbag with his things, hugged him and sent him on his way with her blessing.

So now, after several weeks of leisurely meandering, the traveling portrait gallery was headed northward toward Washington, D.C., where the Professor would lay in a fresh stock of chemicals, little iron plates and cardboard frames, before continuing his slow journey throughout the South.

Timothy's knowledge of geography was nothing to boast of. He had a hazy idea of the location of the Nation's Capital—it was somewhere along a river called the Potomac. But the Professor had said that he aimed to strike Washington about the end of January; so now, with the month about over, they must be close to their destination.

Intending to question his companion, Timothy turned his head, but the words died on his lips.

Professor Pippin was sitting bolt upright, his chin raised. He was listening intently.

Curiosity roused, the boy cocked his ears. But he could hear only commonplace sounds like the rippling of the stream and the distant baying of hounds.

Directly ahead was a rickety old bridge, spanning the stream, and as the heavy van lumbered across, the wooden planks danced and clattered.

"Tim, can you still hear 'em?" The Professor brought the team to a halt.

"What'd you mean?—those old hound-dogs bawling?"

"Hound-dogs—yes," sighed the man. "Sounds like they're trailing some poor scared-to-death runaway."

Timothy stared at his friend with keen interest. From the first moment he'd heard him speak, he had known him for a Northerner. Perhaps he was an Abolitionist too —believed all the slaves should be set free.

"Here—" Professor Pippin thrust the reins into the boy's hands—"mind the horses, will you?"

Leaning far out from the high seat he looked back toward the bridge. Then he climbed down and stood listening, a hand behind his ear.

The boy eyed the lean, kindly face as if seeing it for the first time. Yes—the man was just the sort who would go out of his way to help folks in trouble. White *or* black.

Suddenly the Professor cupped his hands about his mouth and called guardedly:

"Friend—are you following the North Star?"

There was a brief whirring sound of many wings as a flock of crows rose from the limb of a nearby tree, then dead silence. Even the dogs had ceased their baying.

Timothy hitched himself over on the seat so that he too might look back along the road.

Again the Professor called:

"Friend—if you're following the North Star—we can help you. Don't be scared of us."

The seconds slipped by while they waited, ears straining.

Timothy could picture to himself a frightened black creature crouching under the plank bridge—runaways usually did take to the water so as to throw the dogs off the scent. He had happened on just such a runaway once, hiding in the marsh near his grandmother's plantation.

The woman's terrified, shiny black face had peered out at him through the reeds. He'd not told on her, but she'd been caught all the same. The paterollers found her. And he was sorry, because he knew that a runaway was bound to get a whale of a licking.

The Professor was moving quietly, a few steps at a time, along the road toward the bridge. Timothy craned his neck to watch.

Presently the boy's quick ear heard a slight disturbance and splash of water, different from the sound of a running stream. Next instant he saw the head and shoulders of a young Negro rise cautiously from a protective clump of brush on the water's edge. The head remained motionless only a second before ducking out of sight.

"The North Star to freedom—come on out, lad," coaxed the Professor. Then he called over his shoulder to Timothy.

"Get the back of the van open, Tim, so we can tuck this poor feller in the darkroom."

It took only a minute or two for the boy to open up the van and clamber in. The little cubbyhole room in front would make a first-rate hiding place, he told himself. You would never suspect that it was there unless you happened to know that a traveling photographer must have a darkroom somewhere. A wooden panel separated the space from the rest of the van, and over this was stretched a flat canvas curtain. The curtain hung there to keep out any streaks of light which might otherwise filter through; but to the eye of the casual observer it appeared to be the front wall of the van itself.

Pushing aside the curtain, he opened the narrow door and peered in. For a second everything seemed pitch black, then his eyes adjusted themselves to the dim light

which seeped through the tiny yellow window. On the floor were two big carboys of distilled water which could be shoved back to make space.

Timothy's face wore a broad grin. He was thinking of Aunt Belle and how she would sputter if she knew that her nephew had a part in helping somebody's slave escape. . . .

It took very little time to get the darkroom ready and he was standing on the steps of the van, watching, while the Professor and a limping Negro drew near.

The runaway was a strapping fellow and extremely black. He appeared to be dazed with fright—his white teeth chattered as if from violent chill, yet beads of sweat glistened on his face. One cheek bore a long, ugly scar. His feet were swathed in rags bound round with knotted rope and his clothes, which hung in ribbons, were sopping wet to the waist. As he walked little rivulets of water and clots of mud dripped from him.

Timothy was all sympathy. A slave must want desperately to get away, he thought, or he wouldn't let himself in for such an awful dose of misery.

The Professor was urging the poor fellow on, trying to encourage him.

"You'll warm up soon's you're in the darkroom—you'll see. But you better keep mighty still. Nobody'll know you're in there—if you keep dead still."

As they came to a halt by the van he glanced down at the Negro's legs.

"I don't know as it's wise to track all that mud inside," he began. "Let's see if we can't wipe some of—" He broke off abruptly.

Faint, but unmistakably clear, came the sound of baying.

Professor Pippin grabbed the Negro's arm, giving him a push toward the van.

"Climb in quick!" he ordered. "And you, Tim—mind you see that canvas flap is smoothed good and flat. We've gotta get rolling—fast."

CHAPTER FOUR

THE UNDERGROUND

"LIKE I WAS SAYING A WHILE BACK, THE van's sort of showy," remarked Professor Pippin, touching the horses lightly with the whip. "It was got up to attract the eye. And that ain't so good—if you've a reason for wanting to go along unnoticed."

Timothy nodded wearily.

They had been traveling steadily since picking up the runaway, avoiding towns and even skirting villages. And now—except for the brilliant moon which looked like a giant, but rather lopsided, new silver dollar—it was dark going.

The boy shivered and turned up his overcoat collar.

"By jingo—it's getting cold," he muttered.

"Yep, the sun made a heap of difference. Sounds like the poor wet lad got himself a bad chill," the Professor added as a burst of sneezing and coughing came from the small darkroom. "It's enough to break a man—body and soul—this trying to get free. Ever happen to hear tell of General Tubman, Tim?"

"General Tubman?" repeated the boy. "Nope—who's he?"

"The General is a she," chuckled his companion. "First time I met up with her was . . . let's see—five?—no, six years ago. Harriet Tubman was working with the Underground. So was I. Ever hear of the Underground?"

"Awww—of course." The boy's tone conveyed his scorn.

"Well, naturally—you coming from a slave State and all—you wouldn't be thinking too high of the Underground."

Timothy wrinkled up his nose, but did not give voice to an opinion.

He knew about the mythical "railroad" all right. When he was just a little shaver he used to think it was some special kind of railroad that ran through an underground tunnel. But after a while he discovered what the grown-ups meant when they talked about "the Underground Railroad."

He and the other Fayetteville boys even had a game they called "the Underground." They would divide into three teams—slaves, slave-owners and Yankees. (None of the boys wanted to be Yankees so they had to draw lots.) Then the Yanks would choose secret bases—these were known as *stations* and were used as hiding places along the route. The trick was for the "conductors" (Yankees) to smuggle the "passengers" (runaway slaves) from sta-

tion to station to "the North" without being caught by the "slave-owners." Sometimes—to add extra zest to the game—the Yankees would double-cross the slaves they were conducting, by suddenly turning them in for rewards offered by the slave-owners. . . .

Timothy's wry smile broadened. Here he was in the company of a sure-'nough runaway and a Yankee who was admittedly a conductor. Well, at any rate, so friendly a man wouldn't be a double-crosser.

The Professor's voice broke in on the boy's thoughts.

"We was talking about Mr. Brady—remember?" he was saying, "and what a big name he's made for himself. Would you believe it?—I can recollect the first little gallery he had. It was a piffling little place on Broadway—that's in New York—right across the street from where I worked. Barnum's Dime Museum, that was. Oh, but Barnum had a grand lot of freaks in them days—" the Professor gave a quick laugh—"I mind one that was called *The Japanese Mermaid*. They wanted folks to think it was real, but us fellers who worked there knew what it was—just a made-up thing, half monkey and half fish put together slick as you please."

Timothy snickered.

"It must have been a pretty hairy-looking mermaid," he said.

"No—no, it wasn't. They'd stripped the hair off somehow. The little critter was sort of wizzen, but it did look real human.

"Then there was that little dwarf called Tom Thumb. Brady took a real fine likeness of him—" the Professor paused to clear his throat before continuing. "Yep, Brady's place was right across the street from us. I remember the big sign he had—it was hung along the top of the build-

ing. *Brady's Daguerrian Miniature Gallery*—that's what it said. And down by the street door there was a couple of little showcases filled with likenesses. Then just inside the door—on the wall—there was a big black hand with a finger pointing upstairs and a notice saying, 'Three flights up.' "

"*Three* flights up!" echoed the boy. "Whew! Who'd climb three flights? I'll bet most folks would rather hunt up a gallery on the ground floor."

"Not back in them days—that was about 1844, I guess—and there wasn't too many photographers *anywhere* in them days. Picture-taking was a new trade. And Mathew B. Brady did fine right from the start. You see, cameras cost a heap of money. So did the rest of the outfit. But he made out fine—all the big bugs went to him—Senators, actors—even the President, yep—*even* the Prince of Wales. And Brady made a great name for himself before he reached thirty."

"I reckon he had a mighty fine camera," murmured Timothy.

" 'Course he did—the best to be had."

"Yours is real good, isn't it?"

"Oh—so, so. It serves. But someday—when I come by some spare cash I aim to buy one of the fancy kind with two lenses—"

A sudden burst of coughing interrupted the conversation.

"Good thing we can stop at Jard's farm tonight," growled the Professor, "Jard'll know just what to do . . . couldn't have a better place to leave the poor feller. Jard knows all the ropes."

Timothy fell to thinking about the hounds. He knew just the way they'd act when they came to the place in

the road where the van had picked up the runaway. They'd whine and sniff and circle like mad—make no end of fuss.

"Reckon those old dogs couldn't find the scent again—ever. We've come too far," he said.

"There's more than dogs to worry about," muttered Professor Pippin. "Like as not there's hand-bills out already. You know the kind . . . must have seen plenty of them: 'A reward of fifteen hundred dollars—(it might be that much)—will be give to any person what apprehends said runaway . . .' Now that's a tempting sum of cash money, you know."

"Yes," agreed the boy, "that would be enough to make anybody keep an eye peeled."

"And fifteen hundred dollars is small potatoes to what they're offering for Harriet Tubman. There's forty thousand dollars on *her* head."

"Whew!" cried Timothy, "I didn't know they ever offered so much—" he stopped short. "Say—what do you mean? Rewards are for catching *runaways,* aren't they?"

"Yep."

"But Harriet? You said she worked for the Underground—"

"I did. And she's what you might call the teetotal, outstandingish example of runaways."

"Then she's black!"

"Yep—black as coal and smarter than a steel trap. First *she* runs away—(got clean to Canada)—then she ups and runs back so's to show other slaves how to run away. Follow the North Star, they call it. And she's been doing that now for years and years. So they're offering forty thousand dollars for her, dead or alive. But they can't catch her. She's too smart for them."

"By cracky!" exclaimed the boy, deeply impressed.

The Professor gave a pleased chuckle.

"Harriet would do a trick like this," he went on. "One time when she was in Maryland, rounding up some runaways, she had to go along a road right near her home town—in broad daylight. Well sir, she knew she might meet up with somebody who'd remember her, so she got herself a hen and went shuffling along, carrying it by the legs. Just like she was some old Mammy taking it back to her cabin. And all to once she *did* see somebody coming who'd know her for sure, and quick as a wink Hattie let the hen loose. The critter ran a-squaking into the bushes with her after it lickety split and—and—" the Professor's voice changed abruptly.

"Tim—see them lanterns on ahead?" he demanded.

"Yah—I see 'em. What of it?" The sight of a couple of lanterns was nothing to get excited about.

Then one of the yellow lights rose and began to move back and forth like a signal.

"Say—whatever—" A nudge from the Professor silenced the boy.

Twisting about on the seat the man spoke with his lips close to the thin partition of the darkroom.

"Mind you keep still in there, Joe—no coughing," he warned. "Looks like paterollers ahead."

A little shiver of excitement raced up Timothy's spine. The lantern bearers were quite near now and there was no mistaking their repeated signal.

"Hello—you—pull up!" bellowed a rough voice.

Professor Pippin brought the van to a stop.

"Good evening, gents. Needing help?"

One of the lanterns, held shoulder high, cast its light on a bearded face.

"We're looking for a runaway wench," the man explained gruffly. From his wrist dangled a blacksnake whip.

"Well now, gents, we've been following this road a long time and we ain't seen hide nor hair of a wench—runaway or otherwise."

The Professor's manner was so easy-going and his voice so drawling that Timothy gave a little snicker. On the instant his companion's foot found his and pressed down hard.

One of the lantern bearers had gone round to the back of the van.

"Got to ask you to open up this ark, mister," he called. "We'll just take a squint for ourselves . . . can't take nobody's word these days."

"Why certainly, gents." Professor Pippin gave the reins a hitch about whip-socket before climbing down. "Don't leave no stone unturned—that's my motto too."

Timothy promptly followed. He wanted to see what would happen—to be in on the excitement. After scrambling over the wheel, he stood hesitant for a moment, one hand resting on its metal rim. Suddenly, within a foot or two of his head, came a smothered, choking gasp—and on the instant he himself was whooping and coughing noisily.

"What's that?" demanded the gruff voice.

"Oh, don't pay him no heed, gents," cried the Professor, "that's only the kid what works for me—he's been ailing this long while, poor lad."

The lantern was held in the boy's direction, lighting up his face.

"Umm—white," growled the bearded man, "we ain't interested in white skins."

"Here you are, gents."

Flinging open the back of the van, Professor Pippin urged the men to climb aboard and poke about all they pleased—see for themselves that they'd not find a living thing from bow to stern.

Timothy was all ears. His heart was going at gig-time. Oddly enough, it now seemed very important to him, personally, that the poor fellow in the darkroom should not be caught. Yet he knew well enough how much trouble runaways could make for their masters. Every time a slave managed to escape, not a Negro on a plantation for miles around would be worth his salt for days—he'd get the itchy foot and want to skedaddle too. . . .

Timothy could hear the men moving about in the van. A muffled voice wanted to know what sort of shebang this outfit was anyhow.

"Maybe you gents ain't familiar with traveling portrait galleries—" the Professor sounded as chipper as though he were hugely enjoying the occasion. "Too bad it ain't daytime so's I could take your likenesses. Glad to do it as a favor—wouldn't charge you a red cent."

"You take likenesses, eh?"

"What's all this wet mud doing here?" demanded a second voice.

"Oh—that! That's nothing," returned the Professor. "Sometimes my poor fool of a helper's mighty careless what he tracks in. The kid ain't any too bright. No more'n a half-wit, you might say."

There was a long pause, then the gruff voice muttered something and the boy caught only the words "bamboozle" and "red herring." His admiration for his lanky friend had been going up like mercury in the hot sun—the man was certainly a game one, standing there—facing

it out—talking as if never in all his life had he given a thought to runaway slaves.

"Meybe he's a half-wit—meybe he ain't," the gruff voice went on, "anyhow I reckon we'd best ask him some questions. Call him here."

To the boy's amazement Professor Pippin broke into a noisy laugh.

"Call him!" he whooped. "A lot of good it would do anybody to *call* him! Why—the poor dumb-cluck is as deef as a post. Been deef and dumb all his born days. Couldn't even hear the crack of doom."

"Say—that's bad."

"Yep—it's tough. Specially when a dummy ain't been taught to read—" the Professor's voice was convincingly earnest. "So the only way I can make him understand what I want is to make motions. You know—point to things."

The two men had climbed down from the van now and were standing with lanterns raised.

"Oh, what the blazes!" roared the bearded one, starting toward Timothy. "You can't stall me off with such far-fetched rot—"

It took only an instant for the boy to prepare himself, and it was with mouth slightly ajar and eyes like saucers that he faced the light, although the lantern was held so close that he felt its heat on his cheek.

"Go on, then—ask him," urged the Professor. "Ask him has he seen a black wench?"

The man filled his lungs and the question was bellowed in a voice loud enough to be heard a mile off. But the boy did not even blink.

"It's like I told you—" Professor Pippin was smiling—"if you want the kid to understand, you've got to sort of

act it out . . . Let's say you want to ask him has he seen a runaway wench. Well then, you've got to make out like you are a poor scared gal with your clothes bad torn from scrambling through the brambles. Make out you're starving hungry. And dog-tired—"

"Make out! Make out!" shouted the man, his temper flaring. "What kind of talk is that!"

"Why now—look—I'll show you. There ain't much of a trick to it—" the Professor's voice was smooth as silk—"just you watch. I'll ask the kid is he sleepy? Does he want to hit the hay?"

Prodding the boy in the chest with a long forefinger—presumably to attract his attention—Professor Pippin yawned mightily and stretched his arms. After another poke he raised questioning eyebrows.

For a long moment the boy's blank expression remained unchanged. Then by degrees the light of comprehension was allowed to dawn gradually, like a winter sunrise. He smiled, closed his eyes and let his head lop sideways, using his hands—palm to palm—as a pillow.

"See?" cried the delighted Professor, "he means, yes—he's sleepy."

The two men gaped at Timothy. They seemed bewildered.

"There's nothing to it you see, gents—so go right ahead. Ask him anything you want to," urged the Professor.

The bearded man cleared his throat and shuffled his feet uneasily.

"I'd ask him for you, gents—have we picked up a black wench—ever? But he wouldn't take me serious. He'd just laugh—think I was fooling—because he knows that I *know* we haven't. With you now—that's different. So go right ahead—just make out like you're a runaway wench."

"Reckon you better do it, Tom," growled the bearded man, "I ain't no stage actor."

"Aw-w—I ain't neither," retorted the other. "It was your idea, anyhow. You're the one who thought up asking him."

"Well, ain't it enough that I have to do the thinking for *both* of us?"

"Aw-w, come now."

"You might be willing to do a *little* once in a while besides grab for half the pickings," sneered the bearded man.

"*Do* a little!" yelped the man called Tom. "Now that's a raw one! And look what you want me to do—make an all-fired fool of myself. How can anybody *make motions* like a runaway gal?"

The humor of the situation was too much for Timothy. Clapping both hands over his mouth he bent double, apparently suffering from an extreme case of whooping cough, croup and gasping asthma all rolled into one.

Professor Pippin wasted not a moment. Leaping forward he grasped the boy by the back of his collar and the slack of his pants and boosted him bodily—and none too gently—up to the seat of the van.

"Gents! Gents!" he cried anxiously, "the night air's injurious! I'll not answer for what'll happen to the poor lad if he's kept out here much longer."

Neither of the men appeared to hear him—a fight was brewing.

"Blast you, Tom!" snarled the bearded man, "you're no better than a buzzard."

"See here, you—nobody talks to me like that and gets away with it!"

Professor Pippin quietly climbed into his place next to

Timothy and reached for the reins. The harness creaked, wheels turned, the van moved on—unchallenged.

For a short distance they traveled sedately, at a snail's pace; then, with a muttered apology to the horses, the driver applied the whip and the van lunged sharply forward. Swaying and tilting, it raced on through patches of dense shadow and brilliant moonlight. The boy braced his feet against the dash and clung tight. He was fairly breathless from laughter.

Soon the pace steadied to a brisk trot; the whip was returned to its socket and the Professor settled back.

"That was a near shave!" He drew a deep breath. "You all right in there, Joe?"

"I'se a'right, sir." The muffled answer was followed by a rasping cough.

The Professor gave Timothy's knee a little pat of approval.

"Didn't know for certain I could count on you like that," he said, "but you sure came through fine."

"Oh—me? I always was real good at dumb crambo," returned the boy.

"That ain't what I mean. You play-acted all right—but how could I know you wouldn't up and give away the show . . . you from the South and naturally on the side of the slave-owners."

"No, I wouldn't—I'm no squealer! Besides, we didn't pick up a black wench—" the boy's voice took on an injured tone— "and you ought to know I wouldn't want to let *you* in for trouble."

"True for me sure," muttered the Professor. "Happens I did spend a year in the lockup one time." He heaved a sigh. "They caught me with three runaways hid in a load of hay—I was taking them from one station to the next—

caught me red handed. That was the only time, though —I knew more than one way to fool them—"

A series of sneezes in the darkroom caused the Professor to shake the reins, urging the horses to quicken their pace.

"Good thing we're 'most to Jard's—ain't more than a stone's throw from here. Well, like I was saying," he continued, "I had a few tricks up my sleeve—like that night I was helping a runaway man who was rigged up like a woman. We hadn't drove very far when I got tipped off that there was paterollers stationed at both ends of the turnpike we was traveling. I'd run smack into them if I kept on—or turned back. But I decided it would be less risky to turn back and head south, because the paterollers ain't so fussy about rigs going south. You see, they expect a runaway to make a bee line for the north. And by gum, it worked. They let us by without a question and I got him safe to an old mill we used as a station. And kept him there, too, till things cooled off a bit, then—"

"Then—what?"

"Look, Tim—see them lighted windows on ahead there? That's Jard's—I'd bet my last dollar on it! We'll soon be stuffing our crops and toasting our shins."

Timothy gave a whoop of pleasure. Warmth and shelter . . . a tasty hot supper. He fixed his eyes hopefully on the three rectangles of glowing yellow that marked the location of the house.

As the van drew up in the dooryard it was greeted by a circling pack of yelping dogs.

"Say—something's queer!" exclaimed the Professor, "Jard never kept dogs—" He leaned forward, peering toward the house.

A minute later the front door opened wide and a heavy man stood silhouetted against the light.

"Who's there?" he bellowed.

The dogs, encouraged by the sight of their master, barked with new fury.

Professor Pippin had to shout to make his words carry above the din.

"Guess—we've—lost our way. Whose place—is this?"

"This here's Martin's. Feller called Jard Brown used to live here—but he got jailed—after we tarred and feathered him. You all looking for Brown?"

"No—no, we ain't. We're heading for the White Ox . . . on the wrong road I guess."

"White Ox, eh? It ain't far—just keep going—you can't miss it."

"Thanks, Mister—thanks. Get going, Judy. Go on, Punch."

The tired horses broke into a reluctant trot. Timothy, weary, chilled to the bone and very hungry, slumped back in silence.

CHAPTER FIVE

"OUR NATIONAL CAPITOL"

IT HAD RAINED DURING THE NIGHT AND THE clay roads were dotted with pockets of water which reflected the blue sky like so many little mirrors.

With the White Ox half a day's journey behind it, the old van was laboriously creaking to the top of a wooded hill. Every now and then, through gaps in the lacy, wintry trees, Timothy would catch glimpses of a broad shimmering river and billowing white sails.

"If that's the Potomac over there we must be getting close to Washington," he said.

"Closer, yep. But not what you could rightly call *close*. Washington's a right smart way yet—" Professor Pippin yanked nervously on the reins—"and I'd be feeling a

sight easier in my mind if we was all three of us on the far side of Long Bridge . . . Punch—you slow-poke—pull your share, can't you?" His hand reached for the whip, paused in mid-air, then returned to his knee.

"You worried about him?" the boy jerked a thumb over his shoulder. At intervals the Negro had coughed, a smothered sort of noise as if he had his head down and his mouth covered.

" 'Course I am. He's the worse for a night in the van—even with the two horse blankets. And it's taking us longer than I expected. You see, last time I was in Washington—a couple of years ago, that was—I didn't come by way of Alexandria like today. I crossed the Chain Bridge—that's farther up the Potomac. Long Bridge'll take us straight into the city, and if the poor fellow's heading to be bad sick—why, the sooner we get him into Washington, the better. But it's risky. There's likely to be guards at the bridge."

"Those two paterollers last night—they didn't even guess the van's got a darkroom, so—"

"So—nothing! We was lucky, just plain lucky, that's all! And I ain't fool enough to count on things working out lucky—twice—in—a—row . . ." The Professor's voice trailed off.

Timothy stole a sideways glance at his friend. Without its customary smile the gaunt face appeared worn and elderly. The boy decided to introduce a new topic of conversation.

"About those cameras with two lenses," he began. "You said yesterday you want one. What's the sense in having *two* lenses?"

"Guess you've seen stereoscope views, ain't you?"

"Oh, stereoscopes! Aunt Belle has a big basket chuckful

of views. And a jim-dandy viewer with a crank on the side. But I'd never thought about how the views were taken."

"No?"

"I knew that there were always two pictures, side by side, and that somehow they turned into one when you looked through the viewer at them."

"By jinks, seems like a bright kid like you ought to know straight off that you'd have to have two lenses in a camera to take two scenes just alike. As near alike, that is, as things look when you see something with your right eye, then your left—turn about. So, what they did was to put a partition smack through the center of the camera-box and then give each side a lens of its own. That's the only way you can take two pictures *almost* exactly alike. I can remember when the first little stereoscope viewers were invented," the Professor went on, "that was about ten years before they learned how to take twin views with a camera. So the only way they could get pictures for their viewers was to have drawings made—special. Well, that worked out all right as long as the artists stuck to the sort of pictures they could draw in pairs—*almost* exactly alike—cylinders and cones and cubes. Simple things like that. But when they tried fancy scenes like trees and fields and houses, it didn't work out. You see, it was too hard to draw a landscape so's both pictures would be exactly alike, except for that hair of a difference you've got to have to make things stand out so clear—the way they do when you look in the viewer. So the fad sort of fizzled out until along about 1849. That's when they got onto taking photographs—two at one time. Then a man called Holmes invented a new-fangled viewer—Oliver Wendell Holmes."

Timothy was only half listening. His attention had been caught by a number of posters tacked on the side of an old building. One or two of them featured the word SALE, but the others had a little running figure at the top and just under it, in thick black letters, was REWARD. He wondered if by chance one of the posters described a runaway slave with a scar on his cheek—a slave named Joe.

"If ever I get enough money ahead I aim to get me a good stereoscope camera," mused the Professor.

At the word camera Timothy pricked up his ears.

"Did you say you're going to get another camera?" he asked.

"Oh, some day—when I get the money."

"Maybe our next trip out we'll do so well you can," the boy said hopefully.

"Yep—maybe."

The winding road was now skirting the river's edge and Timothy stared with interest at the big steamboat in midstream. Along its rail were people who seemed to be watching two small rowboats that bobbed and rocked in the wake of the steamer. The next turn in the road brought a lengthy wooden structure into view. It spanned the river from shore to shore.

"Lookie!" the boy gave his friend a nudge. "Whew! but it's long!"

Professor Pippin straightened his spine resolutely.

"Yep—all of a mile long, I guess."

Turning his head he spoke over his shoulder. "Hear that, Joe? We're going to cross the river soon now, so keep dead still even if it chokes you."

As the van drew near the bridge Timothy's gaze riveted itself upon the two guards stationed at the entrance. Both

wore large pistols in open holsters at their belts. The taller of the pair was questioning the driver of a cart piled high with brooms, wooden pails and split-oak baskets. A minute later the tall guard waved the cart on its way and then beckoned to the van.

Professor Pippin twitched the reins. He was leaning forward slightly, staring straight ahead.

"Listen, Tim—" He spoke from the corner of his mouth—"if I smell a rat we've got to move fast. *Mind you do just what I say.* Don't act surprised—no matter what."

"You can count on me," the boy promised, his eyes twinkling with mischief. This might mean another chance to play dumb-crambo and he welcomed it.

As Punch and Judy slowed down and the van rolled to a stop, the tall guard, arms a-kimbo, stepped back to view the photographer's gaudy sign.

"A traveling portrait gallery, eh?"

"Right you are," agreed the Professor.

"We had an outfit not unlike yours through here only last week. Well, let's see what kind of a load you've got —open up, please."

The Professor hitched himself forward as if to loop the reins about the whip-socket.

"Would you mind, Mister?" he began in an easy voice. "Just happens I've got an important business letter that ought to get in the mail soon as possible—so if it's all right with you, I'd like to have my boy here take it across to the city post office—"

"Oh, I reckon that's all right," returned the guard indifferently.

Timothy, although amazed, sat tight while the Professor fumbled in his pocket and fished out an envelope and

a twenty-five-cent paper bill.

"Here, Tim—this'll take care of the stamps. Get a hitch from that peddler—it'll save time. And don't forget—Washington's Monument's where you wait." Professor Pippin's left eye gave a quick wink which might readily pass for a nervous twitch.

"Yep—Washington's Monument," repeated the boy, his face carefully devoid of expression.

Without allowing himself a single backward glance he set off across the bridge at an easy lope. The peddler's cart was traveling at a fair pace, but presently he overtook it and his request for a lift was cheerfully granted. The old man grinned through bushy whiskers.

"Say—thanks!" Puffing a little, Timothy swung himself up beside the peddler and leaned back. "Got a letter to mail," he said by way of explanation and patted the pocket into which he had stuffed both money and letter. "Hope you can tell me where to find the post office."

"Be danged funny if I couldn't," chuckled the old man. "I know the city like the palm of my hand. Born and raised here. Born long enough ago so's I can remember the night the Britishers set fire to the Capitol. They burned the President's house too."

At the moment Timothy had small interest in ancient history. He didn't want to talk; he was too puzzled by what had just happened. The old peddler, however, was not a man to travel in silence with a companion at his side, and he soon began asking point-blank questions.

"Stranger in these parts?"

"Yah."

"Going to stay a spell?"

"I reckon."

"A great town for sightseeing . . . post office is a pretty

grand place. It's got marble floors. Takes up a whole city block—" he paused and grinned slyly—"that letter of yours now . . . the one you're going to mail. Write it yourself? To your best girl, I bet."

Timothy's answering grin had little humor in it.

"Yah—how'd you guess?" he drawled and turned his head away as if interested in looking at the river. He'd got to figure things out, he told himself. How could sending him hustling off with a letter help any? And how did the Professor happen to have the letter so handy?—all ready for mailing, except for the stamp. An important business letter, he'd called it.

Curiosity stirred, the boy drew the rather crumpled envelope from his pocket and began to smooth it out. Instantly his eye was caught by the canceled stamp in one corner. The address, somewhat blurred and smeared, he took in at a glance:

Professor Adolphus Pippin
General Delivery
Fayetteville, N. C.

The envelope was unsealed. It was empty.

Timothy was on his feet like a flash, staring back over the load of brooms and baskets, past intervening traffic, down the length of the very long bridge to its entrance. He could see the top of the canvas-covered van. It was in motion. It was heading directly away from the bridge!

Slumping back into place beside the peddler the boy sat, fists clenched, scowling darkly.

"Did you forget something?" inquired the old man, "d'you want to get out?"

For a long moment there was no response and when it finally came the young voice sounded flat.

"No—I don't . . . but well . . . I reckon I better find Washington's Monument."

The peddler broke into a tittery laugh. Pointing with his frayed whip he said,

"You'd have a time *not* to find it! There it is yonder—sticking up high and handsome."

In the distance, beyond a wide expanse of marshy tidewater, rose a gleaming white shaft pointing skyward like a blunt, bandaged finger.

"It ain't finished yet," the old man went on, "that's why they've still got the scaffolding round the top. I've heard it's going to be quite some higher—if they ever get round to finish it."

"It's high enough—now—to see from most any place," muttered the boy.

"Oh, heck—yes. You can't miss it—" the peddler was glad to have the conversation rolling once more—"and, all in all, there's a sight of building going on here in the city. The Capitol itself ain't finished yet. It's still lacking steps. And the big pillars—only two of them were in place last time I was there. But they have ripped off the old dome and they've got a good start on the new one."

The peddler stopped short to stare in surprise at his young passenger. The scowling boy had wadded the envelope into a tight ball and now—with a quick jerk of his arm—he sent it sailing through the crisscross wooden bracing which formed the side of the bridge. Then he leaned back, his chin lowered.

They rode in silence for some distance, the old man stealing furtive glances at the queer kid he'd picked up . . . touched in the head, if you could judge from the way he was acting.

Soon the cart had reached the end of Long Bridge and

was bumping along a rough street heavy with mud. Directly ahead was a fancy iron bridge spanning a wide canal.

"You were asking where the post office is," said the old man. "It's at Ninth and E Street—"

"Oh, I've changed my mind," growled the boy, "just put me down any old place—I don't give a hang where."

"Humph—if that's how you feel, this is as good a spot as the next one," snapped the peddler, then added in a more friendly tone, "That's the Capitol up yonder—top the hill. Folks from out of town usually like to take a look at it."

"All right—thanks—" Timothy managed a grin—"thanks for the hitch."

He jumped down and stood watching while the peddler's cart swung round a corner and out of sight. It was hard to think—hard to decide what he ought to do, so he accepted the old man's suggestion and started toward the huge structure that his schoolbook called "Our National Capitol."

A gravel walk led up the broad terrace and through an iron gateway—all quite like a park except that everything looked unfinished somehow. Inside the iron fence on the crest of the hill stood the largest building he had ever seen in his life. Its central section was evidently old—it was a dingy, yellowish color—but the massive new additions on either side were strikingly white. Up on the roof a huge crane swung its long arm against the sky and he could see men at work on the base of the new dome. Strewn about on the ground was a litter of bricks, boards, chunks of firewood, a heap of coal and some dumped sand. Near by was a disorderly stack of great iron plates—presumably for the dome. And in the midst of all this confusion lay

enormous white marble columns like great fallen trees turned to stone.

Timothy looked about him with listless eyes. A number of sight-seers strolled by, and as two of them—soldiers in new blue uniforms—passed him he could hear every word they said.

"I tell you he's not fit to run a big country like this. He's only a backwoods hick-lawyer!" exclaimed the younger of the pair, a pink-faced youth with a budding mustache.

"Even if he was smart enough," said his friend in a nasal voice, "the man hasn't a dog's chance."

"If he's really smart he'll stay out West. Let 'em try to inaugurate Abe Lincoln and things here in Washington will blow sky-high."

Timothy stared after the soldiers. He was amazed to discover that the Yankees thought the same way about the President-elect as the folks back home.

Caring little in which direction his feet took him he wandered on. It was only a matter of killing time anyhow—there was no hurry about hunting up the Monument. With his own eyes he'd seen the van driving straight away from the bridge. But just suppose that was the way the Professor could fool the guards . . . he might convince them that he had no wish to cross the bridge—all he wanted was to get a letter into the mail. Then perhaps—once out of sight—he'd turn the van and make for that other bridge he spoke of—Chain Bridge . . . Yes, that made sense! Timothy's spirits began to revive.

Just ahead were a number of huge marble blocks, some of them plain, others elaborately carved. He was threading his way between them when his ear was caught by a queer snuffling sound. The blocks were too big to see over

so he started to go round them, but was stopped short by an outburst of shrill squeals as a mother pig and her babies scrambled out of their comfortable mud wallow to race wildly past his legs. Grinning, he watched them flee for their home-sty—probably not far. This might be the National Capitol, he told himself, but its grounds had one thing in common with the old slave market in Fayetteville—namely: pigs.

Retracing his steps, the boy presently found himself back at the intersection of streets where he had parted with the peddler. In the distance he could see the towering Monument gleaming in the sun; before him stretched an extremely wide avenue paved with cobblestones. Along its right-hand side was a sidewalk of brick and a row of shabby little shops and two-story houses. Obviously an important thoroughfare—Timothy decided to explore it.

At the first cross-street, however, he stopped in his tracks. From halfway down the block came loud explosive shouting. The narrow street seemed to be filled with cattle, and men waving their arms and yelling orders. Welcoming any diversion, the boy started on the run toward the center of commotion.

As he drew near enough to see what it was all about, the cattle turned out to be oxen hitched two by two—twelve of them—to a heavy dray which was so long that it had six wheels. It was tilting sharply because all three wheels on one side had sunk hub-deep in the mud. Even so, the powerful beasts would have made short work of pulling out any ordinary load, but this dray was carrying one of the tremendous marble columns to the Capitol. It appeared to be bogged down for keeps.

By now Timothy was becoming increasingly aware of

the fact that he had had only a snack at noon, and the quarter-dollar the Professor had given him for stamps was now burning a hole in his pocket. Making his way back to the avenue he tramped past tobacco shops, barbers' parlors and book stalls, but could find no place where a hungry boy could buy himself something to eat. So he trudged on, foot-weary and sober-faced.

Ahead of him were two women with market baskets on their arms and at the next corner they stopped to wait for a lull in the traffic so that they might cross the avenue. Timothy gave them a passing glance and then caught sight of their goal. On the far side of the wide street was a haphazard collection of open sheds and stalls with many shoppers crowding about. A market—no less!

He was across the avenue in short order, hunger lending wings to his feet. Then wandering from stall to stall, choosing from the array of cheeses, cold meats, buns and cakes, eating one purchase while making another, he marveled that twenty-five cents could buy so much. The last few pennies went for gingerbread, which, being sticky, was handed to him in a twist of newspaper.

By this time his appetite had lost its edge and it occurred to him that it would be pleasant to sit a while and enjoy the spicy sweetness of his dessert at leisure. An empty bushel basket stood invitingly near the curb, and by inverting it he would have an excellent seat from which to watch the busy traffic.

First a heavy omnibus went lumbering past, then a cart drawn by mules; next came a squad of soldiers on skittish mounts and an open carriage with a span of high steppers driven by a colored coachman in livery. The boy opened his mouth to bite into the last half of the gingerbread while his gaze wandered idly to the far side of the avenue.

Midway to his mouth the gingerbread came to a halt and for a moment was held in suspension, then slowly returned, unbitten, to its newspaper wrapping.

There before his astonished eyes, strung across the front of the building, was a great sign. It was partly hidden by the trees, but enough of it showed for you to guess the rest.

MATHEW B. BRAD
PHOTOGRAPHIC ART GAL

Brady of Broadway! The famous photographer! And the Professor had never said a word about there being a gallery in Washington. Perhaps he didn't know about it . . . perhaps it had been open only a short time.

Hastily stuffing the gingerbread into his pocket Timothy raced across the avenue for a closer view.

The Brady Gallery appeared to occupy one side of a double, two-story house, the other half being given over to a modest restaurant. As he stood gaping at the building the door of the gallery swung open and two pompous officers in dress uniform emerged. One said:

"I've ordered five dozen *cartes de visite*—a little photograph of myself on a visiting card strikes me as quite the thing."

To this the other replied:

"Indeed, yes—such visiting cards have become a major fad here in the East."

Timothy edged toward the doorway. Dare he go inside the gallery and look about? Perhaps a lone boy would not be welcome . . . perhaps after the Professor had come—*The Professor!* Perhaps he had already come and was waiting at the Monument! The very thought was enough to make Timothy pick up his heels and run.

There was no difficulty in keeping an eye on the tall landmark—it loomed above the treetops, a glowing, pinkish-orange color, reflecting the rays of the setting sun. Back of the market he came upon the canal and after crossing it by means of an iron footbridge, he reached a weedy tanglewood and presently found himself on the edge of a mall where men were drilling. They had guns but were not in uniform.

As the boy neared the river the air grew rank with the smell of mud exposed by low tide. Ahead of him stretched a large triangular field, bordered on two sides by marshy water. And on a high rise near the center of the unkempt field stood the huge monument dedicated to the Father of His Country.

One quick glance about was enough to make certain that no van waited.

CHAPTER SIX

"IF YOU HAVE TEARS—"

TIMOTHY COULD NOT EVEN GUESS HOW many hours he had been waiting, hanging about the weatherbeaten old sheds that stood near the great base of the Monument. The sun had gone down. The moon had come up. He had eaten the last crumb of gingerbread and read its newspaper wrapping. After reading it he had felt gloomier than ever—and with good reason. The scrap of newspaper—it was more than a week old—carried several notices of rewards for runaway slaves, and one notice in particular had made his eyes pop. He had read and re-

read it so many times that now he could repeat the first part from memory:

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD

Ran away from the subscriber on Saturday night, January 19, 1861, Josiah Baily. Joe is about 6 feet in height, of dark color, with a remarkable scar on one cheek. A reward of one thousand dollars will be given to any person who will apprehend said Josiah Baily and lodge him safe in the jail at Alexandria, Virginia.

At first the boy's mind had been black with suspicion. It was all too easy to picture the van traveling the road back to Alexandria. The last glimpse he'd had of it the van was headed straight south. And what was that the Professor said about wanting a new camera?—a fancy kind that would cost a lot of money. One thousand dollars was a heck of a lot of money—how many ferrotypes would a photographer have to take to earn one thousand dollars? Twenty-five cents goes into one thousand dollars how many times? Was four thousand the right answer? Why! it would take you till doomsday to *earn* the money you might get in a matter of minutes, if you had a slave to exchange for the reward. . . .

Then after a while he'd come to his senses.

"Look here," he growled to himself, "you're crazy—plumb crazy—if you think the Professor would do such a low-down trick. He's no double-crosser! He'd never do it, and you know it."

The boy sighed and rubbed his forehead. His fingers were stiff with cold, his legs ached. He slumped down in the open doorway of a shed and sat with elbows on knees, each hand thrust up the other sleeve for warmth.

The big Monument, towering in the moonlight, cast a long ink-black shadow that slowly moved—a giant moon-dial, if only the hours were marked on the ground.

"Now, lookie," he muttered, "when the edge of the shadow reaches that clump of brush the van—will—come."

The inexorable shadow crept on, enveloped the brush, slowly released it. But the van did not come.

"Suppose instead of watching, I just lay back for a spell and listen. No need to watch. The way that van squeaks when it hits rough ground—I could hear it a block off!"

Timothy lay back and listened—for two minutes flat.

The sound that made him sit bolt upright was not the creaking of wheels, but the cackling and honking of geese. For an instant before he was fully awake, he thought he was back on his grandmother's plantation, only he was colder than he'd ever been in North Carolina —far colder.

Opening his eyes, he was surprised to find it broad daylight and that the geese were no dream. They had gathered about him in a semi-circle, so like people lining up to watch the Professor take likenesses that it was enough to make you laugh.

Unfortunately he was in no mood for laughing. One quick glance around the field as he scrambled to his feet, told him that the van had not come during the night; and for a brief moment something very like fear clutched at his heart.

The sudden motion startled some of the geese. They turned and were waddling off. But not so the old gander. With out-spread wings and out-stretched neck, he challenged the intruder, threatening him, hissing at him.

Aware that a fully-grown, angry gander was no paltry antagonist to be dealt with barehanded, the boy retreated a few steps into the shed while he peeled off his overcoat. Then clutching it firmly he made a bold advance and flapped it furiously about the head of the astonished bird.

Backing off, the big gander wheeled and with loud protest made after his departing family as fast as dignity permitted.

Timothy was grinning when he pulled on his coat. It was a small conquest—this getting the best of a goose. But his little victory actually did make him feel better. True—the van had not come. Perhaps it wouldn't come for hours. Well, in that case he'd have to do something about food, he told himself as he settled his coat with a hunch of his shoulders. Surely a guy worth his salt need not starve just because he hadn't a cent to his name. . . .

As the boy trudged across the mall toward the big market on the avenue, his brain buzzed with plans. Now, if Mr. Brady would give me a job—for a while—I could make out fine, he thought. For a while? Deep in his heart he knew that he'd give his eye teeth to be 'prenticed to a top-notch photographer like Mathew B. Brady and not for just a while, either. But that was out of the question, he told himself firmly. The Professor was bound to come sooner or later. And the best thing to do now was to hunt up that restaurant next to the Gallery and ask what he could do in exchange for a meal. Maybe there would be a window to wash—not that he'd ever washed one in all his life. That sort of work was left to the servants. But he'd seen them do it enough times to know that washing windows wasn't too hard for a greenhorn.

Upon reaching his destination he hesitated, uncertain whether to go to the kitchen door or to enter at the front.

Every time the street door of the restaurant opened and customers went in or departed, a delicious fragrance of coffee, fried chicken and hot bread drifted out. Through the window he could see men sitting at small tables conversing with one another, or talking to the pretty black-haired girl who served them. She was about his own age and her smile was accompanied by the most engaging display of dimples.

Timothy boldly pushed open the door and stalked in.

She welcomed the newcomer with friendly eyes.

"I'll have this place ready in a minute," she told him, "you can sit here."

Suddenly his tongue became rigid. He swallowed and wet his lips—self-conscious because everyone was staring at him. He had not realized that it would be embarrassing to state his case so openly, for all to hear. Never had he minded facing a crowd of spectators when he was part of the show (and showing off), but this was a horse of a different color. Nevertheless, he was in for it and had to see it through.

Grinning sheepishly, he whipped off his cap, took a deep breath and plunged:

"I'd be glad to do most any kind of a job, Miss, if I could have some breakfast."

A man snickered and the pleasant smile on the girl's face changed into a smirk of amusement.

"You should have gone to the back door," she said crisply, "folks who don't pay don't use the front entrance."

"Oh, but I do expect to pay, Miss—" the boy's retort had a cocky tone—"that's why I'm offering to work."

The girl stiffened and her smirk vanished.

"Better mind your manners," she warned, "if you know

what's good for you."

A door at the back of the room swung open and a heavy woman wearing a black dress and voluminous apron appeared. She was carrying a large tray loaded with steaming dishes. The girl spoke to her in French, and after a brief glance at Timothy, the woman nodded.

"Eh, bien—bon!" she said, "take him to Papa."

Tears blurred the boy's smarting eyes and trickled down his hot face, but he stuck doggedly to the task set him by "Papa." The basket at his elbow was no longer heaped with yellow onions; it was now almost empty and two big bowls were brimming with shining white globes. Mopping his eyes on his sleeve, he sniffed noisily.

The pretty girl happened to be in the kitchen at the moment, slicing a loaf of bread which was almost two feet long. She looked down her nose at the boy seated at the end of the table, and made up a face of mock sorrow. He promptly grinned and made owl eyes. She was the daughter of the heavy woman and "Papa," he'd discovered, and her name was Rosemary. A pretty girl, a pretty name, but until now she'd seemed the sort you couldn't be friends with straight off.

Papa himself was a plump, rosy-cheeked little man who, because of his high, starched white hat with a puffed crown, appeared taller than he actually was. His neat black beard was trimmed to a point, and part way down his pudgy nose rested a pair of iron-rimmed spectacles. Over the top of these he had eyed the young stranger with enthusiasm.

"*Bon!* You eat, eh? Zen *pour la soupe* you peel, eh?" he cried.

Timothy had eaten well—better, in fact, than at any

time since leaving home. And now that he was thoroughly warm he was beginning to feel quite at ease in his unfamiliar surroundings.

The heavy woman in black—(Papa called her "*Cheri*") —was constantly in and out of the kitchen with her tray. She had very marked eyebrows. They arched above her sharp, black eyes like two strong lines drawn with a thick crayon, and gave her an odd expression of inquiry. She and the cook conversed together in a jargon of mixed French and English; and once, as she glanced at Timothy, he caught the words—"not like zat black boy"—but the rest of the sentence was lost to him.

For the past few minutes he had been vaguely aware of considerable noise which seemed to come from up above —whistling, and much bumping and thumping as if some heavy piece of furniture was being shoved about. But he had been too busy with his paring knife to pay much attention. Now, however, an extra loud thump caused him to look up, his eyes following the steep flight of steps which rose from the far corner of the kitchen to a small balcony. The high shed-like kitchen itself appeared to be an addition built on to the original structure; and as a result, what had once been outside steps and a second-story back door, were now enclosed in the kitchen.

While he was gazing up at the door it opened abruptly and he heard a man's voice sing out:

"Hey, Papa Duval! Have you seen anything of that rascal Rass? I'm all out of firewood."

"*Mais non, M'sieur* Stowe—" the cook's plump shoulders rose in an exaggerated shrug—"not two days now has zat Rass come."

Timothy stared with interest at the young man who was now standing in the doorway. He was tall, lean and

broad-shouldered; his hair was the color of burnished copper. His eyes were fixed on the boy's tear-stained face and he wore a broad grin.

"'If you have tears, prepare to shed them now,'" he intoned. "No, it's a bit too late for that one, isn't it? 'Like Niobe, all tears,' would fit you better, eh?"

Being unfamiliar with Shakespeare, Timothy could only look blank and murmur, Sir? with a rising inflection.

"Ze boy—he is finish here—so—how you say it?—*aller chercher* ze wood," suggested Papa Duval.

"Good!" cried the young man. "By all means let him go and fetch ze wood."

Timothy's face brightened. Now that the onions had been peeled, he was indeed ready for another job—preferably one that didn't make him weep.

Presently the back door of the restaurant opened and the boy, basket in hand, barged out of the alley behind the building and headed for Center Market. Thanks to Rosemary, he now knew the names of places in the neighborhood. After a short walk on Eighth Street he would cross wide Pennsylvania Avenue to the market where yesterday he had feasted. The woodyard, she told him, was right back of Center Market.

Skirting the sheds, he came upon a noisy throng of Negroes. In their midst was an old colored man and his helper who were kept busy filling baskets with firewood. There was much good-natured laughter, joking and general conversation and no one gave the newcomer more than a casual glance.

Accustomed to the ways of the plantation slave, who from birth was trained to give preference to all members of the white race, Timothy took it for granted that his

needs would receive prompt and respectful attention. These black men, however, seemed remarkably slow about recognizing his presence—he must raise his voice and demand immediate service.

"Look here," he shouted, "I want a basket of wood. One side, please."

A tall, sober-faced Negro turned to stare at the speaker.

"Now who is *you,* white boy, to talk so biggety?" he drawled.

The white boy, amazed, grew indignant.

"Mind you keep a civil tongue in your head," he ordered brusquely.

The Negro laughed—an unpleasant sort of laugh.

"I don't belong to nobody but me. I'se free to talk like I wants," he retorted with obvious pride.

At the sound of raised voices all conversation stopped short and a circle of unsmiling faces confronted Timothy who, chin up, had squared his shoulders. They were mistaking him for poor-white trash! He'd soon clear that mistake for them.

"Look here," he began in a lofty manner, "you don't understand—"

"Who done send you for wood, white boy?" shouted the old man in charge.

Timothy's jaw fell. He couldn't see why it made a shred of difference who wanted the wood—so long as it was paid for in cash.

"It's for Mr. Stowe," he answered begrudgingly.

"Mist' Stowe!" piped a small black boy, "but dat am Rass Tubman's job—you leave Rass tote wood for Mist' Stowe."

"Rass done ram a nail in he foot," shouted a voice from the back, "he stay home."

"Make way dar, men," ordered the old Negro in charge, "Mist' *Stowe* ain' gwine wait fo' no wood."

As if under the spell of a magic wand the crowd parted and Timothy was allowed to move forward. His basket was filled with wood; then stiffly polite but greatly puzzled, he marched off. True, he had won his point—he'd been served before the others (as was his due, he thought, but actually because Mr. Stowe's name carried weight). One thing only was clear as day: freed Negroes in Washington were very different people from the slaves back home.

The loaded basket was fairly heavy and by the time the boy had climbed the stairs leading up from the kitchen, he was rather breathless. The door stood open and he paused on the threshold, clearing his throat to attract attention.

Mr. Stowe was seated at a large table in the center of a long room. Without looking up from his work he made a jab with his drawing pencil toward the woodbox.

"Put it over there, Sonny. And throw a couple of chunks in the stove, please."

Timothy tip-tilted the heavy basket on the edge of the box and the wood slid into it with a loud clatter and bumping.

"Say!" shouted the artist, "do fiends in shape of boys—"

"What, sir?"

"Boys . . . noise! I quote Mr. Dickens—somewhat freely I'll admit."

Mr. Stowe reached for his India rubber and began using it vigorously.

"It's all right for *me* to make an infernal racket, but when somebody else goes slam-bang my hand jumps—" his voice sank to a murmur—"Oh, frog on a log!"

"I'm mighty sorry, sir."

"Never mind! Never mind! I'll soon have it back in place again. But when you dropped that first log the President's cravat slid round under his left ear . . . made him look as if—er, well—that wouldn't do, you know."

The boy's eyes began to twinkle with pleasure. Here was a man who could see the funny side, the sort of man he'd like to know better.

Mr. Stowe had picked up his smallest brush and was examining its tip critically.

"I've trained Rass to pussyfoot when I'm at work," he said; "you may be noisy but I must say you are a lot quicker at fetching wood than he is."

Timothy shifted his weight from one foot to the other and held his ground. From Madame Duval he had learned that there was close friendship between the famous Mr. Brady, whose Gallery was next door, and this young man who sat not six feet away. So here was a heaven-sent chance to introduce the burning question of how to go about applying for a job at the Gallery (just in case the Professor did not show up for a day or two). The subject of Mr. Brady could be tactfully brought up after he had dismissed the pussy-footing Rass with a word or two.

"Oh, I reckon even a freed Negro is as lazy as the next one," he said condescendingly.

For the first time since he had entered the studio the artist looked directly at the boy.

"Hold on there, Sonny," he said unsmilingly, "here in Washington you'll find any number of people who do not consider themselves superior because their skins happen to be white."

Timothy gulped and lowered his eyes. An Abolitionist,

he thought, another Yankee Abolitionist! Well, according to Aunt Belle's way of thinking all Abolitionists had cloven hoofs and spiked tails. The boy's gaze traveled involuntarily along the floor and under the table to Mr. Stowe's feet. They were encased in large flowered carpet-slippers.

"I don't remember ever having seen you before, old man."

"I've just come to Washington, sir." Timothy's eyes rose to meet the friendly golden-brown eyes; they were regarding him with amusement.

"Up from the deep, deep South, I'll bet a haddock."

"No, sir—from North Carolina. I've been working for a traveling photographer—ferrotypes, you know. But he's in Virginia right now, so I reckon I'd better hunt up another job—just to keep me going till he comes"—the boy spoke rapidly—"and I've been wondering, sir, if you could tell me how to get in at Mr. Brady's . . . I know how to coat ferrotype plates."

The effect of his words on the artist was most unexpected. The young man threw back his head, laughed uproariously and slapped his thigh.

"Oh, my aunt's Sunday bonnet!" he cried. "That *is* a good one!"

Timothy's lips compressed into a thin line. He could see nothing in the least funny about what he had said.

"Ferrotypes! Tintypes! Brady the Great!" shouted Mr. Stowe, "Brady the master photographer—" Chuckling, he ran both hands through his bushy red hair, then turned toward the boy.

"Listen, old man—if you knew Mr. Brady you'd have more reason to get the point—you'd see the incongruity of the thing. But let's see if I can explain it . . ." The

artist picked up a brush, dipped it in ink and began to draw as he talked.

"It's this way: Mr. Brady stands at the very top of his field. He won first prize and top honors at the World's Fair in London. His photographs are the last word—taken by the most up-to-date methods. And no matter how you look at it, to mention ferrotypes and Brady in the same breath is—oh, well I guess you see what I mean?"

"Reckon I do," conceded Timothy, grinning.

"Of course there's no reason why you shouldn't ask Mr. Brady if he needs a little extra help—only don't offer to coat his tintypes."

"I'll remember, sir."

Laying aside his brush, Mr. Stowe picked up the block of boxwood on which he had been drawing.

"Guess this is about ready for the engraver," he said, squinting at his work through narrowed lids. "Er—what's your name, Sonny?"

"Timothy Todd, sir."

"Timothy Todd—umm. Well, Timtod—come take a look at my drawing and see for yourself how nicely I've succeeded in making President Buchanan a better looking man than he actually is."

Much pleased by the invitation, the boy quickly stationed himself at Mr. Stowe's elbow.

" 'Look here, upon this picture, and on this—' (to quote our friend, Mr. Shakespeare)." The artist took up a photograph and held it next to his drawing. "In Mr. Brady's portrait you find one of the President's eyes screwed up in its habitual squint, Timtod, but not so in my masterpiece. Both his eyes are properly open—the way Currier and Ives expect them to be. Cameras, believe me, tell the

worst and make the most of it, but the artist must always *improve* on nature . . . ho, hum."

Timothy, remembering the Professor's often repeated, "the camera never lies," nodded gravely.

"And now that I'm through depicting the man who goes out of office on the Fourth of March, I'm ready to begin a drawing of the President-elect—" Mr. Stowe paused as he put down the boxwood block—"one of the most honest men who ever walked on two legs. Yes, Timtod, I'd stake my life on it. Lincoln will do his utmost to preserve the Union *and* the peace."

The boy gaped at him round-eyed. Didn't Mr. Stowe know that all Abe Lincoln wanted was to free the slaves and ruin the South?

Smiling at the expression on the young face, the artist reached out and ruffled the untidy brown hair.

"You don't believe me do you, old man? You may think that *united* will spell *untied* just as well. But Mr. Lincoln does not. . . ."

He rose and stretched his long arms.

To Timothy the gesture seemed like a signal for him to leave. He turned reluctantly.

"Hey, Timtod! It just happens that I'm about to go next door to get the photograph of Mr. Lincoln—want to come along? 'Beard the lion in his den,' so to speak?"

"Oh, bully! Yes sir!"

"Then comb your wild locks whilst I get on my shoes."

His slippers flapping at every step, Mr. Stowe scuffled across the floor to where a large folding screen sheltered a corner of the room. Swinging back one of its wings, he exposed to view a narrow cot and a washstand over which hung a small mirror.

"Here's soap, water, a towel and a comb. Get busy."

CHAPTER SEVEN

MASTER PHOTOGRAPHER

ACCORDING TO THE FRAMED NOTICE AT THE entrance, the Photographic Art Gallery opened at ten o'clock every weekday. It was not yet ten, but the door was unlocked and Mr. Stowe unceremoniously walked in. Timothy, following close, was soon agog with wonder.

Never had he dreamed a place of business could be so grand. Underfoot the rich green carpet was velvet-soft. Tufted divans and elegant gilded chairs invited the visitor to rest while viewing the display of photographs both large and small which hung, tier on tier, covering the walls from baseboard to ceiling.

Seated at a desk was a smartly dressed gentleman who

smiled and nodded when the artist tossed him a brief good morning and headed for the stairs, with Timothy at his heels.

On the second floor was the large room where photographs were taken. The boy's sweeping glance noted cameras on stout movable stands, painted backgrounds, velvet curtains, marble-topped tables and numerous chairs. Overhead were two huge skylights which supplied the necessary light. To his eyes the place was a photographer's paradise.

Fussing over one of the cameras was a bald-headed man whom Mr. Stowe greeted with easy familiarity.

"Hello, Sneedly. How are things with you?"

"Oh, no better than usual," growled the unsmiling Mr. Sneedly. "Are you looking for himself?"

"I am. I want to start the Lincoln drawing today."

"He'll be here any minute. He and Gardner have their heads together out back."

Mr. Sneedly sounded bitter. His unblinking stare had fixed itself on the boy as if questioning his right to be present. Without speaking, however, he turned back to the camera and began to adjust its bellows.

Timothy watched with rapt attention. He had never seen a more amazing camera. Instead of one lone cylinder jutting out in front—or even two, like the kind the Professor had described—this camera fairly bristled with lenses. He could count nine of them!

Mr. Stowe was also examining the front of the camera with interest.

"That's an unusual looking affair!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, it's quite new—" Mr. Sneedly's voice lost its sour note—"we use it for the *cartes de visite*. It's called a multilens."

"Ah, I see. Photographs taken wholesale!" The artist laughed.

"Ummm—it amounts to that. You see, the inside of the camera-box is subdivided into nine sections and that means we can take nine portraits on a single glass plate. And print them on a single sheet of paper—a big saving, I can tell you."

"Then, I take it, you chop the pictures apart and mount them on visiting cards. The customer is pleased and the photographer grows rich."

"Not if he's working for someone else," growled Mr. Sneedly, then added in an undertone, "here comes himself now."

Timothy wheeled to see Mr. Brady approaching at a quick half-trot. He was square-shouldered, wiry, but not tall. His mustache was full, his beard tapered to a point, and his eyes, framed in gold-rimmed spectacles, were as keen as a hawk's. But the most conspicuous thing about him was his thick mop of brown hair. Being quite long and curly as well, it stood out in a halo about his head.

"Hello, Red," he said in a pleasant voice, "glad you've come while I'm still here."

"Hello, Mathew—" the artist tweaked Timothy's ear—"meet an embryo photographer. Name: Tim Todd."

"Ah, indeed!" Mr. Brady offered his hand and the smiling boy grasped it politely.

"My publisher is screaming for a woodcut of your Lincoln portrait," Mr. Stowe went on, "so if you have a print handy I'll get the block ready for the engraver."

"Why, yes. That's the one I took last winter—in New York—the time Mr. Lincoln made his campaign speech at Cooper Union. Get a print please, Sneedly." Mr. Brady whipped off his spectacles and began to polish them

vigorously on a corner of his handkerchief. "And I'm ready to admit that I'm proud of the way that portrait turned out—especially when it could so easily have been a complete failure."

"Failure!" echoed the artist, "that's a queer word to hear from you, Mathew."

"Well, I'll tell you how it was." Mr. Brady gave a chuckling laugh. "You see, Lincoln happens to be a regular bean-pole of a man—six feet, four inches, I believe. His ears are big. His neck is very long. And—well, his Adam's apple is uncommonly prominent. Then when I got him up in front of the camera I found that no head-clamp I had was high enough, even extended its full length, to reach his head. It missed by inches."

Mr. Brady paused while he held his spectacles against the light to examine them critically before returning them to his nose.

"That in itself wasn't too important—I just put a tabouret under the base of the immobilizer," he continued. "But the man's neck! I tell you, Red, it was out of the question to photograph Lincoln as he was—with his collar all loose and lopping down. Why, his necktie was nothing but a strip of black ribbon.

"Naturally I didn't want to offend the man, but I had to risk it. I said to him:

"'Mr. Lincoln, would you mind very much if I rearrange your collar? I'd like to pull it up a little.'

"Fortunately he took it in the spirit intended—even treated it as a joke, in fact.

"'Ah, Mr. Brady,' he said, 'I see that you want to shorten my neck! Go right ahead—do whatever you wish.'"

Mr. Sneedly stepped forward, photograph in hand.

"Oh, thanks—yes, this is the one." Mr. Brady nodded and smiled, but Mr. Sneedly's face remained set and austere.

"Pretty good likeness, eh Red?" Mr. Brady held the mounted photograph so that his two guests could share his view of it.

"It's more than good!" exclaimed the artist. "What a marvelous head the man has—this will be one time I shall *not* have to improve on nature."

Timothy looked at him with surprise. If Mr. Stowe had called the photography "marvelous" he would have agreed wholeheartedly. But it seemed an odd word to apply to the sitter. His prominent cheek-bones were the first thing you noticed, then the sad eyes and firm chin. As for the collar—nobody would guess that it had been pulled up so as to shorten an over-long neck.

"So you are interested in photography, my boy?" Mr. Brady held out the photograph. Timothy took it eagerly.

"Oh, sir—I'd rather—I'd rather know how to take a picture like this than—than—just anything!" he said breathlessly.

Mr. Brady had taken out his watch. He snapped open the case, glanced quickly at the time and then up at Mr. Stowe.

"It's much later than I realized!" he exclaimed, "I'll have to go at once or I'll miss the train for New York. Well, see you soon's I get back, Red . . . late in February most likely . . . goodbye everyone."

Catching up his hat and coat, Mr. Brady hurried for the stairs.

The boy's face grew long with disappointment.

"Come, come, old man!" cried Mr. Stowe, "don't let your chin bump your boots! Take Mr. Shakespeare's ad-

vice: 'But screw your courage to the sticking point, and we'll not fail . . .'

"Perhaps you can tell us, Sneedly—is there an opening here for a lad who has already had some training in photography?"

"Here? Emphatically *no*." Mr. Sneedly scowled as if the very thought of taking on an apprentice were painful.

"Umm—well, no harm in asking. Come along, Timtod. Rome wasn't built in a day—"

Upon reaching the sidewalk Timothy ventured the opinion that it was about time for him to go over to the Monument.

"There's a pretty good chance that my Professor has turned up by now," he said with forced cheerfulness.

"In which case you wouldn't want to be taken on at Brady's anyhow—" Mr. Stowe gave the boy's shoulder a parting pat—"so—'all's well that ends well,' you know. Be sure to look me up next time you're in Washington," he added.

It was while Timothy was racing across Pennsylvania Avenue that the cannonading began.

Startled by the thunderous booming, he came to an abrupt halt at the curb in front of Center Market and looked anxiously at the faces of the shoppers. Men and women alike appeared frightened and bewildered. They stared wide-eyed, mouths agape, waiting for they knew not what, while the earth-shaking noise continued.

The boy's heart took a sudden leap. Had war actually started? Was that what the heavy firing meant?

Several men and boys had started on the run along the Avenue toward the Capitol. The driver of a big dray was trying to whip his horses into a gallop.

"The Secessionists are attacking!" he yelled. "Hurray—the fight's on!"

As if this were a signal for action, the crowd pressed forward to surge up the street, moving like a great flood, carrying Timothy with it. The booming of the big guns kept on and on. Shouting horsemen clattered by, hoofs striking sparks from cobblestones.

As suddenly as it had begun, the firing ceased.

"Three cheers for the Union!" yelled the man directly in front of Timothy.

"Hurrah for the Confederates!" screamed a defiant woman and Timothy shouted, "Hurrah!"

At the next corner the boy's progress was momentarily blocked by a passing squad of cavalry. One of the officers caught his eye and grinned at him.

"Has the war started?" Timothy called.

The officer laughed.

"Not *yet*—it hasn't. But Kansas has just been admitted into the Union . . . been trying to get in for thirteen years—" he turned in his saddle to look back at the boy—"and now she's in . . . got thirty-four salutes!"

Hour after hour Timothy waited. Much of the time was spent in wandering about the field and along the river edge; then when his legs grew too tired for him to keep on walking, he would stroll up to the deserted shed near the circular base of the Monument and sit awhile in the doorway. He had racked his brain to the point of exhaustion trying to figure out what had happened to the Professor—and had got nowhere. Dusk was now closing in on the field like a gray cloud and he had no intention of spending a second icy night in the open. Far better to

return to the restaurant, he told himself, and beg permission to sleep on the kitchen floor. Far better to peel a barrel of onions and shed a gallon of tears than to go on slowly starving to death. . . .

All three Duvals were in the kitchen when the boy arrived. They welcomed him like an old friend.

"So—we see you again. *Bon!*" exclaimed Papa.

"Your friend? he did not come?" inquired Madame.

"Looks like something's gone plumb wrong," the boy admitted soberly.

"Tell him, Mama, what Mr. Stowe said," urged Rosemary.

"*Mais oui!* M'sieur Stowe say, 'If Teem Todd returns tell him he is welcome to ze cot—it is a long time since we have a visitor for ze cot in my studio—' " Madame's keen eyes searched the boy's face. "You are hungry, eh?" she asked.

"I'm starved—I could eat an elephant," he said, grinning. It was as if friendly hands were lifting a heavy burden of troubles from his tired shoulders.

Next morning he was wakened by unaccountable sounds of scuffling and thuds; the smell of thick dust filled his nostrils. Rolling over on the narrow cot, Timothy sleepily hunched himself up to a sitting position.

One wing of the big screen had been swung back far enough to allow him to see the full length of the studio. Suddenly a colored boy, who limped as he plied his broom, came into view. His skin was a rich black and his short kinky hair fitted his skull like a close cap. He appeared to be about fourteen. Thin and lanky in build, his long wrists protruded from his coat sleeves and his trousers were conspicuously short. Certainly this must be

Rass Tubman, the boy who "done ram a nail in he heel."

Timothy hailed him with a cheery, "Hello Rass."

Startled by a voice where no voice should be, Rass swung about and stared blankly at the stranger on the cot. He had heard about the uppity white boy who had toted wood for Mr. Stowe.

Rass put down his broom and limped slowly toward the screen.

"You all figger to work reg'lar for Mist' Stowe?" he demanded.

"I'm not going to take *your* job—if that's what you mean."

"You just visitin' here then?"

"I'm here for a while—yep."

Rass nodded solemnly and turned to limp back to where his broom lay. Picking it up, he sent a swirl of dust upward.

"Mist' Stowe am a mighty fine gent'man," he said with conviction, "all us colored people think mighty high of that gent'man."

His curiosity roused by the incident at the woodyard, Timothy pursued the subject.

"Any special reason why you think so high of him?" he asked.

Rass shot a quick glance toward the cot. His face was vacant.

"Just natch'ly we does," he muttered, giving devoted attention to the dust under a chair.

"Aww-w, come on, tell me! Bet you have got a special reason," urged Timothy, but was not surprised when there was no response. He knew the way colored people could become blank-faced and secretive when they chose. They resented "prying" questions. He decided to try again.

"You're still limping—your foot pretty sore?"

Rass's answering grin displayed dazzling white teeth. "Oh, ain't bad—I just favors it some." He stooped, dustpan in hand, to gather up the sweepings.

Timothy made a grab for his clothes. Here he was being late his very first morning . . . probably Papa Duval had many "leetle" tasks already cut out for him. He groaned inwardly at the thought of peeling quantities of onions. And after he'd finished up whatever had to be done in the kitchen, he'd take a run over to the Monument. This would make the third day that he'd been waiting for the van. Three times and out . . . the Professor *will* come today, he told himself.

Timothy found that he could watch Rosemary from the corner of his eye without her being aware of it. The pair had the kitchen to themselves and they were working side by side, seated at the long table. He was scouring knives while she polished the brass candlesticks. Occasionally she would turn to stare at him with frank curiosity. And now, by moving his head unexpectedly, he caught her at it. She gave a quick giggle.

"You're much better looking than Jake Sneedly," she said.

"Umph—that sounds as if he weren't much to look at," countered the boy.

"Oh, I don't know—I don't suppose he could be called exactly *bad* looking. Maybe it's just that I don't like him any too well," Rosemary made a grimace. "He's not half as nice as Johnny—they both work for Mr. Brady, you know. Johnny Sterling is just about the nicest boy I know. He's seventeen. How old are you?"

"Me?" Timothy's eyes were dancing with mischief.

"I'll be seventeen myself—" he paused to enjoy the girl's surprise—"someday," he added.

"Oh *you!*" she cried, laughing. And he was pleased because he loved to make people laugh.

"Say, tell me—does Mr. Brady have a lot of boys working for him?"

Rosemary shook her head.

"No—there's only Jake Sneedly and Johnny and Fred Cary—that's all. Little Billie is always boasting about when he's going to start in," she went on, "but that's just too silly, you know. He's too young. He's still in school."

"Just how young is too young?"

"You mean too young to work for Mr. Brady?"

"Egg-zactly."

"Let's see—Billie's only eight, I think—" Rosemary tilted her head to one side, pretending to take Timothy's measure—"but you must be a mite older than that. . . . Why? Would you like to work for Mr. Brady?"

"Oh, wouldn't I just!" sighed the boy. "And I thought —well, seeing how I've been working for a photographer —I thought I might have a chance. But yesterday that bald-headed Mr. Sneedly turned me down flatter than a pancake."

"Phooh! That old crosspatch! Why, he'd be bound to say No to anybody who looked half-way bright enough to get ahead of his precious Jake. I think he simply hates Johnny—and Fred, too. And that's why. He wants to push Jake. But Johnny's way, way ahead of him. He's just awfully smart. Mr. Wood says that Johnny's *one in a thousand*."

"Mr. Wood?" Timothy caught at the name. "Is he the boss?"

"Oh, no. Mr. Gardner is the top operator, but Mr.

Sneedly and Mr. Wood are both operators too."

"Operators?" repeated the boy, puzzled.

Rosemary laughed, displaying her dimples.

"How blank you look!" she cried. "Anybody would think you've never heard the man who operates a camera called an operator. Didn't you say you've been working for a photographer?"

"Well, I have been. But my photographer was called 'Professor.'"

"Gracious me—it's not that way at Mr. Brady's. I know the kind of professor you mean. Johnny says any old blacksmith who can afford a camera that will take tintypes can set himself up as a 'professor of photography.'"

Timothy, sober-faced, regarded the girl with narrowed eyes.

"My Professor wasn't that sort—he was no amateur—he took first-rate ferrotypes. And if he doesn't come today I reckon I'd better start walking—south."

"Ferrotypes?" repeated Rosemary, unruffled by the sharpness of the boy's tone, "I've no idea what ferrotypes are, but I've got an ambrotype. Look—" she unclasped a picture-pin which she wore at her neckline and handed it to Timothy. It was oval in shape and the portrait was framed in a narrow band of reddish brass.

"Say—this looks familiar!" he cried, "the likeness, I mean. It's Mr. Brady's likeness of Mr. Lincoln—the very one I saw yesterday, only lots smaller. Mr. Brady told how he pulled up Mr. Lincoln's collar and all that."

"It's a campaign souvenir," the girl explained; "Mr. Garlick gave it to me."

"Gee, it's jim-dandy!" Timothy rubbed his thumb over the glass protecting the picture, then turning it over he examined the back.

"There's printing on it . . . 'For president,' " he read, " 'Honorable Abraham Lincoln. Manufactured by George Clark Junior and Company. Ambrotype Artists.' Umm, that's funny——it doesn't say a word about it's being Mr. Brady's—but I *know* he took it."

"Mr. Garlick said it was an ambrotype, that's all I know about it," murmured the girl.

"Oh, I know what an ambrotype is—it's sort of like a daguerreotype only it's a picture taken on glass instead of on copper. . . ."

"Gracious me!" cried Rosemary, "Tim, you sound just like Johnny!"

Pleased with what appeared to be a compliment, Timothy searched his memory for further bits of information with which to impress the girl, but she was quickly off on a new topic.

"Mr. Garlick is really quite nice—only—well, he *is* funny looking. He wears a toupée."

"Garlic!" echoed the boy, "Oh, what a name! It sounds sort of—you know—" Wrinkling up his nose, he pinched his nostrils between thumb and forefinger.

"You would take it that way!" laughed Rosemary.

"What's a toe—what was it you said he wears?"

"Toupée, goosie. That's a kind of little wig you wear on top of your head so's folks won't know you're bald."

"Is he at the Gallery too?"

"Oh dear, no—not Mr. Garlick. He's a salesman for cameras and everything. Johnny says Mr. Brady is his biggest customer."

With characteristic suddenness Rosemary's mind took another leap.

"Do you know what I'd do if I wanted to get in at Mr. Brady's?" she demanded.

"Yep—I know—" Timothy snickered—"you'd twinkle your dimples at him. Trouble is, *I* haven't any."

Rosemary tossed her head as if bored with such silly banter.

"Can't you be serious a minute—I really have an idea," she cried. "What I'd do first is to go straight up on the roof and ask for Mr. Wood—it's nice and sunny so they'll be making sun-prints—then I'd tell him I'd been working for a photographer and everything."

"Roof? What roof?"

"Why Mr. Brady's of course—what else could I mean?"

"But they'd never let me up there—that Mr. Sneedly—"

"Oh, it's easy as pie to get up on the roof of the Gallery—it's the other half of our roof, you know. Didn't you notice the ladder against the ceiling in Mr. Stowe's studio?"

"No, but—"

"Now listen: First you undo the rope—that lets it down—then you climb up and push open the trap-door. And that's all there is to it!"

"By gravy! That sounds good!" Timothy got quickly to his feet. "I'll make a try for it."

"If we hadn't been talking our heads off you'd have finished scouring the knives long since," drawled Rosemary.

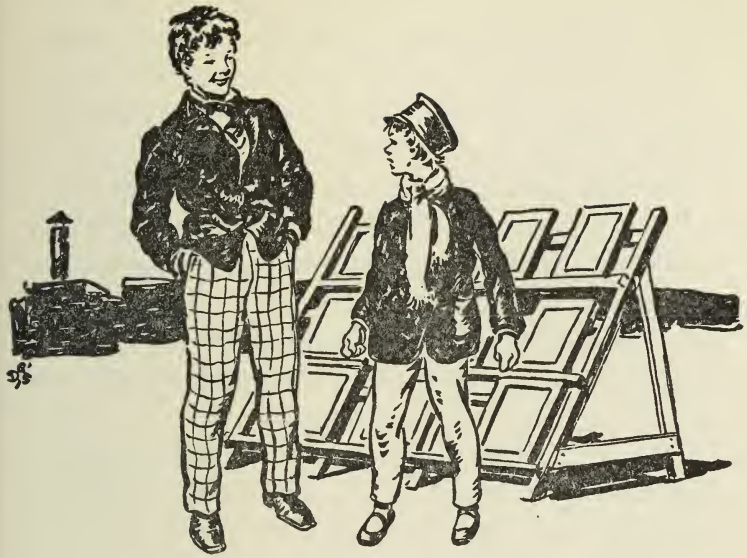
"Oh, thunder! I plumb forgot 'em!" Timothy made a wry face.

"Go long with you," laughed the girl, "I'll do them."

"Say—thanks! Thanks a lot."

The boy made a bolt for the stairs to the studio. Part way up he stopped for an instant to look down at Rosemary.

"You're awfully nice," he said in a half-whisper.



CHAPTER EIGHT

BROKEN GLASS

TIMOTHY SWUNG HIMSELF UP THROUGH THE trap-door and out into a blaze of sunshine. He stood for a moment looking about curiously, taking in the wide sweep of roof.

The ridgepole, which was near the front of the building, ran parallel to the Avenue, and from that high point the long roof sloped gently back toward the rear. There were numerous chimneys, ventilators and skylights, but what was of real interest was the glass structure resembling a greenhouse. It was on Mr. Brady's side of the

roof near the back. Through the glass he could see a man moving about.

"Bet that's Mr. Wood," he murmured. "Am I in luck!"

To reach his goal he had to skirt a double row of wooden racks and as he scurried past them he heard a challenging, high-pitched voice.

"Say you—what d'you think you're doing up here?"

Timothy halted, smiling good-naturedly at the narrow-shouldered freckled-faced youngster who confronted him.

"I'm just looking for Mr. Wood . . . that him in there?" Timothy's thumb pointed to the glass house.

"Naw—that's not him. Mr. Wood's my Pop and you'd better get off this roof—quick. See?"

"If he's your Pop then you must be Billie," returned Timothy, unimpressed by the display of second-hand authority, "so maybe you can tell me how to find him."

"Awww—you can't. He's down in the darkroom now —you can't go in there—nobody's allowed in the darkroom." Billie's pert expression became a smirk of impudence. "But I betcha *you* don't even know what a darkroom is."

"Don't I though! I'm a photographer myself—sort of."

"You are!" Billie's eyes grew round. "Say, that's fine! I'm going to be one *myself* real soon," he boasted, "only Pop says Mr. Brady doesn't want any fellow working for him who hasn't cut his wisdom teeth. He says wait till I get *one* anyway. . . ." He ran a questing finger into the back of his mouth. "Feels like one now."

His hopes dashed, Timothy turned reluctantly. He couldn't even question the man in the glass house now because he'd just seen him disappear downward—evidently stairs from below terminated in the big glass room.

The small boy sidled round in front of the visitor.

"Say—want to see 'em take pictures? Want to see 'em?" he asked, giggling.

"Say! Would they *let* me watch?" Timothy couldn't believe his ears.

"Oh, they won't even know . . . but you've got to promise to keep awful still—" Billie paused to enjoy the look of surprise on the older boy's face. "It's like this: they're taking a *special* this morning—before the gallery opens, you know—and my Pop's the one who's taking it and—"

"But *how*—"

"Oh, you'll find out in a jiffy—only you've got to mind you don't go talking loud, or move fast or anything like that."

Timothy nodded.

"Come on then—" Grinning with mischief, Billie started on tiptoe for the nearer of the two big skylights. Timothy followed, padding softly as a jungle beast.

The huge skylight, a wide expanse of many panes of greenish glass, pitched sharply toward the north. And just below the glass were white muslin curtains, spread to break the glare. Along the lower edge of the skylight, however, a space remained uncurtained and through this the boys, squatting on their haunches, could get an excellent view of what was going on directly below.

With his eyes close to the glass Timothy peered down at the gentleman posed before the camera. His heavy face had puffy bags under the eyes, a long tuft of whiskers adorned the chin. One hand was thrust into the front of his frock coat, the other clasped a pair of gloves. The pose was a favorite one with the Professor—he said it made a man look noble. Like Napoleon Bonaparte.

"Whe-e-e!" breathed Billie, "look who's being taken."

"Who is he?" whispered Timothy.

"Senator Toombs, that's who. And that's my Pop," Billie added softly as a sandy-haired gentleman stepped forward to rearrange one of the Senator's lapels.

From the street came a sudden burst of cheering and the noisy clatter of many hoofs. The sound brought a heavy scowl to the Senator's face.

"The Yankee soldiers make the Senator fearful mad—he's from the South you know, and I bet all those cannons yesterday made him just hopping. D'you hear 'em?"

Timothy's answer was barely audible. His eyes were glued to Mr. Wood's hand as it hovered over the little leather cap which covered the camera's lens. The plate was about to be exposed—always a breathless moment.

Both boys were intent on the scene below when suddenly, from close behind them, came an ear-splitting racket—a sharp crackling like a volley of guns.

Badly startled, the pair sprang up and whirled about.

Not four feet away stood a tall, reedy youth who leered his satisfaction at their alarm. In his right hand was a large, watchman's rattle.

"Hey-y-y! Billie the snoop!" he taunted in a hoarse whisper. "Oh, will you catch it—you and the other guy, too!"

With a smothered cry of rage, Billie sprang for the rattle which instantly rose out of his reach.

"You shush or I'll bite you," he gasped, reaching wildly upward, "they'd never know we were here if you hadn't made that noise. You give me that rattle, Jake Sneedly. It's mine."

"Sure enough it's yours—everybody knows it's yours," sneered Jake, "so who'll get the blame? And swish goes the whip. . . ."

Billie, fists clenched, began to beat furiously on Jake's

chest. Whereupon Jake promptly grabbed the small boy's forelock and held him at arm's length.

Timothy's hands fairly itched to get at the tall fellow, but since it was the smaller boy who was doing the attacking, it seemed better to hold off.

Then all at once conditions changed. Jake dropped the rattle, picked Billie up by the armpits and started to swing him roughly, his feet barely missing the skylight. An instant later Billie slipped from his grasp to land perilously on the corner of the glass.

Hands extended, Timothy leaped and caught the small boy's flailing arm just in time to save him from crashing through the skylight to the room below.

As the bewildered youngster was hauled to his feet, he gave one frightened look at the damaged skylight and then rushed unsteadily after Jake, who was heading for the stairs in the glass house. Only Timothy lingered. Billie's foot had kicked a gapping hole in the corner of the skylight, sending a shower of splintered glass raining down—on what? On what had that murderous glass fallen?

He leaned over to peer down through the hole and found himself eye to eye with the uninjured but outraged Mr. Wood.

Timothy took to his heels.

Safely through the trap-door and back in the studio, the boy slumped into the nearest chair, glad of a chance to collect his wits before facing Rosemary.

Of course she'd pounce on him first thing, wanting to know if he'd found Mr. Wood.

"What did he say?" she'd ask, "tell me what happened?"

What happened, indeed! More than he cared to talk about—to anybody. Let Billie and Jake do the explaining . . . it wasn't his fault that the old skylight got busted. And Billie's father must have known that his son was on the roof even if he had seen a strange boy looking down through the hole in the glass.

Timothy fidgeted in his chair. The memory of Mr. Wood's angry face haunted him. If ever there had been a chance of getting in at the Gallery, it was gone now—puff—just like that.

Scowling, he jumped to his feet.

"Aww, who wants to work there anyhow?"

Hands in pockets, he strolled past Mr. Stowe's deserted work table to the front of the studio. The artist was late this morning it seemed, which was odd when he'd made such a point of wanting to begin the drawing of Mr. Lincoln today.

Pacing slowly back and forth, he continued to struggle with his problem. Now what am I going to tell that girl? he asked himself. I can't say that I didn't see Mr. Wood, because I did. Let's see, I could say, "Yes, I saw him, but it didn't seem like a good idea to ask for a job—not right then—(which was true all right)—my Professor may come today—(also true)—and I wouldn't want to let him down—(true, too)—I'd be letting him down if I took another job, you know . . ." Timothy grinned. He was amused by the imaginary conversation. "Mr. Wood looked as though he had something on his mind besides his hair," I'll say. Yes—that was the way to handle it—make a joke or two. Tease her a little, get her to laugh and show her pretty dimples, then say, "Reckon it's about time for me to go on over to the Monument—maybe the van's waiting right now."

Fate, however, failed to coöperate with this prearranged scene. The girl was no longer alone in the kitchen. At one end of the long wooden table stood Papa Duval, forming pieces of dough into crescent-shaped rolls; at the other end sat Rass, and round the corner from him, Rosemary.

Rass, head lowered, was writing slowly and with effort on a sheet of paper. His forehead was knotted, his lips parted and a bright pink tongue wagged as his pencil moved.

Rosemary flashed a smile of welcome as Timothy approached.

"Do come and see how well Rass is making out, Tim," she said. "He is so quick at learning that I think I must be a marvelous teacher!"

"Say—that's fine," agreed Timothy, gazing down at the sprawling name which had been written over and over again, all but filling the paper.

"Umm-m-m, Rass Tubman . . . Tubman," he mused. "Ever happen to hear of a Harriet Tubman, Rass? She's a runaway slave and there's a reward on her head—forty thousand dollars!"

The colored boy's head flew up with a jerk, but it was Rosemary who answered.

"*Hear* of her?" she cried. "Why, she's Rass's aunt. And what's more, she's no slave! The very idea!" Rosemary was bristling with indignation.

Timothy stiffened instantly.

"The Harriet Tubman *I* mean is a slave," he insisted; "she ran away from whoever it was owned her, then she ran back and showed a raft of other slaves how to get away. 'Following the North Star,' they call it."

"My goodness me!" Rosemary gave a tittering laugh. "What a lot some folks know!"

Timothy made a wry face and Rass leaned over his paper, his pencil slowly tracing his name.

"Anyway, she really *is* Rass's aunt," the girl went on, "and she's famous, too. She knows all sorts of important people—like Ralph Waldo Emerson and John Brown. He's dead now, of course, but he was the one who first called her *General Tubman*—then everybody else took it up."

"Ever see her?" Timothy asked, mildly interested.

"Indeed I have! Why, one time she spent two whole—"

The girl's words were cut short as Papa Duval's doughy hand landed on the table top with a resounding smack.

"*Tais-toi!*" he snapped.

Timothy saw Rosemary's face grow bright pink. She clapped both hands over her mouth and drew a sharp breath. Puzzled, he turned to look at Papa Duval, who was glaring at his daughter over his spectacles. To the boy the remark had seemed harmless enough—he could not understand the reproof.

For a short time there was an uncomfortable silence. Then Rass twisted about in his chair to stare up at the white boy, who straightway took up the challenge and returned the stare.

According to Timothy's code, a black boy should be the first to drop his eyes. But Rass didn't even blink. He gave every indication of intending to out-stare Timothy; and his owl-like eyes were reminiscent of the blank faces of the Negroes yesterday in the woodyard behind Center Market. One Negro had boasted that he could talk as he pleased because he was free . . . and now here was another one, staring his foolish head off just to show he could because he too was free.

The corners of Timothy's mouth began to twitch, he

chuckled inwardly and gave up the futile contest. Turning his head, he spoke to Rosemary.

"Say—tell me. Why does Mr. Stowe's name count so much with the colored people here in Washington? Is it because he's an Abolitionist?"

"But he *isn't* an Abolitionist," protested the girl. "And you wouldn't think so very long if you could hear the way he talks about them. Why, he says the Abolitionists want to drench the country in blood! Those are his very words: 'drench the country in blood.'"

Timothy nodded. He'd heard all about the Abolitionists and how they had elected Lincoln just so there would be a war.

"They sure enough do want to start a war," he agreed.

"Yes—that's what makes Mr. Stowe so furious," cried the girl. "He says the Abolitionists would be willing to start a war tomorrow just so's to free the slaves. And he says it's perfectly dreadful for men to fight each other instead of finding some sensible way out of a mess. Of course he thinks slavery is terribly wicked and all that—" Rosemary's voice rose excitedly—"but he says after Mr. Lincoln's in everything will be worked out all right—if only the hot-heads down South don't blow up and start a war."

"*Start* a war!" shouted Timothy. "*Us* start a war? Why, that's plain crazy! The South doesn't want to fight . . . all we want is for the North to mind its own business and—"

"Why, how can you say a thing like that!" protested the girl, her eyes blazing, "Look what your precious old South is doing this very minute—it's *rebelling*—that's what it's doing. It isn't even willing to wait long enough to give Mr. Lincoln a chance to save the Union—"

Timothy's face flamed red, his Southern blood was boiling. Suddenly all the irritation caused by the unfortunate incident on the roof, coupled with worry over his missing friend, found an outlet in angry words:

"Mr. Lincoln—that Simple Susan!" he sneered, "And what's more, the North hasn't the *right* to force the South to stay in the Union if she doesn't want to!"

"*Non! Non! Non!*" cried Papa Duval, his hands up, palms out, "you both talk too much noise!"

Rosemary stiffened, her lips clamped themselves together in a determined line.

Timothy, tense and breathing hard, glared at her for an instant before turning to fling himself across the kitchen to where his coat and cap hung on a hook beside the back door. With hands that shook he pulled on his coat, then reached for his cap.

"Goodbye," he said through clenched teeth, "and thanks—for everything."

Opening the door he stalked out, taking pains not to slam it behind him although the desire to slam it was all but irresistible.

CHAPTER NINE

THE BLACK COACHMAN

TIMOTHY STOMPED HIS FEET ON THE FROZEN ground and jigged up and down to keep warm. Never had the hours dragged more slowly.

When he'd left the restaurant he had been mad enough to bite nails, and when he reached the Monument he was still seeing red. He was bitterly disappointed at not finding the van, yet he couldn't give up hoping, so he'd hung round the field until he became so hungry that something had to be done about it. Then remembering the two five-cent coins in his pocket, given him by Mr. Stowe for

fetching wood, he had hustled over to Pennsylvania Avenue and there found a street-peddler with fishcakes for sale. He'd bought three and eaten them on his way back to the Monument; and in spite of his low spirits the cakes had tasted fine.

Then, after more hours of futile waiting, he was ready to admit that he was licked. He had reached his limit. He was fed up with watching for a van that never came. He was sick to death of having things go wrong. I haven't the ghost of a chance to get in at Mr. Brady's, he thought glumly, I'll never get to be a photographer. Or even a tintype taker. Poor old Professor Pippin—something mighty serious must have happened to him!

Timothy sighed wearily and stopped his jigging. During the afternoon he had seen the geese poking about in the dead leaves and had wondered idly why the big gander was no longer with them. And now a bent old man was hobbling toward them as if to round them up with his staff. Watching him, it suddenly occurred to the boy that the old fellow might live near by—if so, there was a chance that he had seen the van—providing it had come.

Determined to ask, Timothy started on the run.

"What's that you say?" The old man cupped a hand behind his ear.

The boy repeated his question in a loud voice.

"And it's got a canvas top," he went on, "and the horses are piebald."

"Umm—can't say I *saw* it, but it might have been here," quavered the old man. "Somebody's been here, I know—because my gander's been took."

"Aw, what's the use," muttered Timothy under his breath.

"Might have been the hoodlums what stole it," the old voice rambled on, "nothing's safe from them, and the city's full of them . . . hoodlums, thugs, footpads. It ain't safe to go down a dark alley by yourself these days—they'd sooner rob a man than not. And it didn't used to be like this—not before they brought all that riffraff from Baltimore—"

He paused to shake a bony finger under the boy's nose.

"D'you know why they're here?"

"No—why?" the boy was faintly amused.

"It's the Secessionists—*they* fetched them here so's they could make trouble for Abe Lincoln! You'll see! They're going to stir up one heck of a street-fight on Inauguration Day—he'll never live to see the end of it, I tell you."

The old man peered at Timothy as if expecting a comment, but the boy merely shrugged and turned away.

Wandering down to the water's edge he stood looking out at the river.

In the gray half-light Long Bridge seemed to stretch out and out till it gradually faded into thin air. Even the busy tugboats, trailing their black plumes of smoke, had an eerie look. They would glide ghostlike into sight and then slowly melt away, swallowed up by the mist that now blanketed the Potomac.

Reckon it's time I faced it, the boy thought unhappily, I've got to go back and eat crow—tell 'em I'm sorry I lost my temper.

He could picture the kitchen of the restaurant with Papa Duval standing over the stove. The room would be bright—every gas jet going—and warm and filled with good smells—the sort that make one's mouth water. Then tomorrow I'll manage to find *some* way of getting myself home, he decided, I'll go back to Fayetteville.

Opening the back door just enough to allow him to thrust his head into the kitchen, Timothy glanced quickly about the room. It was warm and cheerful all right, and from pots on the stove came delicious foody odors, but Papa Duval was nowhere in sight. And considering the lateness of the hour, that was odd. As he stepped inside he caught the sound of voices in the dining-room—Rosemary's and her mother's. They were speaking in French and seemed excited. Surely this was not a good time to break in with his, "Please, I'm sorry." He'd better go up to the studio first, he told himself, and if Mr. Stowe did happen to be there, he could ask about staying another night.

The first time Timothy tapped on the door Mr. Stowe did not hear him. He was singing snatches of *Dixie* with more noise than melody. At the second knock, however, he shouted, "Enter—enter!"

The artist had lighted the big student's lamp and was working by its yellow glow. Timothy slipped into the room and was closing the door softly behind him when Mr. Stowe looked up.

"Hey—Timtod!" he shouted, "so it's you! I'd a notion I'd seen you leaving for parts unknown . . . didn't your photographer friend come after all?"

Timothy forced himself to grin; he didn't want to let on to Mr. Stowe or anyone else how glum he was feeling.

"No, sir—reckon he couldn't make it. And if it's all right with you I'd like to stay here again tonight. . . ."

"Of course it's all right—that's what the cot is for. Visitors always welcome, you know."

Sinking wearily into a chair near the stove, the boy sat with eyes closed. He was tempted to tell Mr. Stowe about the unfortunate happening on the roof, but if he did it

might sound as if he were tattling on Jake and Billie. It was lucky that he himself had no share in breaking the big skylight—he had troubles enough without that. And it was bitter medicine—this having to go home because you couldn't swing matters by yourself.

Timothy slipped his arms out of his overcoat and leaned back. At any rate he was thawing out now—the metal sides of the woodstove were cherry red and gave off a blistering heat.

Mr. Stowe had been whistling softly with many little runs and trills. At the moment he was humming under his breath. The boy's tired muscles relaxed.

"Wonder if Papa Duval's back yet," mused the artist. "See anything of him, Timtod?"

"He wasn't in the kitchen, sir."

"Umm, guess that means he's not back." Mr. Stowe whipped out his pocket knife and began to sharpen pencils for the next day. "Does seem queer," he muttered.

"It must be pretty nearly supper time." The boy was uncomfortably aware of his own empty stomach.

"Ah, yes. And that's why his staying away so long isn't understandable. Madame's worried—she was up here just before you came—" Mr. Stowe stopped speaking while he concentrated his attention on a pencil, giving it a needle-sharp tip. "Seems that Papa Duval had a bone to pick with his wine merchant—there was some mix-up in the billing which had to be settled before he paid it. But that's no reason why he should be gone so long—"

Pushing back his chair, the artist got to his feet. Then knife in hand, big carpet-slippers flapping loosely, he crossed to the front window and looked out.

"Jiminy Christmas!" he cried, "it's snowing! Can you beat that!"

Timothy got up quickly. For him the sight of snow was a rare treat. In Fayetteville during a winter storm a thin layer of white might cover roads and fields, but all too soon it vanished.

Standing elbow to elbow with Mr. Stowe, he looked down at the Avenue. In contrast to the warm yellow light in the studio, everything outside seemed tinged with blue. Soft flakes of snow were drifting lazily downward to collect on the tops of the lumbering omnibuses and the shoulders of their drivers. Even the hurrying hacks and private carriages wore a veil of white.

The boy drew a deep breath. It sounded remarkably like a sigh, and Mr. Stowe looked at him, eyebrows raised.

"'One woe doth tread upon another's heel'—(that's from Hamlet). What's the matter, Timtod? Don't you like snow?"

"Oh, it's just that I hate having to go home tomor—" Timothy stopped short. From somewhere below-stairs had come a piercing shriek.

Mr. Stowe kicked off his cumbersome slippers, and still clutching his open knife, sprang for the stairs and took them two steps at a time. The boy raced after him.

No one was in the kitchen, but in the dining-room the pair came upon a scene that brought a gasp from Timothy.

Sitting slumped over in a chair was Papa Duval, his chalk-white face streaked with blood from a savage gash on his forehead. Bending over him was Madame. She was struggling with the buttons of his overcoat and jabbering excitedly in French.

Papa Duval's mumbled explanation was short; Mr. Stowe translated it for Timothy.

"He says he was held up and robbed."

Madame Duval, her panic over, was once more her efficient self. She glanced quickly over her shoulder at her sobbing daughter.

"Rosemary, stop zat useless crying!" she ordered, "get a basin of warm water—a towel. Ze cut is not deep. He will not die and ze money makes no matter."

"What about calling a doctor?" asked Mr. Stowe.

"Non! Non!" Papa Duval raised a protesting hand.

"It will be enough if he is put to bed," Madame said firmly, "but he must not walk even ze few blocks."

"Suppose you run out to the corner, Timtod, and fetch a hack," directed Mr. Stowe.

"Oh!—I'd be glad to!" cried the boy, eager to be of use. He was heading for the door when Mr. Stowe stopped him.

"You'll need a coat, old man. It's cold."

It took barely a minute to race up to the studio, and back with his overcoat. He slipped it on as he ran.

The snow was falling faster now. In the twilight the widely spaced street lamps along the Avenue wore pale yellow halos and looked no brighter than so many tallow candles. This was the hour of going home when private carriages, gigs, coaches and public hacks rolled in a steady stream over the cobblestones. The boy stationed himself at the curb and waving his arms wildly, he yelled at every passing hack. But none would stop, they already had passengers.

Many precious minutes were wasted before Timothy decided that there was no sense in looking for an empty hack where no empty hack was likely to be. A block down the Avenue, however, was the big National Hotel—just the place to find such vehicles lined up, waiting for customers.

He found the sidewalk slippery going. Ice-glazed bricks overlaid with snow make treacherous footing. Nevertheless he raced along, sliding, slipping, just catching his balance in time to keep from falling. And often it took expert dodging on his part to avoid running smack into pedestrians hurrying in the opposite direction. He wanted terribly to find a hack and return with it in triumph—not only because the Duvals needed one, but also because of the spat in the kitchen. He wanted to make up for that, too.

The carriage entrance of the hotel was round the corner from the Avenue, in the side street, and when he reached it he was surprised to find quite a gathering of spectators. Despite the snow, they had collected about the awning-covered entrance to watch their more privileged fellow-citizens arrive in state.

Worming his way through the crowd to a place near the curb, Timothy stood craning his neck in vain, trying to spot a hack for hire. But of all the vehicles in sight—and there were numbers of them—not one looked in the least like the kind that could be hailed. A private carriage would draw up with a flourish, discharge its passengers and then drive briskly off, to be replaced by another one. And while the boy lingered, wondering what to do next, a fine coach driven by a Negro in red livery rolled to the curb. Then a large important-looking gentleman got out and turned to assist an elegantly dressed lady. Timothy eyed him curiously—there was something strangely familiar about his face, with its goat-like tuft of chin whiskers. An instant later he recognized him as the gentleman he had gazed down on through the skylight. He was Senator Toombs.

The boy edged closer to the coach and stared up at the

dignitary in livery on its box. Dare he ask the Negro to help him out?—now that the Senator had dismissed him. In his desperation it seemed a chance worth taking, but there wasn't a second to spare. He sprang forward and with a foot on the hub, he swung himself to the coachman's side just as the wheel began to turn.

The startled man glared at him open-mouthed.

"Someone's been hurt," the boy explained rapidly, anxious to account for his action before he was ordered off, "and I can't find a public hack, so if you'd just help us out . . . it's not far and—"

"This ain't no rig for hire!" snapped the indignant Negro, reining in the horses, "You git out! Fast you kin!"

"But please—just let me tell you—"

"Git out!"

"But—if you'd only—"

"Git *out!* I means it."

"But—"

The bulky, broad-shouldered coachman could brush Timothy from the seat as easily as he could dispose of a pestering fly, and he knew it. His deep voice took on a threatening tone.

"I tells you for the last time—*git out!*"

"Mr. Stowe, the artist, sent me—" It was a shot in the dark, but the name *Stowe* had worked wonders when it came to buying wood.

"Mist' Stowe?" cried the man, "Mist' Stowe done send you?"

"Yes and—"

"How come you ain't sayin' straight off he send you, white boy?" The scowl suddenly vanished and Timothy grinned with relief.

"I reckon you know where he lives," he said.

"Yassuh—I does!" The coach was already underway, the horses traveling at a smart trot.

That evening every chair in the small dining-room of the restaurant was occupied and the would-be diners grew impatient when, after considerable waiting on their part, Madame Duval failed to appear. Presently an elderly man began to tap on his tumbler with a spoon.

As if in response to the summons the door from the kitchen flew open and to everybody's surprise, not Madame but a boy came in, awkwardly carrying her big tray on which were a number of steaming bowls. His eyes were on the swaying soup and with every step he took, some of the liquid splashed over.

"Where's Madame Duval? I hope she's not ill?" exclaimed the elderly man.

Timothy did not attempt to answer him at once. He carefully balanced one end of his tray on a corner of the nearest table and then gingerly removed the bowls. After that he was ready to tell as briefly as possible what had happened to Papa Duval.

Speaking in a loud voice so that all could hear, he explained how the poor man had been knocked unconscious and robbed, but had come to after a while, so managed to get back to the restaurant.

"And now Madame's taken him home—Mr. Stowe and I are going to do our best to help out . . . I'll bring things as fast as I can," he wound up.

There was a general murmur of sympathy and a question or two as he went from table to table with the soup. Then he dashed off with his tray. And when he returned a few minutes later, the elderly gentleman was enlarging on the subject of hold-ups.

"What can we expect in the way of protection from footpads?" he demanded of no one in particular. "Why, in all Washington we have only fifty patrolmen! And they're not supposed to police alleys and side-streets—their job is to guard government buildings."

"We'll need fifty times fifty patrolmen when that rail-splitter from out West gets here," growled a young man at the next table, "the Secessionists will go to any length to make trouble for him—they'd even blow the town to Kingdom Come!"

Timothy, ears cocked, was loath to leave the room, but there was no time for lingering.

In the kitchen Mr. Stowe was hard at work, wielding a long carving knife, slicing a roast of beef amid a clutter of dishes, pots and pans. At sight of the returning boy he dropped the carving knife with a clatter and snatched up the soup ladle.

" 'Double, double, toil and trouble—' " he chanted as he stirred the steaming kettle, "how many more soups needed, Timtod?"

"I forgot to count," the boy admitted sheepishly.

Between them they managed the soup course with some degree of success, but as the meal progressed confusion in the kitchen mounted, and they both knew that they had a man-sized job on their hands. Yet it had sounded as simple as child's play when Madame was telling her volunteer crew of two what must be done.

"I myself have finished ze cooking," she said; "you will serve—zat is all."

Then she had rattled off a final instruction or two after the three Duvals had been bundled into Senator Toombs's coach, ending on a note of caution.

"Remember, Teem—but *one* bowl of soup to anyone."

At first they had treated it as a lark. The artist had donned Papa Duval's high white hat and starched apron, while Timothy strutted up and down the kitchen with Madame's tray, imitating her heavy tread. Before long, however, the hat with the puffed crown had been hurled into a corner and the white apron was messy and stained. Mr. Stowe's red hair was tousled and his hot face glistened with beads of sweat. Timothy's own face had grown flushed with effort as he struggled with a succession of plates, cups and saucers, knives, forks and spoons, not to mention the many tumblers that needed refilling.

Then at long last it was over; every diner had finished his dessert and departed.

Mr. Stowe collapsed into the nearest kitchen chair, his legs thrust out, his arm dangling limp. His young co-worker, grinning wearily, stood looking down at him and did not notice that the door from the dining-room was being opened.

"Red! You look all in!" exclaimed a strange voice.

Timothy wheeled instantly. Then, recognizing the sandy-haired gentleman, the boy stepped quickly back. He had no desire to attract Mr. Wood's attention.

"Hello, Will—" Mr. Stowe struggled to his feet—"I'm all right, but I do lack skill with the skillet. Hear what happened to Papa Duval?"

"Yes, I have. Hard luck! I heard, too, that you were holding the fort for the Duvals—that's why I'm here."

"Only for tonight, fortunately. Madame will be back in the morning. Come on—let's go up to my studio."

"I can't stay, Red. I just dropped in to ask you about the lad you brought to the Gallery yesterday. Sneedly told me you said he had had training in photography."

"Yes, surely." Mr. Stowe beckoned to Timothy. "Come

here, Timtod—opportunity knocks at your door."

The boy sidled forward, self-conscious yet eager.

Mr. Wood remembered the startled young face that had peered down at him through the broken skylight.

"You!" he exclaimed, "why, you're the boy I saw yesterday—on the roof."

"Yes, sir."

"Then you're the one who caught Billie just in time to save his neck. He told me what happened."

"Roof? Billie? What are you two talking about?" demanded Mr. Stowe, but was not answered.

"Naturally I'm extremely grateful," Mr. Wood went on, "and if you were only a few years older I'd be delighted to have you at the Gallery." He turned to the artist.

"I suppose it was Sneedly's idea of a joke—sending me here on a wild goose chase. He said nothing about the boy's being very young."

"Oh, Timtod isn't *too* young," protested Mr. Stowe, "as Shakespeare put it, he's 'just the age t'wixt boy and youth.' "

"I'll be fourteen on the Fourth of March, sir." Timothy's eyes pleaded for a chance.

"Umm—well, I'll admit we're short-handed. Fred Cary quit most unexpectedly . . . but with Mr. Brady away I hesitate to replace him with so young a boy. Yet—well—we might try you out—temporarily. Want to report tomorrow morning at eight?"

"YES SIR!" Even to his own ears the boy's reply sounded surprisingly loud.

CHAPTER TEN

BEHIND THE SCENES

LONG BEFORE THE CLOSE OF HIS FIRST DAY at the Photographic Art Gallery Mr. Brady's new boy had discovered that he was in for plenty of exercise. Errand after errand kept him on the go. He was sent scurrying from one department to another, trekking up and down the narrow back stairs from ground floor to roof. All too soon his legs were tired enough to drop off, but he didn't care a fig for that. He had what he wanted: a chance to prove himself. A chance at an apprenticeship. And nothing—nothing at all—was going to daunt him, he promised himself. Not even Jake Sneedly.

It had fallen to Jake, as the youngest member of the permanent staff, to show the newcomer the ropes, and he

had made no bones about his distaste for the assignment. With a face like a thundercloud, the tall fellow had slouched along the lower hall to the coatroom by the back entrance, to show Timothy where to hang his overcoat and cap. Then the reluctant guide crossed the hall to the nearest doorway and halted.

"Stockroom," he growled.

"Say—what a lot of stuff," breathed the new boy, his gaze sweeping the many wide shelves stocked with photographic supplies. There were boxes and bottles of every shape and size, big funnels and little ones, measuring glasses, stacks of trays and whatnot.

Jake grunted and moved on, his feet scuffling.

The next room was fairly large. There was a table in the center, and a waist-high counter with shelves under it along one wall. A big press stood in one corner. Several men were moving about, evidently preparing to begin the day's work. One of them, a ruddy-faced man with a mop of white hair, stared at the strange boy with frank curiosity.

"Cut 'n mount," mumbled the guide, pausing.

Timothy was puzzled.

"What does that mean?" he asked.

"Aw—come on! I haven't got all day."

Jake, hands in pockets, ambled toward the stairs, and Timothy, a wry smile on his face, trailed after.

At the far end of the second-floor hallway hung a heavy brocade curtain, patterned with gold and silver flowers.

"Operating room's up front there." Jake spoke begrudgingly.

"Oh, I've been in the operating room!" exclaimed the new boy. The memory of his visit to the big skylighted room was vivid. He even remembered the brocade cur-

tain. And now here he was on the other side of it—behind the scenes, so to speak.

"And that—" Jake jerked his head toward a closed door—"that's the darkroom. Just you try going in there without knocking and see what you get."

Timothy grinned knowingly. He didn't have to be told that nobody should barge without warning into a darkroom. Why, one of the first things Professor Pippin had drilled into him was an understanding of what happened to sensitized plates when daylight struck them.

"It's one thing," he'd said, "to have a ray of light go through a lens and strike a plate for five or six seconds—that gives you your image—but it doesn't take even one second to ruin a plate if you douse it with daylight."

Jake yawned, stretched and muttered something under his breath, then turned to the nearest door and opened it.

"This is the drying room. Go on in," he said invitingly.

As Timothy stepped forward he felt a hand between his shoulder blades and an instant later he was sent hurtling into the room. He barely managed to stop himself in time to keep from bumping into a thick-set middle-aged man who was leaning over a small stove, poking a crackling fire. The air was breathlessly hot and smelled of woodsmoke.

"Here's the guy who's to take Fred Cary's place, Mr. Ashley," Jake announced in a voice that made clear his own opinion of the new substitute.

The boy unconsciously thrust out his chest a trifle and stood at attention while Mr. Ashley's steel-blue eyes regarded him critically.

"Humm—well . . . looks pretty young to me."

"Yep. Young and tender green—" Jake snickered—"he won't last long."

"There is such a thing as being too tough, you know," returned Mr. Ashley dryly.

"Now you couldn't mean me!" Jake gave a mocking laugh. "Or could you?"

"Hey—get out! Close that door before you waste all my heat."

"Hay—for horses!"

The door was closed with a bang.

"Impudent young whippersnapper," growled Mr. Ashley, "he'd be out on his ear in two shakes if it weren't for his father. And he knows it, too."

The new boy nodded sagely.

"Well, now—let's see—" Mr. Ashley picked up a round flattish basket—"this is for the dry prints. Put them in it as you unclip them." He pointed to a big rack from which hung countless photographs. "Then trot them down to Andrew. You know where the cutting and mounting room is?"

A sudden light dawned on Timothy.

"Reckon I do," he said. "It's downstairs, next to the stockroom."

Before the end of the morning the new boy's many errands had taken him all over the Gallery. He'd been in the downstairs reception room to deliver a set of finished photographs. He'd been up on the roof with a great armful of printing frames, and had helped Oliver, Mr. Ashley's assistant, to line them up on the racks in the sunlight. He'd even been sent into the operating room while Mr. Sneedly and Mr. Wood were engaged in taking likenesses. And once he'd delivered some supplies to the darkroom.

First knocking cautiously he waited and presently

heard an inner door open and shut. Then a boy who looked very little older than himself opened the door into the hall. His dark blue eyes were friendly and his hair was the color of taffy candy. And he was noticeably short —not an inch over five feet tall, Timothy suspected.

He wanted to say, "Are you Johnny Sterling? Rosemary told me about you" . . . but it didn't seem just the time for a remark like that.

The yellow-haired boy smiled.

"Thanks," he said in a quiet voice, taking the things which Timothy had brought, "we're running low on collodion."

His first errand, of course, had taken the new boy to the cutting and mounting department and from there he'd been sent to the stockroom. He had handed over the basketful of photographs to Andrew—the ruddy-faced white-haired man—and then had lingered for a little to watch him work the cutter. He could cut the sheets of nine little portraits apart in a twinkling with a few deft, swift strokes of his guillotine-like blade. And it was while the boy was watching that Gustave called to him, waving an empty ink bottle.

Gustave was a rather foreign-looking young man. He had a desk to himself by a window and it was his job, Timothy discovered, to put *Brady* and *Washington, D.C.* on the mounted photographs. For certain of them he used a stamp, while on others he wrote the words in a neat script.

"Tell Jake to fill this, please," Gustave said as the boy took the bottle from his hand.

"Jake?" he said as if bewildered.

"Surely—why not? Didn't you know that Jake's in charge of stock?"

"No, sir. This will be the first time I've been sent to the stockroom."

The news that he must deal first-hand with Jake every time there was reason to go to the stockroom was none too welcome. He had hoped to steer clear of the fellow—keep out of his way. But now he knew he would have no choice in the matter.

To his surprise Timothy found the stockroom deserted; and he had no idea what he was expected to do when Jake was missing from his post. It didn't seem wise to go poking about the shelves himself in search of ink. Yet he didn't like the thought of standing about, cooling his heels. No telling how long Jake might be absent.

Turning, he strolled into the hall, his brow puckered in thought. Perhaps he should go from room to room till he found the fellow, or he might return and ask Gustave what to do. . . .

The sound of muffled talking caught the boy's ear—it was coming from the coatroom. There were two voices and one of them might be Jake's.

"But Mr. Garlick, that's all I *could* find out."

"Now, Jakie, you know what it means if—"

No longer uncertain as to his next move, Timothy began banging on the wooden frame of the stockroom door with his ink bottle.

"Hi—Jake! Ink's needed!" he shouted.

With the suddenness of a jack-in-the-box when the cover is lifted, Jake's head popped into view from the doorway of the coatroom.

"You miserable little sneak!" he yelled at Timothy. "How long have you and your big ears been there?"

He was obviously upset and the younger boy's teasing grin was not intended to relieve his mind.

A thin little man with a prominent nose stepped past Jake and out of the coatroom.

"Tut-tut, Jakie! That's no way to talk," he cautioned; "there's been nothing said that would be of interest to this lad. Who is he?"

"Aw, he's nobody," mumbled Jake, "just a guy who's helping out during the rush."

Timothy's eyes were dancing as he regarded the rat-faced little man. So this was Mr. Garlick! Rosemary had said he was funny-looking and she was right. But she ought to see him now! His toupée (yes, that was the word) had slipped sideways, giving him quite a rakish appearance.

"Ah, rush indeed," murmured Mr. Garlick. "Busiest gallery in town. I know of no better place for a lad who wants to learn the business."

As Jake ambled into the stockroom Timothy handed him the empty bottle.

"Gustave's waiting for ink," he said.

"Are you interested in photography, my lad?" Mr. Garlick inquired.

"You bet I am!"

"Better not count on staying here," growled Jake.

"No?" Mr. Garlick grinned and favored Timothy with a wink. "What's the matter with you, Jakie? You don't sound very friendly."

"Aw-w-w, why should I? What's it to *me* who stays and who gets kicked out?"

"Ah, yes—what's it to you!" Mr. Garlick chuckled as if enjoying a little private joke of his own.

There was a short period of silence while Jake filled Gustave's bottle.

"Here—take it," he snapped, "take it and git!"

Timothy willingly accepted the bottle, but not the order. So he loitered, pretending a sudden interest in the little oval portrait-pin on Mr. Garlick's left lapel. It was exactly like the one Rosemary had.

"Nice little ambrotype," he commented, pleased with a chance to air his knowledge.

"Yes, isn't it," agreed Mr. Garlick. "Would you like to have it? I've others." He unclasped the pin and offered it to Timothy. But the boy made no move to take it.

There was an explosive snort from Jake.

"That's one on you, Mr. Garlick," he croaked. "The guy's from down South . . . what would he want with a likeness of Lincoln?"

"Say! Thanks—" Timothy's hand shot out—"I'd be glad to have one of Mr. Brady's photos."

"Of course you would! Best photographer in the country—Mathew B. Brady. Besides, it's the photo that counts and not the sitter," Mr. Garlick added, smiling.

"Yes—that's right," Timothy agreed.

"So just you keep your shirt on, Jakie. I know a Southerner when I hear one—and what's more I know a smart lad when I see one."

"Aww—pickled catfish!" sneered Jake.

Grinning, Timothy pocketed the oval picture-pin and turned on his heel. Gustave was waiting . . . he'd been waiting longer than necessary.

At closing time Timothy, tired but happy, was among the first to head for the coatroom. As he trudged along the gas-lit hall he saw Jake idling in the doorway of the stockroom and was somewhat surprised when the fellow grinned at him. Glad to be on friendly terms, he returned the grin.

In the coatroom he came upon Andrew and the short lad who he thought was Johnny Sterling. They were talking together in an undertone as they put on their outdoor things, so he quietly reached for his own overcoat and slipped it on.

He noticed that one of its pockets seemed to bulge in an odd fashion, and when he thrust in his hand to investigate his fingers closed on a soft, slithery mass. He quickly withdrew his hand and the gooey stuff came with it to hang from his outspread fingers in colorless, stringy loops. It was stickier than glue.

"Jumping Jupiter!" he cried, "what ever—"

There was a sudden hoot of joy. He turned his head and saw Jake fairly doubled up with laughter.

There wasn't the ghost of a doubt in Timothy's mind as to how the messy stuff got into his pocket. He longed to spring at the laughing baboon and smear his silly face for him. But the memory of the ease with which Jake's long arms dealt with Billie was enough to make him hesitate. Anyway, it wouldn't do to make a show of himself—and perhaps get the worst of it in the bargain.

He heard Andrew's voice.

"Say—Johnny! Will you look at that!"

"Yes, I'm looking—" Johnny seemed to take in the whole situation at a glance—"now I know why our last batch of collodion was so short."

Timothy looked up, catching his eye.

"How'll I ever get this awful stuff off?" he groaned.

"Oh, that's not too hard . . . come on up to the darkroom with me."

"Johnny to the rescue," chuckled Andrew, as the two departed.

When Timothy followed his new friend through the

little inner hall which led into the darkroom, he was surprised to find the room brightly lighted by a flaring gas-jet. But the next instant he realized why—it was after hours, of course!

A stocky young man was putting things away.

"Hullo, Johnny—back again?" he asked. Then he saw Timothy with his hand up, fingers spread wide.

"What in thunder!" he cried.

"Oh, it's nothing much, Alec," Johnny said easily, "just one of Jake's little experiments."

He took a bottle from one of the shelves and hunted up a cloth.

"We'll get your paw cleaned first," he said, "so you can get your coat off."

"Yep—thanks," breathed Timothy. His eyes were already roving about the room. Compared to the Professor's little cubbyhole of a darkroom this place was a palace. Along the side wall was a big sink flanked by convenient shelves and a counter on which stood racks filled with glass negatives. Near by were several lanterns with canary-yellow glass fronts.

As Johnny tilted the bottle and saturated the cloth the air was filled with a strong sweetish odor.

"Better watch out," Alec cautioned, "ether's mighty inflammable."

"Yes, I know. I corked the bottle at once."

The ether felt cold as ice to Timothy's hand; and it did the trick.

"Say—that's fine," he murmured.

Johnny grinned at him.

"You don't look like a kid who'd be scared off easily."

"Me? Never!"

"That's lucky." Johnny looked pleased. "That's lucky."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

STORMY WEATHER

TIMOTHY HAD BEEN LAVISH WITH KINDLING and firewood. The drafts of the stove were wide open, the fire snapped and crackled cheerfully—but you could still see your breath in the chill air. Overhead, rain and sleet beat a tattoo on the roof of the glass house.

The boy glanced about approvingly. Despite the storm, a cold, even light flooded every corner—ample light.

"No sun, no go—not in our business."

That's what the Professor used to say when the sky darkened. And for a traveling photographer that was the way of it of course. But for a fine establishment like

Mr. Brady's, bad weather did not bring business to a full stop. It merely slowed things down.

"We're in for an easy day," Mr. Ashley had said after directing the new boy to build a lively fire in the stove.

"It takes quite some time, and more than a little wood, to warm up our dark-weather operating room," he went on, "but folks who have appointments have a way of not showing up when it's stormy."

"Maybe they don't all know about the glass house," Timothy had suggested. "Maybe they think you can't take likenesses when it's as dark as this." He himself had been more than a little surprised when he'd learned that the Gallery would be open as usual.

"No, most people don't give a thought to the light as such. Probably Mrs. Whosit looks out the window and says, 'Oh dear me! What a nasty day! No one can expect *me* to set foot out in such horrid weather—' " Mr. Ashley mimicked. "So our operator twiddles his thumbs."

With that Mr. Ashley had turned to leave.

"I'll be back by the time you have the place warmed up," he called over his shoulder.

Snatching up the poker the boy tried to hurry the fire, and his efforts sent a swirl of sparks up the stovepipe. Then he stood eyeing the greedy stove thoughtfully while he tugged at his collar with smudged fingers. The blamed collar was really too tight, he told himself. In fact the whole shirt was a size too small, as were all the other things—socks, underwear and so on—that Madame Duval had given him. They'd belonged to her son Louis —that was all she'd said at the time. Later, Rosemary explained that her brother had been lost at sea.

"He was a cabin boy. Poor Louis, it was his first voy-

age," she said, "and the ship never reached port. It's most a year—" she added, with a catch in her voice.

Timothy heard the door at the foot of the stairs open. A couple of minutes later Mr. Ashley was on the top step.

"Ah, you've managed to get it—well, fairly warm," he said. "That's good. We'll soon have things ready now."

First the camera stand was rolled out from the corner where it was stored when not in use. Then they could get at the big screen which would serve as a background for the sitter.

"Let's see, we'll not need a chair for the Senator—" Mr. Ashley seemed to be thinking aloud—"he's the first appointment and he prefers a standing pose."

"He's been here before?" Timothy inquired.

"Senator Toombs? Yes—this is a retake. He's leaving Washington tomorrow for keeps, I think. Sa-a-y now—" Mr. Ashley's eyebrows rose as he regarded the boy, "didn't you have a finger in that pie, Tim? Weren't you on the roof the day the skylight got busted?"

"I—er—just happened to be," the boy admitted reluctantly. He was uncertain of what was coming next.

"That was a narrow escape all way round . . . and how the Senator blustered!" Mr. Ashley went on.

"It's a wonder he wasn't too mad to come back for a retake," the boy said.

"Well, Tim—yes and no. You see, anybody who has a claim to prominence wants a portrait of himself signed Brady. Yes indeedy, anybody who *is* anybody has to be taken by Brady—or at one of his galleries, at any rate—um, let's see," Mr. Ashley's voice trailed off. "A reflector—we'll need a reflector from downstairs. Come on, Sonny."

Some of the reflectors used to focus light on sitters were not too large to be moved easily, but the two-winged affair lined with gleaming tinfoil was clumsy to handle. Together they carried it up the narrow stairs. Then Timothy went back to get the big camera.

When he returned with it, Mr. Ashley was arranging the tall head clamp.

"There now, Sonny, we're ready for our first appointment—and time to spare."

"Is Jake—has he been 'prenticed yet?"

Mr. Ashley scowled as if at unpleasant memories.

"He has not. And it's his own fault . . . he came about as close to being kicked out on his ear as anybody could."

"You mean for busting the skylight?" Timothy asked, his eyes round with interest.

"No—I guess his father gave him a tongue lashing for that. No, I'm referring to the time Mr. Brady caught Jake red-handed, so to speak. Ah, me, what a time that was," sighed Mr. Ashley, shaking his head slowly. "The stench was so awful we couldn't use the darkroom for hours."

"Stench?" repeated the boy, puzzled.

"Yes, that's what I said—" Mr. Ashley had removed the stove-lid and was peering in. "This can take another piece of wood now, Tim.

"It was intended as a joke—a joke on the darkroom crew," he resumed. "I don't remember what the stuff's called—it's some sort of chemical that smells to high heaven when it's wet. Well, Jake put some of it—on the sly—in the darkroom sink and then lit out—" Mr. Ashley smiled, a wry one-sided smile—"just as Mr. Brady himself was coming in! And *he* was the one who turned on the tap . . . was after a drink, I think."

Timothy was chuckling. "Did Jake 'fess up?" he asked.

"No, the young fool tried to pin it on Johnny, but he couldn't get away with it. We all thought Jake would be bounced then and there. He wasn't though, because Mr. Brady doesn't want to lose Sneedly."

"And one old grouch," muttered the boy.

"What's that?"

"Oh, nothing. I wonder what chance *I've* got for being 'prenticed—" Timothy began.

"Now—now! Who's trying to count chickens before he gets the eggs?" Mr. Ashley wagged a finger under the boy's nose. "From the way things look at present I doubt Mr. B. will be wanting to sign on a new boy. I don't even know if he'll keep the Washington Gallery open if we come to out-and-out war. He's mighty patriotic—Mr. Brady is. Might even shoulder a gun himself. . . ."

A sudden drive of sleet struck the glass roof, clung for a moment in a wet mass then slid down the long slope.

"Dirty weather," murmured Mr. Ashley, "probably have to expose plates all of thirty seconds—maybe forty or fifty. Look, Sonny, who's going to fetch more wood from downstairs? You?"

"Me," Timothy heard himself say without enthusiasm.

As the day wore on there was no let-up in the storm. More than one poor horse went down on the slippery cobbles of Pennsylvania Avenue, more than one pedestrian took a fall on the ice-coated brick sidewalk. No one at the Gallery was surprised when less than a third of the sitters booked, kept their appointments.

The men in the darkroom were having an easy time.

In the print department, however, there seemed to be an endless string of odd jobs—jobs that could be carried on by gaslight. With every jet flaring, the crew—Mr. Ashley, his right-hand man, Oliver, and the new boy—

were all busy when Andrew poked his head in at the door.

"Want to see something uncommonly interesting?" he said, eyes twinkling.

Mr. Ashley had just cracked his eighteenth egg. Separating white from yolk was quite a trick. He spoke without turning his head.

"Such as?"

"Such as pictures that look like they're moving." Andrew favored Timothy with a wink. "Better come on downstairs—everybody's going to knock off long enough to have a look."

The boy hopefully put down his shears. He'd been cutting up a huge sheet of stiff paper along pencil lines ruled by Oliver. From one such sheet you could get dozens of print-sized pieces.

"Who you trying to bamboozle, Andrew?" Mr. Ashley grinned. "Not us, I hope."

"No—it's straight talk. The Garlick himself—no less—has brought a machine that he *claims* is just short of magic."

"Well, I've reached a stopping point for the time being," conceded Mr. Ashley, "so we might as well—thanks, Andy."

"Good!" exclaimed Oliver, "I've heard tell about that machine."

"Come to think of it, so have I. Made by a man named Seller, I believe." Mr. Ashley turned to the boy.

"When you go home tonight, Tim, don't forget to take that bowl of egg yolks along. The Duvals are always glad of them, I guess, and the white is the only part of the egg we have use for. By the way—has Papa, the cook, recovered yet?"

"Oh, he's been back two days now—" Timothy's eyes lighted up—"he's all right! He's fine."

As the darkroom crew streamed past the doorway of the print room, Timothy spotted Johnny. He'd not had a chance to say more than hello to him since the night Johnny had been such a brick—helping him to get rid of the collodion mess Jake had tricked him with.

"Hey, Johnny," he called, hurrying to catch up.

"Hey yourself!"

There was an exchange of grins as the two fell into step.

"Like it here?" inquired Johnny.

"I certain sure do."

"Jake tried any more funny business?"

"Nope. I reckon he figures I'm—I'm—er—" Timothy broke off. It had been on the tip of his tongue to say 'I'm big enough to fight back,' but that wasn't the sort of thing you said to an undersized guy. It would have been an idle boast anyway since Jake was, on the face of it, more than a match for the newcomer. He stole a sideways glance at Johnny, wondering how much he minded being so short.

"Before you came," Johnny was saying, "there was a young kid here who couldn't seem to get along with Jake. Nice kid, too, and right in line to be 'prenticed. Then all at once, he up and left. Without warning. No one knew just why—unless Jake did. Ten to one Jake tormented Fred into quitting."

Timothy's face lengthened as it dawned on him that he, Fred's successor, might also have trouble with Jake. The prospect was somewhat dampening to the spirits.

The two boys trailed slowly after the others into the cutting room.

Mr. Garlick was standing near the table which occupied

the center of the large room. He was smoothing down his toupée with both palms, his shrewd little eyes were never still.

"I'm glad to have you Brady people see the Kinematoscope," he said with a grin that exposed yellow, irregular teeth. "Just hearing about it doesn't get you very far. It's what you *see* when I start it that counts. Seeing's believing, I always say."

He pointed to an odd-looking machine on the table.

"The first thing that catches the eye is the wheel made up of six broad blades," he went on, in the manner of one delivering a lecture, "and fastened to each blade is a photograph—"

A voice interrupted:

"Are they all alike, Garlick?"

"At first glance you might think so—they're all of the same man and he has a hammer in one hand. But more of that later. I want you to see first what happens when I spin the wheel. Now all of you—over in front here, please."

As the group moved forward, Johnny gave Timothy's sleeve a twitch and whispered that he had to be right out front or he couldn't see.

"Come on—this'll be good," he said, "let's stand here."

Mr. Garlick waited until the scuffling had stopped, then he pointed to a place at the front of the machine.

"Now everybody watch sharp—"

With his hand on a projecting crank, he began to turn. And as the blades of the wheel rotated gasps of amazement could be heard.

Timothy's eyes were fairly popping. No longer was he seeing six separate pictures—they had merged into one. And most astonishing of all the little man had suddenly

come to life! He was hammering away like mad—his little arm flying up and down at a great rate.

Mr. Garlick removed his hand from the crank. The whirling blades gradually slowed to a stop. Once again the boy was looking at six very ordinary photographs.

"Whew! That's beyond me!" cried Mr. Ashley, "I didn't think it possible."

"Nor did I when I heard the thing described," put in Andrew, "the man actually does *move*—you see him *move!*"

Timothy was still blinking with surprise.

"Whatever—how does it—what makes it like that?"

"Optical illusion." Johnny grinned knowingly.

Everyone began talking at once. With hand raised, Mr. Garlick claimed attention.

"Remarkable, isn't it?" he cried, "and all quite simple when you understand what's back of it . . . I'll explain, it won't take long."

"It may not take long, but it'll take some explaining," muttered Oliver.

"No—no, it's as simple as this," insisted Mr. Garlick, "Mr. Sellers took a photo of a man holding a hammer up like this—" he demonstrated with an imaginary hammer held high.

"Then he took another one—same pose except for the hammer—the man had lowered his arm some. And in the third photo his arm was way down, with the hammer resting on the head of the nail. Well now—that's easy to follow, isn't it? What Sellers did next was to make six prints. Two of each. And then he mounted them the way they are here—one to a blade and in the right order."

Mr. Garlick, pausing momentarily, was prompted by a voice from the back of the room.

"But what's the trick—what makes the pictures look like the man's actually *moving?"*

"The trick's in the eye, friend," returned the smiling Mr. Garlick. "When the blades are spun fast enough the eye carries the slight change in the man's pose from one picture to the next—and, well—there you are!"

"Maybe seeing *is* believing—" Timothy gave a little chuckle—"but it's sure enough like magic!"

"Mr. Sellers tells me he's working on a plan now," continued Mr. Garlick, "a method of taking a whole series of photos of a man walking."

"Sounds like the talk about inventing a machine that can fly like a bat," said a skeptical voice.

Timothy started to laugh; but Johnny nudged him.

"They invented photography, didn't they," he said out of the corner of his mouth, "and yet plenty of folks must have had a hard time believing you could take a picture with a box and a sensitized plate."

"And a lens—don't forget the lens," Timothy said with an air of wisdom.

"I didn't—" Johnny laughed indulgently—"you can take pictures without a lens in your camera . . . all you need is a tiny hole. Make it with a needle in a piece of cardboard, then fasten it to the front of your box."

"By jingo! Really?"

"Really. It takes a long exposure, but the pictures are first rate."

"By jingo!" repeated Timothy, "that sounds like magic, too."

At closing time Mr. Ashley prodded his young assistant's memory.

"Don't forget to take the egg yolks, Tim," he said, "I hate to see anything wasted. Look at all the ways you

can use albumen—as a varnish, in collodion, to coat paper for prints—but all you can do with the yolks, I guess, is to eat them."

Timothy picked up the bowl gingerly. It was filled to within an inch of the rim.

"I don't know how many dozen dozens I've sent the Duvals during the past year," Mr. Ashley droned on, "and there was always the question of which boy was to take them. It's that pretty girl over there. Her name's Rosie, isn't it? Well, all three of them—Johnny, Fred and Jake—would grab at the chance . . . gave them an excuse to get into the kitchen for a little visit with her."

"From now on I'm the one who takes the eggs," Timothy stated firmly, "Rosemary's *my* girl."

Half expecting to be waylaid in the shadowy alley by Jake, Timothy picked his way over the frozen hummocks, pausing now and again to glance behind him. He'd not be able to do much in the way of self-protection, he thought, not with both hands tied up with the bowl. Suddenly he grinned.

"If he tries to come one on me I'll sling the lot in his face," he promised himself. He began to whistle.

The instant the boy set foot in the kitchen Madame Duval was after him like a hawk after a chicken.

"Teem—you help Rosemary, yes? Ah, ze eggs . . . I will take zem. *Merci.*"

It was all so natural, Madame's asking him to pitch in and help, that it did not occur to the boy to question her motives. When they had considered what portion of his meager earnings should be allotted to board, Madame had named a ridiculously small sum. It was better all round, she'd pointed out, if he made up the difference by lending a hand in his spare time.

"You come early, eh?" inquired Papa Duval, smiling as he eyed the boy over the top of his spectacles.

"We did get off a little early—it's so dark." Timothy hung his coat and cap on the hook by the door. "Well now—what's first?"

"First you wash your hands at the sink," Rosemary directed, "then you help me slice these potatoes."

"Shucks, this isn't dirt," protested the boy, hands extended for inspection. The tips of his fingers were stained a rich-brown color. "This won't wash off—it's silver nitrate. I had a lesson today—learned how to dip paper in a silver bath. That makes it sensitive to light, you know."

He gave a quick giggle and twiddled his fingers at the girl.

"Nobody'd ever catch you with hands like this, I'll bet! Mr. Ashley says there'll *never* be any lady photographers because no lady would dream of putting her li'l paws in silver solution. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"Ha! Ha! Indeed! Just you keep on talking long enough, Mr. Smarty, and I'll have the potatoes finished before you even get your hands washed."

Timothy grimaced. He knew he was on thin ice whenever he so much as hinted that Rosemary might be too ladylike for her own good.

The slight rattle of a latch caused the boy to glance questioningly up at the studio door. It was open a crack.

"Oh, is Mr. Stowe still here?" he said, surprised. "I thought he'd be gone by now."

"He has company," Rosemary answered stiffly.

"Yes, I hear voices—" Timothy's eyes were on the door—"they're coming down, I reckon."

"Tim, go into the dining-room—do," urged the girl, "Mama needs help, I'm sure. She's setting tables."

"Look-a-here! If you're mad just because—"

"No, I'm not—not a bit. But do go—hurry up!"

Somewhat puzzled, the boy hesitated. The studio door was opening now and he could see Rass. Someone was just behind him—a tall figure wearing a Quaker bonnet.

Papa Duval laid a plump hand on the boy's arm.

"You will go, Teem," he said firmly.

Slow-footed, the boy moved reluctantly toward the door of the dining-room. Rass had started down the stairs followed by the woman in gray. Her long cape hung to the hem of her full skirt, and over the front of her poke bonnet was draped a thick veil. The gloved hand with which she clutched the stair-rail was noticeably large.

Timothy stopped in his tracks, frankly staring.

A few steps from the bottom the woman appeared to miss her footing—she stumbled and nearly fell.

"Take care—mind what you're about," warned Mr. Stowe's voice from above.

Glancing up, the boy saw a second Quaker—a man whose coat was buttoned to the chin. His hat, a broad-brimmed beaver, all but hid his bright, copper-colored hair.

"By jingo!" breathed Timothy. He was only vaguely aware that Madame Duval had joined the little group in the kitchen until he heard her click her tongue and murmur, "Oh, la-la!"

Part way down the stairs Mr. Stowe paused, his glance sweeping his round-eyed audience.

"Ah that deceit should steal such gentle shapes," he intoned. Then in his every-day voice he told Rass to see if the alley was clear.

"I am worried for you—" began Madame.

"Oh, Elby *looks* all right—it's just the way he walks," cried Rosemary.

"Tais-toi!" snapped her father.

Rosemary's hands flew to her mouth.

"I'm so sorry," she gasped, "I forgot about—"

"Don't be sorry. I'm sure Timtod has a short memory and a close tongue." Mr. Stowe turned quickly as Rass slipped in at the backdoor.

"Porkie's waitin' and there ain't nobody to see," he reported.

"All right, Elby—now don't be nervous. Just remember what I told you."

As the door closed on the three Papa Duval took Timothy by the arm.

"Teem—to talk makes bad trouble—er—how you say it, Rosemary?"

"Papa's afraid you may not realize how serious it is for anyone who helps a—a runaway—if it's found out, I mean—"

"About his being a conductor?" Timothy put in. "Don't you worry for fear I'll peep. And I understand a lot better now"—he grinned—"no wonder Mr. Stowe's name counts so much with the colored folks!"

"Teem, you come from ze South," Madame said thoughtfully, "is it that you do not approve slavery?"

The question was embarrassing for a boy who had grown up in a community that took slavery for granted. He wanted to answer that he'd never given it much thought one way or the other. True, he'd been in on helping the slave named Joe make a break for freedom, but what of that? He decided to hedge.

"It takes lots of grit to run away," he said. "I used to

be with a traveling photographer and just the day before we got here, we picked up a runaway ourselves."

"Oh, Tim! How exciting!" cried Rosemary. "Why didn't you tell us about it?"

"For the same reason you didn't tell me about Mr. Stowe's being a conductor, I reckon. You just don't talk about things like that."

"Bon garçon!" Papa Duval patted the boy's shoulder.

"Papa—let's tell Tim about Elby now. I *know* he'll never tell," coaxed Rosemary.

"Me peach? Never!"

"Peach?" echoed Madame. "What is ze peach?"

Rosemary giggled. It wasn't ladylike to use slang, but she knew many of the forbidden words.

"He means he won't tattle. Please—Papa?"

Her father's shoulders rose in an exaggerated shrug. With elbows pressed against his plump sides, his upturned palms said, "Do as you please."

"You remember Senator Toombs's coachman, Tim?" she began eagerly.

"I sure enough do! Didn't I fetch him the night Papa Duval was—"

"Yes, that's Elby. You see, the Senator's going back to North Carolina tomorrow and Elby hated to go back so much he decided to run away—"

"Funny he wanted to risk it," mused the boy.

"It would be funnier if he wanted to keep on being a slave," snapped Rosemary.

Timothy grabbed his hair with both hands, pretending to yank it out by the roots. And his clowning was rewarded. The girl laughed.

"Every day more people leave for ze South," sighed Madame, "and ze talk is all war—war—war. . . ."

CHAPTER TWELVE

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

IT WAS COLD ON THE ROOF OF THE BRADY Building. The wind blew in fitful gusts, sending little shivers down Timothy's spine, but the view of the flag-decked avenue was all that could be desired. Far up the wide thoroughfare, looming above the bare branches, was the unfinished dome of the Capitol. And in the opposite direction (although you couldn't see it) was the White House, where old Mr. Buchanan, packed up and ready, was waiting for the President-elect to arrive. Directly opposite the Gallery was City Market, closed because of the holiday, but not deserted. The big space in front was cluttered with the rigs, farm wagons and carts of the out-of-towners who had driven in to see the parade.

The Avenue itself was a gay sight—flags snapping in the wind, buildings decorated with long loops of red-white-and-blue bunting, and the people! A huge crowd, lined up, stood waiting.

Timothy was straddling the ridge-pole. Billie, perched beside him, was hanging on like a leech.

"Say, ain't you glad you're not a girl—" the small boy tittered—"I'd hate to wear skirts, wouldn't you? Rosemary wanted awfully to come up here with us. But she couldn't climb the ladder, count of her skirt. And when she asked me was the Gallery open, I said course not, it's a holiday, ain't it?"

"Shucks, she can see all right from the studio window." Timothy pointed to a group of passing Zouaves. "Billie—lookie! Did you ever see the like of the broadswords they've got?"

Billie stared, eyes as round as buttons.

"Betcha they could cut a man's head off with one swipe," he said, in a voice of awe. "But they don't look much like soldiers, do they? In those funny clothes."

The gaudy Algerian uniforms were indeed unique—baggy trousers, white gaiters, red jackets and odd little caps with tassels.

"Think they're going to be in the parade, Tim? Think the parade's *ever* going to come?"

"Sure enough! What's a little waiting anyhow—it's fun up here!"

"Yeah, I know, but we've been up here so long now," protested Billie. "Let's go back down for a while."

"Not me! I like it up here and I don't want to miss any of the parade. I've never seen a regular military parade in my life."

"Say—look-a-here! Here's a ladybug!" squealed Billie,

"she must have come up from downstairs on my sleeve."

"Tell her that her house is a-fire and see if she flies."

"Ladybug, ladybug, fly away ho-o-ome," chanted Billie, "your house is on fire and your children will burn. . . ."

The tiny bug obligingly spread its wings and sailed off.

"My goodness!" shrilled the small boy, "it *worked!"*

"Yep. What'd you expect?"

"Honest Injun—d'you think she heard what I said?"

Timothy grinned and changed the subject.

"I heard somebody say Mr. Brady's coming back from New York today," he said.

"Yeah, I know he is. He's going to take Mr. Lincoln's likeness, Pop says, tomorrow maybe. If he doesn't get shot," Billie added casually.

"What?" gasped Timothy, twisting around to look squarely at Billie, "if *who* doesn't get shot?"

"Why, Mr. Lincoln!"

"Aw, your granny! Go take a walk!"

"No—honest, Tim. They're planning to climb on Mr. Lincoln's train when it comes through Baltimore tomorrow and *shoot him dead*."

"Sounds like you've been having nightmare," scoffed Timothy. "Who're *they,* anyway?"

"Some men in Baltimore."

"Aw, what a lot of flimflam—I don't believe it!"

"I don't care if you don't. It ain't flimflam!"

"Who told you?"

"Nobody told *me.* But I heard Mr. Sneedly tell my Pop. He said one of Mr. Pinkerton's men is a friend of his, and *he* told him they'd uncovered a plot to kill Mr. Lincoln."

Impressed in spite of himself, Timothy eyed the freckle-faced youngster.

"Who's Mr. Pinkerton, Billie?"

"My goodness! You ought to know who *he* is."

"Uh-huh?"

"Well, anyhow, he's a private detective—that's what. And he's got spies working for him . . . and they're the ones that found out about the plot. How the gang drew lots to see which one of 'em would climb on board and shoot him."

"But the steam cars go ripping along so fast nobody *could* climb on," insisted Timothy.

"That shows all *you* know about it, Tim," snorted Billie. "Steam cars can't go ripping through Baltimore. I've been in the depot there and I've seen them take the train apart. Why, they have to hitch horses to every single car and haul it smack across the city to the other depot—" the small boy paused dramatically—"and *that's* the time the man's going to climb on and shoot him!"

Timothy's brow puckered. Suppose there was a grain of truth in what Billie had been saying . . . He himself naturally had a small opinion of Mr. Lincoln—a man who, as Aunt Belle put it, would be a willing tool in the hands of the Abolitionists. Nevertheless, it did give you a jolt to hear that a man—any man—was to be shot down in cold blood.

Billie had not finished telling his story.

"Mr. Pinkerton's going to have two hundred guards planted," he rattled on, "and they'll have picks and shovels and make out like they're fixing the track—just like workmen. Only they'll have guns, too."

"But blame it all," growled Timothy, "I don't see—" he broke off and made a fresh start—"It isn't as if Mr. Lincoln had actually *done* anything . . . how could he? He isn't President yet."

The small boy's face was blank. Tim's line of reason was difficult to follow.

"My Pop says Mr. Lincoln's going to save the Union," he ventured.

"Union!" bleated the older boy. "Well, he just better keep hands off the South . . . we've got a President of our own now. And our own Union, and nobody's going to tell *us* what we're to do!"

The small boy's jaw fell. He'd never seen the friendly Tim flare up so.

A long silence followed; the two boys sat looking down at the crowd. Vendors were strolling back and forth, shouting the names of the patriotic songs they were offering for sale. A Negro peddler was doing a lively business in fishcakes and pig's feet.

Timothy, concerned with his own thoughts, saw little of what was going on. He was remembering the way Mr. Brady talked about fixing Mr. Lincoln's collar—how the tall man joked when the photographer pulled up the collar so as to make the long neck appear shorter. That portrait was the one to be used as a campaign souvenir.

The day after Mr. Garlick had given him the little oval picture, Rosemary had caught him studying it—trying to make out what there was in the lean, smooth-shaven face that Mr. Stowe admired.

"Why, Timothy Todd!" she'd squealed, "fancy *you* having a likeness of Mr. Lincoln! When did you change sides?"

And before he could stop himself he'd yipped, "Me! Change sides! Not by a long shot!"

Then from the way she'd laughed he'd caught onto the fact that she was only teasing him.

Billie's treble pipe broke in on his thoughts.

"I hear 'em! I hear the drums—parade's coming! Hurrah, hurray!"

"Say, I can hear 'em too!"

Below them a sea of flags had been set in motion. People were swarming into the center of the street, peering hopefully in the direction from which came the steady thrump, thrump of drums, marking the rhythm. At the loud blare of military music the crowd began to cheer.

Timothy leaned sideways to look far down the Avenue. He could see uniformed men on prancing horses. They were clearing a lane for the coming parade.

"Yep, it's coming now," he said with satisfaction, and settled down to enjoy the spectacle. Thank goodness—now he could forget Mr. Lincoln and all the rest of it.

Next morning—Saturday, the twenty-third of February—the Photographic Art Gallery was deluged with applications for appointments. And all morning long Mr. Jones, in the reception room, kept turning people away.

"I'm so sorry," he would say politely, "but you see, all our operators are booked for every minute of their time. We are closing at two today."

Sometimes his words were received with a wry smile, or perhaps with a little sigh and a low murmur of disappointment. Seldom was there outright protest.

One lady, however, became argumentative, and Timothy—who had just arrived with an envelope of finished photographs—had to wait while Mr. Jones strived in vain to placate her.

"It isn't as if I could return another day," she insisted.

"But Ma'am, I assure you, every one of our operators—"

"I am willing to come back this afternoon—" she turned to her elderly companion—"We could manage that couldn't we, dear?"

"The Gallery will be closed this afternoon, Ma'am."

"Pray why?"

Timothy saw a flicker of curiosity in the lady's eyes.

"An important somebody is to have a sitting, I suppose?"

Mr. Jones's uneasy glance swept the room. Several of those waiting their turn to go up to the operating room, were frankly listening. He cleared his throat, hesitated, then spoke in a whisper.

"It's Mr. Lincoln, Ma'am."

"Fiddlesticks!" cried the older of the two ladies, "I happen to know that Mr. Lincoln's train isn't due in Washington until evening. My husband is on the reception committee. Come, dear, we've had enough of this!"

Mr. Jones sighed deeply and turned to Timothy.

"What do you have there—Senator Toombs's portraits?" he asked wearily. "They'll have to be sent by mail—he's left."

"Say—is that a fact, sir—what you told that lady?" Timothy asked breathlessly, "is it really Mr. Lincoln who's going to be taken this afternoon?"

"Hush, boy—not so loud! Yes, it is. Now get along with you," Mr. Jones waved an impatient hand.

Timothy's exit was sedate enough, but once in the back hall he beat it for the cutting room.

"Listen!" he shouted, "I've just found out who the special is—who's coming this afternoon."

"Listen to the mocking-bird," laughed Andrew. "You're a bit late with your news, Tim. Henry here has been telling us how Mr. Lincoln happened to get in hours ahead of when he was expected. Go on, Henry—let's have the rest of it."

"Oh, there's not much more to it. When they found

out about the plot to shoot Lincoln, he just up and came on an earlier train, that's all. And that train happened to be Harry's. My brother's the conductor on the owl train from Philadelphia. Well, Harry said he had no idea who the tall man was when he got on—the whiskers must have changed him a lot. He was wearing a shawl and he kept his hat pulled way down over his face. There were two men with him, Harry said. *They* sat up all night, but the tall man got straight into his berth and pulled the curtains together. Harry said he didn't think anything about that, one way or the other, but he did notice how the two men got up and stood, one at each end of the car, all the way across Baltimore."

"How'd he come to find out who his passenger was?" inquired Gustave.

"Oh, he didn't find out until this morning—that train gets in at six. Harry was out on the platform when the three were getting off. And there was someone waiting and he called out, 'Hello, Lincoln, you can't fool me'—or something like that. Well sir, Harry said those two men had their guns out quicker than you could bat an eye. But Mr. Lincoln was right quick, too. 'It's only Washburne,' he hollered, 'don't shoot!' Then the four of them went off together."

Timothy inched forward.

"Henry—that plot now—" he began. "Did Mr. Sneedly tell you about it?"

"Him? No, what's he got to do with it? My brother told me—he got it from the telegraph operator. Some reporter-fellow had wired his newspaper here. News like that gets around fast, you know."

"Yes, thanks to Samuel Morse it does," Gustave remarked, putting down his pen. "And it's a lucky thing

that Morse's interest in photography didn't keep the man from carrying out his invention."

"I remember now!" said Andrew, "Morse was the one who taught Mr. Brady how to take photographs."

"And when young Brady wasn't much older than Tim here," Gustave nodded at the boy. "Oh, he was probably about sixteen—he couldn't have been more, because he studied under Morse for some three years. And then opened up for himself when he was only nineteen."

"Did Mr. Morse have a gallery like this?" Timothy asked, greatly interested.

"A gallery like this!" whooped Andrew. "Well, I'll be whipped! Why, youngster, when Mr. Brady was sixteen years old there wasn't a gallery like this in the whole wide world—not even a daguerreotype gallery. Mr. Morse was just using the same studio where he painted his portraits. And I've heard Mr. Brady tell how the place was all cluttered up with jars of chemicals and the miles of wire he needed to test out his telegraph invention."

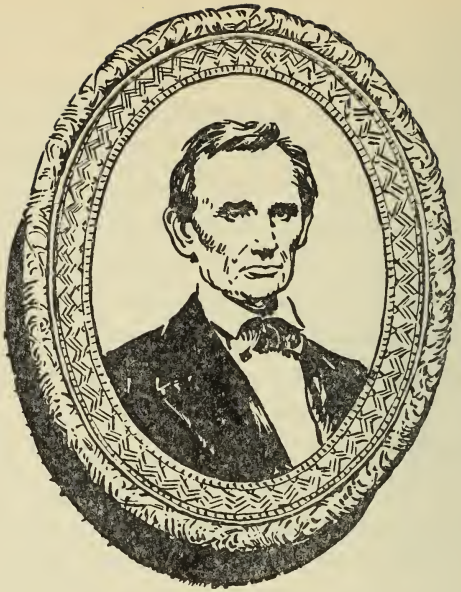
Jake's voice from the doorway, calling him by name, made Timothy whirl quickly.

"Leg-it upstairs, you loafer," he ordered. "Mr. Ashley's got it in for you."

The temptation to linger on was irresistible. Gustave had just challenged Andrew's statement.

"I think you're wrong when you say that Morse used his painting studio for photography. I've heard that he had a glass room on the roof of the same building. And you know that exposures had to be so long in those days that you *had* to have a great deal of light. The first portraits took from ten to twenty minutes! I'll bet they were pretty fuzzy, too. Who could sit still that long!"

Timothy heaved a sigh and turned away.



CHAPTER THIRTEEN

MR. LINCOLN'S LIKENESS

MR. ASHLEY WAS IN THE DRYING ROOM, CLIPping wet prints to the wires of the overhead rack. He eyed the boy grimly.

"It's come to a pretty pass when I must send Jake to fetch you—"

Timothy tugged at his collar; he was a little breathless and its tight fit didn't help any.

"What were you up to so long? Where were you?"

"Oh, just in the cutting room. I was listening," the boy said sheepishly.

"Listening, eh? Well, now you can listen to me . . .

Did you know Mr. Brady has brought a man back with him from the New York Gallery—a new stockroom man. And from now on Jake's to be in here. In my department. I suppose you know what that means?"

The boy gave a little gasp of dismay.

"Does it mean I'm out?"

"Out?" repeated Mr. Ashley, his voice muffled by the handkerchief with which he was mopping his wet face. The small room was very hot. He returned the handkerchief to his hip pocket and regarded the boy thoughtfully.

"Well, that depends on you, I'd say. You'll be working elbow to elbow—more or less. And if the pair of you can't hit it off—if there's trouble between you and Jake—it won't be Mr. Sneedly's son who's out of a job, Tim. You can put that in your pipe and smoke it."

Timothy nodded, his spirits mounting. Working in the same department with Jake was no end better than being replaced by him. And at first it had sounded as if that was exactly what Mr. Ashley meant.

"Now then—get going! Go up to the roof and see if Oliver has any more frames ready."

The instant he'd set foot in the hall Timothy saw Jake coming. He was carrying an armful of printing frames; it was obvious that he had just come down from the roof.

"Any more of 'em ready yet?" Timothy asked in a friendly tone, determined to keep things on as good a footing as possible. But the question fell flat. Jake stalked past with no response whatever.

Each of the two wooden racks on the roof could hold as many as fifty printing frames at a time. And on a bright day it was no small job to keep tab on the prints—making sure that they did not "cook" too long in the sun.

As soon as a print was dark enough—was ready for the toning bath—the frame must be turned, face in, on the rack to prevent further darkening of the paper.

Oliver welcomed Timothy with a good-natured grin.

"Got quite a few waiting to go down, kid. Help yourself, but mind how you handle them—glass breaks easy, you know."

An armful of the box-like printing frames was quite a load, but Timothy knew how to manage it. With your elbow crooked you rested a stack of them on your left forearm, then hooked your right hand over the top of the pile.

The boy was already part way down the stairs with his burden when Jake set foot on the first step.

"Hold on, Jake!" he yipped, "wait till I'm down with these things."

"Since when do *you* give the orders?" growled Jake as he continued to mount the narrow stairs.

"But you can't crowd past me," insisted the younger boy. "It won't hurt you to wait just a jiffy."

"No! You don't mean it!" jeered the tall fellow. He halted, his feet two steps lower than Timothy's. The pair were face to face.

The younger boy's exasperation showed in his voice.

"You think you're going to make me go back up—is that it?"

Jake's grin was far from reassuring.

"No-o-o," he drawled, "that's not the idea."

His big hand closed over Timothy's left arm and as the fingers dug in his victim winced.

"Say—quit it! You hurt!" the boy gasped.

Jake moved up to the same level without releasing his grip.

"Why don't you bawl for help?" he jeered, "go on, try it, you little coward and see where it gets you."

Timothy's eyes were blazing. He was finding it hard to keep his temper under control.

"Aw, lay off me," he begged, "I'm afraid of busting these plates."

"Of course you're *afraid*—that's the sort you are! A yellow little rebel if ever there was one."

A wave of fury clutched at Timothy's throat. With all his strength he tried to yank loose.

Suddenly Jake's fingers flew open.

Caught off balance the boy pitched forward and fell. The frames slipped from his arms to clatter and bang and slide from step to step all the way to the bottom of the stairs. Timothy landed on all fours.

Half dazed, he sank back on his haunches, blinking stupidly at the scattered printing frames. By twisting his neck he could look up the stairs. Jake was not in sight, but he could hear him laughing.

The boy got stiffly to his feet, grunting like an old man. At the same moment the brocade curtain at the end of the hallway was whisked abruptly aside. Mr. Brady was peering at him.

"What is the meaning of all this racket?" he demanded. "Did you fall, Son? Are you hurt?"

"Reckon—I'm—right enough, sir. The negatives—maybe they're all busted. . . ."

Approaching with characteristic quickness—everything about Mr. Brady was quick—the photographer smiled at the boy.

"I'm glad no bones were broken—" his hand made a sweeping motion—"now pick them up and let's see what's what."

One by one Mr. Brady inspected the glass negatives while Timothy watched in anxious silence.

"I wouldn't have thought it possible—not one cracked!" Mr. Brady patted the boy's shoulder. "Haven't I seen you somewhere before? Yes—yes, now I remember," he went on quickly, "the day my friend the artist came for the Lincoln photograph you were with him."

"Yes, sir," Timothy's eyes had lighted up. "And that likeness, sir. It was just fine!"

"Ah, I judge from your speech that you're a Southerner, so I'm pleased to hear that you admire Mr. Lincoln."

"Oh, no sir! I didn't mean *him,*" exclaimed the boy brashly. "I meant the photograph was just fine—" he paused, mustering courage—"and please, sir, could I be your camera boy this afternoon when you take the special?"

"We'll see—" the tone was crisp and carried no encouragement—"I know accidents are not always avoidable, but do be more careful, Son."

"I'll be mighty careful, sir," Timothy promised grimly, "I know who—I mean what—to look out for now."

Carefully straightening the small framed placard which he had just hung beside the front door of the Gallery, Timothy stepped back to view it with approval. Lettered by Gustave, with appropriate scrolls, the notice informed the public that The Photographic Art Gallery was closed for the afternoon.

It was now two o'clock. The special was scheduled for two-thirty and that left scant time in which to prepare the operating room. Almost before the last sitter was down the stairs and out the door, Jake had begun to strew damp sawdust over the figured floor-covering. A surpris-

ing amount of dirt had been tracked in during the morning and the two boys were expected to have the floor swept in double-quick time.

Whistling softly under his breath, Timothy took the stairs at a good clip. He was still smarting with anger at Jake, but it wouldn't do to get involved in an exchange of words with the fellow—especially when his father or anyone else was around. That warning was not easily forgotten: "If there's trouble between you and Jake it won't be Mr. Sneedly's son who is out of a job."

Jake was already busy with his broom, sweeping with a long, dragging motion.

"Hurry up, you bonehead," he ordered, "use your broom!"

His face devoid of expression, Timothy fell to, sweeping vigorously. Here was a real chance to show Mr. Wood and Mr. Sneedly that the new boy was no shirker. The two operators were rearranging some of the furniture, but any minute either of them might just happen to glance at him.

Mr. Sneedly gave a sudden cough.

"What'd you mean—raising so much dust!" He glared at Timothy. "Anyone would think you haven't a grain of sense—flipping your broom like that!"

The boy ducked his head and slowed his pace to match Jake's. The fellow was grinning from ear to ear.

"Let's hope Stowe isn't late today," Mr. Wood said, giving one of the camera stands a little shove. "Sometimes he forgets to keep track of the time."

"I can't for the life of me see why himself wants Stowe's advice," muttered Mr. Sneedly. "All Stowe knows about photography could be put in a thimble."

"You don't, indeed!" Mr. Wood exclaimed. "Well, it

so happens that Stowe is an artist . . . an artist is a good judge of a pose. It's as simple as that. And Mr. Brady's counting on his friend's advice this afternoon."

Mr. Sneedly's response was a snort of derision.

When the sawdust had been swept into several neat little piles Jake had gone off, muttering something about fetching the dustpan. And Timothy, somewhat surprised that he himself had not been sent to get the thing, leaned on his broom handle while he waited for Jake to return.

The two operators were moving a large square-based pedestal into place near a marble-topped table.

"Hold on—I think that's close enough," Mr. Wood said, "I'll get the chair and we'll see."

To Timothy's eyes "the chair" was not nearly as impressive in appearance as the handsome red-plush chair that was Professor Pippin's pride and joy. The frame of this one was oak and quite dark in color, its seat, tawny leather and rather worn looking.

"It should seem like old times for Mr. Lincoln when he finds himself sitting in this again—" Mr. Wood gave the chair a little pat—"it's the very one he used while a member of Congress, you know."

"I know," agreed Mr. Sneedly in a bored tone. "I remember how pleased Mr. Brady was the day it arrived—a gift from Mr. Lincoln!—you'd have thought it was a king's throne."

Mr. Sneedly's wandering glance settled on the idle boy.

"What are you standing there for?" he demanded sharply. "Get that sawdust up."

"Yes, sir. Jake's gone for the dustpan—" Timothy grinned—"I reckon he's having trouble finding it."

"Well then—go help him!" snapped Jake's father, "don't just stand there like a bump on a log."

Timothy bolted.

At the doorway of the stockroom the boy paused just long enough to glance in. Mr. Garlick, Jake and the new man in charge of stock had their heads together, deep in conversation.

The dustpan was in its customary place in the broom closet. Snatching it up, he started back on the run.

From the way things looked at the moment there seemed a good chance that Jake might not be on hand when Mr. Brady was ready to take his special. If so, what would be more natural than to choose the boy who was there—right on the spot, ready to fetch plates. Timothy's hopes soared. He wouldn't half mind having a good look at Mr. Lincoln—up close. See with his own eyes what he was like. . . .

When, some ten minutes later, Timothy beat a quiet tattoo on the darkroom door, it was Johnny who responded.

"You? I was rather expecting Jake."

"Nope. Wasn't around—but *I* was."

"Well, Mac's putting the plates in their holders now. Be ready in a jiffy. Come on in, Tim."

With a hand on the boy's arm Johnny guided him through the dark passageway and into the inner room.

"Stand here," he directed, "and you won't be in the way."

Timothy blinked, trying to adjust his eyes to the lack of light. The only other time he'd seen the darkroom was by gas light, with the workday over. And now the room seemed an utterly different place—a ghostly sort of place in which vague forms, with unearthly gray faces, moved about in a light so dim it was hard to understand how a

man could see well enough to know what he was doing. The air was surprisingly cool. And there was a haunting odor of chemicals.

A voice with a Scottish burr questioned the boy.

"Have they started to pose Mr. Lincoln yet, Tim?"

"I don't think so, Mac. He was still down in the reception room when I left."

"Well, I for one want a squint at the famous man," Johnny remarked.

"That should be easy—" Mac gave a quick laugh—"if our young friend here just happens to leave the hall curtain a wee bit askew."

"Easy as pie!" Timothy was tickled with the idea of Mac and the others hovering silently in the hall to take turns at peeking at the sitter.

"Here are your plates—all six in their shields."

It was no trick at all to cause the heavy brocade curtain to hang slightly crooked. Timothy nudged it with his elbow as he went through the doorway. As the boy moved toward the group under the skylight he saw first Mr. Stowe, then the gaunt figure in the sitter's chair.

Stopping short, he stared round-eyed.

In the little oval campaign picture Mr. Lincoln was smooth-shaven. The gentleman now seated before the camera had dark, neatly trimmed whiskers! He looked much older, too. And very sombre.

Timothy put his plate-holders on the stand near the camera and glanced over at Mr. Stowe. He and Mr. Brady were standing together, looking intently at the sitter while Mr. Wood made changes in the lighting. One of the overhead curtains had been pushed back and now the light from above accented Mr. Lincoln's prominent cheekbones and threw deep shadows under his brows.

He was sitting sideways at the table, his left arm resting on its marble top. Within easy reach, reposing hollow-side up, was his tall silk hat. As motionless as a statue, Mr. Lincoln displayed no interest in the preparations for the photograph. He appeared tired.

Mr. Wood brought an extra reflector.

"That's better now," Mr. Brady said. Turning to the artist he invited him to take over.

"Suppose you pose Mr. Lincoln, Red—I'll leave it to you."

Timothy saw a slow smile light Mr. Stowe's face.

"Pose Mr. Lincoln?" The artist shook his head. "Believe me, his own pose couldn't be improved on. Take him exactly as he is now."

The boy caught up the folded square of black and gave it a little shake. When Mr. Brady began to focus his camera the cloth would be ready for him on the instant.

Every movement of the photographer's nimble fingers seemed to count. Timothy watched with admiration while the focus was established. As soon as the ground glass had been removed, in went the first plate and out came its guard. Then quick as a wink, off came the cap from the gleaming lens.

There was a brief period of complete silence. If Mr. Brady was counting the seconds no one could hear him.

Back went the cap. The first exposure had been made.

The sudden creak of a board caused Timothy to glance toward the window. He had not realized that someone was standing there, looking down into the street as if keeping watch. The man was very tall and broad-shouldered.

It was only after the lens had been recapped for the last time that Mr. Lincoln straightened his long back, drew a

deep breath and rose.

"Lamon," he called to the man at the window, "come here, please. I want you to meet these gentlemen."

So slowly did Timothy gather up the plate-holders that he was still lingering when Mr. Lincoln turned to leave. Standing as stiff as a ramrod, the boy waited for the tall pair to pass.

When Mr. Lincoln's gray-blue eyes met the boy's direct gaze, the man smiled and his tired face seemed to be suddenly lighted from within.

"What might your name be, young man?" he asked in a friendly voice. It was evident that he had a liking for boys.

"Timothy Todd, sir."

"Todd? Todd? Ah, that name has a familiar ring. Eh, Lamon?"

"Your wife would be the first to agree to that, sir."

"Are you one of the Kentucky Todds, by any chance? Mrs. Lincoln is from Kentucky." The gray-blue eyes were twinkling.

"No, sir, I'm from North Carolina."

"And your age?"

"I'll be fourteen, sir, the Fourth of March."

"The Fourth of March—" Mr. Lincoln repeated the words softly. His smile had vanished. Again the tired face looked careworn as he moved on, followed by Mr. Lamon.

Timothy's heart had quickened its beat. He was dead certain now that Aunt Belle was all wrong. This tall, dignified gentleman was no Simple Susan—a mere tool in the hands of political trouble-makers. Far from it! You had only to look straight into his eyes to know you could trust him to do what was *right.*

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

RIVAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

TIMOTHY BURST INTO THE KITCHEN, SHOUTing his news.

"We've been taking Mr. Lincoln's likeness . . . *he talked to me!*"

The door of the oven was open and Papa Duval was peering in. Rosemary was stirring something in a pan on the stove. She turned quickly.

"Oh, Tim—how exciting! How I envy you! But tell me—when did you get your carpetbag?"

"Carpetbag? Me? What'd you mean?"

"But what could I mean except that? When—did—you—get—it?"

Timothy looked blank.

"I don't know what you're driving at," he said flatly.

"But it's upstairs now!" cried Rosemary. "Mr. Stowe left just a few minutes ago and he said when he found it behind the screen he thought your Professor must have brought it to you, and he wanted to know if I'd seen him. And I said I hadn't seen him or you either, but—"

"Say—slow up, can't you! I don't know the first thing about *any* bag."

"If you see ze bag, you remember perhaps?" put in Papa Duval, his face rosy-red from the heat of the oven.

"Well, that's a good way to settle it—come on, Tim. Let's go up to the studio."

Clutching her full skirts with both hands the girl started up the stairs with the puzzled boy following.

The big carpetbag was reposing comfortably on the foot of the cot, and its pattern of huge red flowers was as familiar to Timothy as the face of an old friend.

"Jumping Jupiter! It's mine all right—it's the one I left in the van. But why in blazes didn't the Professor look me up?"

"Perhaps he doesn't know you're working for Mr. Brady, Tim."

"Reckon not. But how could he even know I'm staying here . . . how *could* he?"

Rosemary's eyes were bright. She dearly loved mysterious happenings.

"He'd have had to come up through the kitchen and no one could do that without being seen," she said thoughtfully. "Of course, I was in the dining-room for a short time this morning—that was while Papa and Mama were over at the market—so I suppose he might have come in then—" she broke off abruptly. "Oh, I wonder . . . perhaps there's a note! Do look in the bag, Tim."

"I'll just bet there is!" The boy hastily parted the leather handles.

The first thing his eyes saw was his blue-serge Sunday suit and it was as rumpled as if he'd been sleeping in it. Tossing it aside he pawed through a jumble of shirts, underwear and socks.

"All my duds, but no note," he said, deeply disappointed.

At the very bottom of the bag he came upon the little ferrotype of himself, taken by Professor Pippin. It had been intended as a gift. His aunt had wanted a likeness, but this one had turned out to be a joke. He couldn't send it.

"Lookie," he said, handing the little picture in the cardboard frame to Rosemary, "this is me."

"Why—what—what—" she gave a little gasp of amazement. "But, Tim, you've got *three arms!*"

The boy began to laugh. "Isn't it a jim-dandy!" he shouted. "I'll bet you couldn't guess what happened."

"No—how could I?"

"Well, it was like this. There really wasn't enough light—it was pretty late in the afternoon—but the Professor said we might as well have a try at it anyway, if I didn't mind a long pose. So he got me up against the screen with my head in the clamp—" the boy snickered at the recollection. He could remember how determined he'd been to keep perfectly still. Not even bat an eye.

"Well, we started out fine—the Professor had the cap off the lens—he was counting out loud and I was trying not to even breathe. See how I've got one hand hooked in the front of my jacket?"

"Yes, but what—"

"No, wait! Everything was going fine—like I said—

when along comes a crazy bee, buzzing straight for my eyes! I *had* to slap at it. Only trouble was I forgot to put my hand back where it was, in the front of my jacket. I just forgot and let it hang straight down like the other one . . . and Professor Pippin kept right on counting. He didn't say a word about the bee. Just went into the van and developed the thing like always. But when he came back I noticed his mouth was buttoned up sort of—he looked as if he was trying to keep a straight face and it wasn't easy. Then he gave it to me."

"I suppose you'll say I'm stupid—" Rosemary began.

"Oh, you'll understand in a minute," Timothy broke in. "You see, the exposure was so long that my arm took both ways—hooked in my jacket and hanging down too. That's why I've got three arms in the picture."

The girl tittered, but didn't seem to appreciate just how funny the joke was.

"Your aunt," she said, "didn't she ever get a likeness of you?"

"Oh, yes! Next day the Professor took another one—" Timothy's grin faded. "By gravy, I wish I knew where the Professor is . . . how this old bag got here."

"Your suit will have to be pressed before it's fit to wear." Rosemary had turned practical.

Timothy was too pleased with having his own things again to be critical of them. Now he need no longer wear Louis Duval's tight garments—a cheering thought!

"I wonder," mused the girl, "no—no, perhaps not. Although it wouldn't be impossible. . . ."

"A penny?"

"For my thoughts?" Rosemary laughed. "Well, you said something once about your Professor's helping a runaway. So I was wondering if he knows any of the people

in the Underground. Then he might know about Mr. Stowe, you see. And about your being here."

"Well, maybe. But *why* wouldn't he look me up?"

"But maybe he didn't bring the bag himself, Tim."

"Say—that's an idea!" cried the boy. "Maybe Rass would know something about it. Let's ask him."

"Rass?" Rosemary shook her head. "Just you try getting anything out of Rass! You just can't! I guess he learned early how to keep his mouth shut," she added, "because of his aunt. Aunt Harriet. There's a reward—"

"Yep, I know."

As the days passed Timothy gave considerable thought to the subject of apprenticeship. Most likely it would be Mr. Wood who'd bring the matter to Mr. Brady's attention. If it were up to Mr. Sneedly, he'd not stand the ghost of a chance—not even if Jake were apprenticed too. The old grouch had no use for the new boy—that was as plain as the nose on your face.

One night when the boy was getting out of his clothes, he was haunted by the fear that Mr. Brady would think him too young. Yet fourteen (almost) was quite old—surely old enough if only he could *look* the part.

Picking up a lighted candle Timothy carried it to the small mirror which hung over the washstand. By cultivating the proper expression couldn't a fellow appear more grown up? It would seem so. With his candle held at an angle which permitted him to see his reflection, he began a series of facial distortions. Brow knit, jaw squared, lips set, he glared sternly at the effect. Then quite suddenly he saw himself for what he was—a boy making faces at himself—and burst into laughter.

"Oh, what the heck!" he banged the candlestick down

on the table, "as if a fellow could change his mug!"

Next day, while Jake and Oliver were on the roof tending sun-prints, he and Mr. Ashley had the workroom to themselves, so Timothy ventured to bring up the matter of age.

"Gustave says Mr. Brady was only sixteen when *he* got started. He said Mr. Morse taught him photography."

"Depends what you mean by getting 'started,'" returned Mr. Ashley; "to my way of thinking he was only fifteen—that's all he was when his artist friend took him back to New York City with him. I don't rightly know how the artist—Page, his name was—discovered that the boy had more than a little talent himself—" Mr. Ashley paused to shake a reproving finger at his young assistant.

"Look here, you," he told him sternly, "if you can't listen and keep on cutting up that paper at the same time, I'd better pipe down."

Timothy snatched up his shears.

"I sort of forgot." The boy bent to his task.

"Well, to go on: Young Brady and his parents lived on a farm in upstate New York at the time. And when Mr. Page gave the boy some of his own drawings to copy, he did so well that the artist wanted him to go to art school. Maybe the Bradys didn't have money enough to help out. Anyway, Mr. Page got a job for him with A. T. Stewart—that's a store in New York—so he could earn his keep; and then got him started in art school."

Mr. Ashley stopped speaking while he studied a negative held against the light.

"Pretty thin—" he clucked his tongue—"should have been exposed longer, but I guess it's worth printing."

"That's when he was fifteen," prompted Timothy.

"Yes, and that's about the time certain folks over here

were getting all excited over a new invention called a *daguerreotype.* A couple of Frenchmen had been experimenting for years—not with cameras, understand, *they* go way back. I mean the sort of cameras you could look in and see an image of whatever you were pointing the thing at. What the Frenchmen were after was a method of making the image *permanent.* And that's what they did. First they learned how to make a metal plate—copper, it was—sensitive to light. Then they put it in a camera and the image registered. So far, so good. But the light would have kept right on affecting the plate until it was dead black unless a way was discovered to stop it. And that's what they did, too. Result? A permanent picture. Of course daguerreotypes have their drawbacks," Mr. Ashley rambled on, "you've got only *one* picture—the one you've taken—"

"About Mr. Brady," Timothy interrupted.

"Oh, yes—we'll come to him in a minute. But first about Mr. Morse—he was one of the people who got so excited over Daguerre's method when the details came out in 1840. He and a friend made themselves a little camera from a cigar box—used one of the glasses from a pair of spectacles as a lens. That wasn't the camera he was using, though, at the time Mr. Page took young Brady to see Mr. Morse. No, by that time he had one that could take pretty fair pictures—if you exposed the plate long enough. Well, anyway—to cut a long story short—young Brady got so interested in photography that he gave up art school and took lessons from Morse. And three years later he opened up his own gallery on Broadway—"

"I know!" shouted Timothy, "it was right across the street from Mr. Barnum's freak museum."

The door of the workroom opened and Johnny's head appeared.

"Can you spare Tim for a while, Mr. Ashley?" he asked, "Mr. Brady's going to photograph a bunch of inventors over on the steps of the Patent Office. He told me to bring the outfit and get one of the boys to tend the camera—so it's Tim or Jake."

The boy plunked down his shears—this was a chance not to be missed.

Mr. Ashley nodded his consent.

The heavy wooden box containing the freshly coated plates in their holders, had a cast-iron handle and was held closed by two bolts. Johnny had it on the floor of the hack between his feet. Timothy was holding Mr. Brady's big camera on his knees. And between them, leaning against the seat, was the long-legged tripod.

"It's only a few blocks from the Gallery to the Patent Office," Johnny said, "but it's up hill and these things are too heavy to lug any farther than you have to."

"Say—this is great fun!" Timothy's eyes were dancing with pleasure, "I'm mighty glad it's me—not Jake."

Johnny was looking out the dirt-flecked window.

"Aw, it does something to my insides to see things like that," he muttered.

"See what?" Timothy craned his neck.

"Those poor men—" Johnny pointed with his thumb at a line of shuffling Negroes. Their shoulders sagged and they limped as they walked, because of the long chain that trailed from left ankle-cuff to left ankle-cuff.

"Captured runaways going to the slave pen," his voice was grim.

Timothy squirmed on the seat. All his new friends—

Mr. Stowe, the Duvals, Johnny—all of them hated slavery. Mr. Garlick didn't, but he wasn't exactly what you'd call a friend.

The two of them had got to talking about slaves one day a while back. He'd been on his way to the post office with a package of photographs when Mr. Garlick had overtaken him. Then they'd walked along side by side, talking. After Mr. Garlick had asked what part of the South he hailed from, the subject of slavery came up somehow or other. And Mr. Garlick had said people up North didn't realize how well off the Negro slaves were.

"Why, they haven't a worry in the world," he'd said, "food, shelter, clothing—everything supplied in exchange for a little work."

Well, that was what Aunt Belle held. He'd heard her say more than once that she wished life was as simple for her as it was for black Nora. Nora was blessed with a good home, plenty to eat and nice things to wear. . . .

The one time he'd tried to explain these "blessings" to Rosemary, she'd nearly bitten his head off.

"How'd you like to be a slave mother and have them *sell* your poor little child to somebody and never, never see it again?" she'd cried.

"You're mighty knowing," he'd said, nettled.

"Just you read *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and see," she'd said, and it was then that he'd beat it from the kitchen.

With Johnny it would be different. He could talk things over without fur flying. But there wasn't time now —they were nearly to F Street.

The hack gave a lurch as the wheels struck a ridge of frozen mud, and drew up by the curb.

"End of the line," Johnny sang out. He put the plate-holder box down on the cinder sidewalk while he fished

money from his pocket for the driver. But Timothy kept his grip on both the precious camera and the tripod while he stood looking about curiously.

The Patent Office was an impressive building with broad, high marble steps. Part way up, on either side, were lamp posts. And against the right-hand post leaned a gentleman with his foot on a shoeshine box. The boy applying the polish looked rather like Rass, but you couldn't be sure—not until you saw more than a hunched back. Timothy's gaze moved on, then stopped short.

There on the sidewalk, not more than a dozen feet away, was a mounted camera, bellows extended ready for service. On its far side stood a tall hawk-nosed man and a stocky Negro. The eyes of both were riveted upon Mr. Brady's camera.

The boy turned his head and made a hissing sound between his teeth to attract Johnny's attention. But Johnny had already spotted the intruders.

"So that's the lay of the land," he said under his breath, "that guy, King, is going to cut in on Mr. Brady's appointment sure as shooting."

"But would he *dare?*" Timothy asked.

"Looks like it, doesn't it?"

"By gravy!"

"Come on—let's get things ready," Johnny said, "Mr. Brady's never late."

Several more gentlemen sauntered out of the building.

"What time is our photographer due?" someone asked.

"Eleven—at least that was the hour agreed upon," a voice answered.

"There is no need for any delay, gentlemen," exclaimed the hawk-nosed photographer. "Why waste your valuable time? I can take you now. At once."

"No—unfortunately we must wait for the others. Several more will be here presently," said a round-faced man in a top hat.

"So will Mr. Brady," muttered Johnny, scarcely moving his lips.

"Shine, sir? Shine?" The colored boy was now seeking a new customer.

"Hello, Rass," Timothy said.

The reply was a wink which made it clear that Rass had taken in the situation.

"Suppose I go in and see if I can't hurry things up," suggested one of the group, an elderly gentleman.

The hawk-nosed photographer motioned to his colored assistant.

"Get the plates out, Willie."

Timothy caught his breath. He was on the point of protesting when he felt Johnny's hand on his arm.

"Wait, Mr. Brady'll be here any minute," he said in an undertone, "that might be his hack coming now."

Several vehicles were approaching, one was a hack.

The door of the building opened and as a number of gentlemen started down the high steps, the round-faced man called to them.

"The photographer's ready for us."

"Then he's ahead of time," protested a deep voice, "it's not yet eleven."

The hack rolled to a stop. Timothy, greatly relieved, sprang to open the door for Mr. Brady.

Hat raised slightly, he stepped forward briskly.

"Good morning, gentlemen. The light is excellent—the photographs should come out well."

Timothy, all eyes, was holding his breath as he watched Mr. Brady turn to regard his rival with an icy stare.

"You are intruding here, Mr. King," he said in a level voice, "these gentlemen *engaged me*."

"I was here first—I'm to take them," snapped the hawk-nosed man.

"You will do no such thing, sir. This is my assignment."

Mr. Brady had drawn himself up to his full height. His rival, taller by a head, glared contemptuously down at him. There was a moment of tense silence, then Timothy heard one of the men on the steps cough nervously and mutter something to his neighbor.

Turning quickly, Mr. Brady addressed the group.

"If you gentlemen will close in a little, please. And you, Mr. Snow, will you kindly change places with this gentleman—yes, you, sir. Ah, now we have the tallest one in the center. . . ."

While Johnny was getting out the first plate-holder, Timothy had mounted the camera. Doing his best to appear calm and experienced, he gave the focusing cloth a flip. Out of the corner of his eye he could see Mr. King and Willie. The photographer was talking behind his hand, the Negro was nodding and his face wore a sheepish grin.

"Now the grouping is very good," Mr. Brady went on in an even voice, "so if you gentlemen will remain just as you are, please, I will get my focus."

Removing his hat he handed it to Johnny. Then with head and shoulders buried under the square of black cloth Timothy had handed him, he started to rack the camera into focus.

"*Now,* Willie!" barked Mr. King.

As if released from a leash, the Negro sprang forward to place himself directly in front of Mr. Brady's camera.

After a tense second Mr. Brady straightened up, whipping the cloth from his head. Bristling with indignation he turned on his rival.

"Sir, this is inexcusable!" he cried. "Call your man."

"Stay right where you are, Willie." Mr. King's voice was triumphant. He was sure he had the best of the situation.

Timothy's anxious gaze swept the group. Surely one of them at least would speak up for Mr. Brady. Several were frowning and he could hear muttered comments. Any number of people, attracted by the two cameras, had paused to watch and now the sound of raised voices was bringing others on the run.

"Sir, this despicable trick will get you nowhere." Mr. Brady advanced a few paces.

Mr. King, head covered, was focusing his camera.

"And if you think to block me and still remain free to proceed yourself, King, you are greatly mistaken."

With two strides Mr. Brady was in front of his rival's camera.

There was a ripple of laughter from the amused spectators. Not one of the group on the steps appeared willing to take sides. Timothy's blood was boiling.

"Never once have I intruded on an assignment of yours," Mr. Brady's voice was strained, his face flushed.

"And you're not going to intrude today, either," bellowed Mr. King, tossing aside his focusing cloth. "Go on —get away from my camera!"

Mr. Brady appealed to the group on the steps.

"Gentlemen, it shall be your decision. Shall I photograph you or do you want this—this—er, man—to do so?"

"Let's put it to vote," suggested the elderly gentleman.

"But why should we!" exclaimed Mr. Snow. "It was

agreed that we engage the best photographer in town, so I made the appointment with Mr. Brady."

"That's tellin' 'em!" shouted a voice from the sidewalk and there was a snicker at Mr. King's expense.

Suddenly angered, he grabbed Mr. Brady by the arm and began to shake him roughly as he tried to shove him away.

"Johnny, what can we do?" cried Timothy.

"I've sent Rass for the police," Johnny answered. He was hanging onto the tripod with boths hands. Unguarded, it would take a mere poke from Willie's elbow to send the camera over.

Timothy wheeled and made a dash for Mr. King's camera.

"Watch out for your camera, Mr. King!" he yelled at the top of his voice.

So abruptly was Mr. Brady released that he staggered into the friendly arms of a bystander.

The trick had worked! Johnny broke into a roar of delight. Even Willie was laughing—a high-pitched giggly laugh.

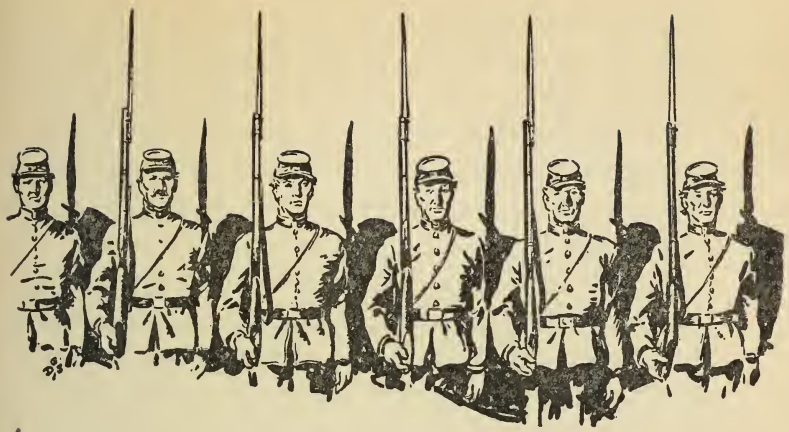
"What's going on here?" demanded a gruff voice.

Timothy drew a deep breath of relief as he caught sight of the domed hat of a uniformed policeman.

"Ah—Officer O'Toole. I'm indeed glad you've come!" Mr. Brady straightened his spectacles. "These gentlemen engaged me to photograph them," he went on, quite simply, "and if you will see that I am not interfered with, I shall appreciate it."

The scowling hawk-nosed photographer beckoned to his assistant, and Timothy, grinning broadly, looked at Johnny.

"That was a neat one, Tim," he said with warmth.



CHAPTER FIFTEEN

BRISTLING WITH BAYONETS

IT WAS SUNDAY NIGHT, THE FOUR OF THEM were having a late supper in the kitchen. And Rosemary was blithely monopolizing the conversation.

From the first she'd been talking such a blue streak that no one else could get a word in edgeways. Her father and mother were listening indulgently, but Timothy was restless. He was fed up with her chatter about Jake, he told himself. It had been Jake-said-this and Jake-said-that until he was dead sick of the fellow's name.

The boy savagely bit off a chunk of bread and munched while he stared across the table at the girl. She was smiling at him.

"Tim, you've never once even mentioned the high platform they've built for Mr. Brady on the Capitol grounds. Didn't you know about it?" she teased.

"Shucks—course I knew."

There was irritation in the boy's voice. Rosemary's dimples deepened as she turned to address her father.

"Jake says the stand is ever so high. It has to be, so they can take photographs of Mr. Lincoln right over people's heads—while he's making his inaugural speech, I mean. He says there'll be a huge crowd."

Timothy's mouth was dry. The bread wouldn't go down. He reached for his tumbler of water. Ungrateful—that's what girls were. Hadn't he been treating Rosemary like a brother? Accompanying her to church and all that. And only this noon, on the way back from service, look at the way he'd kept mum and pretended an interest while she'd prattled on about the inaugural parade—or rather, her share in it.

"There are to be thirty-four of us girls," she'd told him, "and that's one for each State. We're all to be dressed in white and have broad blue ribbons over our shoulders. Mine says Ohio on it. And the float's to be drawn by eight milk-white steeds. . . ."

That had made him snicker. Why couldn't she have said *horses?* And why couldn't she have shown a little interest in the fact that tomorrow—the Fourth of March—was his birthday. Fourteen. Fourteen—that had a pretty good sound when you remembered that Mr. Brady had started out when he was only one year older.

Now Madame Duval's voice broke in on the boy's thoughts.

"Rosemary—it will be so cold. It is but foolishness to wear a summer dress in March."

"But Mama, we've simply *got* to be dressed in white. And I've already told you that Jake has promised to take care of my coat for me. He says he'll be right there at the

north entrance of the Capitol itself when the parade gets there. And I swear I'll put it on the very instant I get down off the float."

Timothy's eyes had widened. So that was the way the wind was blowing! Now Jake was the one to be looking out for Rosemary. And take care of her coat for her. Well, let him—if he could manage it . . . if he could be in two places at one and the same time. Possibly Jake didn't know that he would be expected to tote plates up the ladder. Only yesterday Mr. Ashley had said both boys would be needed because there would be two cameras on the stand.

"It was awfully sweet of Jake to offer," the girl went on gaily. "I didn't used to like him very much, but lately —since he's been coming here for lunch—he's been *awfully* nice."

"Oh, how *awfully* nice," drawled Timothy, torn with jealousy.

Madame Duval's sharp little eyes fixed themselves on the boy. Her raised brows seemed to question him. Papa Duval was looking at him over the top of his spectacles.

Timothy's face was hot, he straightened his spine resolutely.

"Well, it's lucky Jake'll have time to help you out tomorrow," he said stiffly, "because I'm going to be mighty busy."

Papa Duval's plump shoulders rose in a long slow shrug. His upturned palms seemed to say, "Oh, these young people—what they can make of small matters!"

Before undressing for bed Timothy had climbed the studio ladder for one last look at the sky. And now he stood, shivering in the chill air, peering upward, searching

the dark heavens. Not a star was to be seen. A bad omen indeed.

Rain in the morning would cancel all the elaborate plans. Yet, knowing this, Mr. Brady had spared nothing: the high stand, from which to photograph the ceremonies, had been built, the darkroom tent purchased. For the past two weeks the bulky canvas thing had been reposing in a corner of the cutting room. And there'd been no end of argument over it. Henry had said,

"Give me a darkroom on wheels any time. A tent's too likely to pull its pegs and blow away in the first stiff wind that comes along."

"And when your team runs away your darkroom on wheels tips over," Andrew had said.

Then Gustave chimed in, "Too bad some smart fellow doesn't dream up a way to load a camera at home with enough plates to take several pictures, one right after another. Of course they'd have to be better plates than we have now," he went on, "plates that would keep fresh all day instead of only an hour."

It was at that point that Timothy had put in his oar.

"Johnny says you can coat *paper* and take pictures right on it—so why couldn't you coat a long strip . . . maybe wind it on a spool or something, and then unroll it as you want it?"

"Nope. Paper's too opaque to make a good sharp negative—the prints are too blurry. Ought to have something as clear as glass—and as flexible as paper."

A sudden sneeze jerked the boy's thoughts back to the present. He reached for a handkerchief and not finding one, scrambled down the ladder, sniffling audibly.

The Fourth of March dawned cold and gray. In the

east, however, a golden streak gave promise of clearing. The Brady staff had been told to report for work at five o'clock—unless it was pouring. So at that early hour a sleepy-eyed boy presented himself at the Gallery.

Everyone was needed. It would be no child's play to transport the big canvas tent and all the necessary photographic equipment from Seventh Street to the grounds of the Capitol. After that would come the task of pitching the clumsy tent and outfitting it with portable rubber sink and work-benches. And since the small yellow pane in the side of the tent would let in precious little light, everything needed to prepare plates, and later, to develop them, must be in its proper place. Otherwise you'd never be able to lay hand on what you wanted without fumbling in the semi-darkness.

By seven o'clock every last item, including the big carboys of distilled water, had been stowed in the wagon hired for the occasion.

Mac, the chief of the darkroom crew, hoisted himself to the driver's seat and gathered up the reins. He smiled down at those who had helped load the wagon.

"Sorry there's not room for the lot of you to go along with me," he said.

"So it's shanks' mare for us," Johnny said, laughing.

"No—no, there's space still for a couple of sardines like you and Tim. But the rest of you lads better pile into a hack, then you'll get there as soon as we do."

Timothy had his foot on the hub and was up over the wheel in a twinkling. Johnny, being more sedate, made use of the little hanging, iron step.

Despite the earliness of the hour they found the Avenue swarming with pedestrians.

"There's a sight of visitors in town to see Mr. Lincoln

sworn in," Mac commented. Giving the reins a quick twitch, he clucked to the horse, but it did not increase its pace. "Well, I for one will be thankful when this day is over."

Surprised, Timothy turned to look at him. There was every chance now that the weather would be good. A watery sun was shining, a strong breeze was clearing the sky.

Johnny, however, knew what was on his chief's mind.

"They're doing all they can to stave off trouble," he said soberly.

"Aye—I know. But I tell you, Johnny, it takes a brave man to ride in an open carriage along here—a fair target for any crackpot who wants to take a shot at him. No, sir! I'd not like to be in Lincoln's boots today."

So that was it! For the moment Timothy had forgotten about the risk the President-elect must run. Only a couple of days ago Mr. Stowe had spoken of it.

"But they'll have so many riflemen on guard everywhere," he'd said, "that all Washington will be bristling with bayonets. And if Shakespeare is right, Timtod, 'out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.' "

After a brief silence Johnny put a question to Mac.

"If it comes to war—what do you think, Mac? Will Mr. Brady close the Washington Gallery?"

"Umm—that's hard to say. But I'm sure of one thing—if the States do get to fighting Mr. Brady will be right in the thick of things. Not with a gun. With a camera! He'll try to do what's never been done before in all history—he'll photograph the battle scenes."

"Umm, yes. That would be like Mr. Brady," Johnny agreed. "In that case he'd have to take along a darkroom

on wheels . . . and someone to do the plates. By jingo! I wish he'd take me."

"And me!" Timothy exclaimed. "He'd need a camera boy."

"Undoubtedly he'd need a camera boy," Mac said slowly, "but don't forget, laddie, Mr. Brady's a Union man—he'd be with the Northern army. And you . . . you happen to be a Southerner, don't you?"

Timothy's spirits sank like a stone dropped in water. He swallowed hard, ran his tongue over his lips, then found he had nothing to say. Every letter from his aunt took care to remind him of the fact that he was a Southerner, born and bred. "You must not let yourself be influenced by the Yankee point of view," she warned.

Johnny threw him a glance of sympathy.

"Don't let Mac get under your skin, Tim. Like as not there won't be a war anyway."

It was a welcome straw and the boy clutched at it gratefully.

"I bet there won't be a war anyway," he said.

Ahead, framed between the converging rows of leafless trees, was the unfinished dome of the Capitol, with scaffolding, crane and ropes forming a pattern against the sky. High above, soared a great eagle. The boy was filled with envy. *It* didn't have to "take sides." *It* didn't have to puzzle over the rights and wrongs of slavery. . . .

After turning in at the north entrance of the Capitol grounds, the wagon rounded the end of the huge building and drew up on the grass not far from the east portico.

"Lookit, Tim," Johnny gave his friend a nudge, "Mr. Brady's camera stand."

The boy roused himself to peer up at the wooden structure.

"That'll be fun to climb," he said.

Mac grinned at him.

"The others will be here any minute, but until they come there's no need to start unloading. Go on up now if you want to."

The top of the stand was reached by means of an upright ladder. Timothy was the first to mount, with Johnny a close second. They stood side by side, looking across the wide treeless space at the large platform which had been built for the inaugural ceremonies. Its curved front extended well beyond the steps it covered.

"Guess you've heard about the threat to blow up the platform when Mr. Lincoln comes," Johnny said.

"Sure I have. And, by gravy, I hope they don't."

"No fear. They've had soldiers stationed under it all night—on guard. And pretty soon there'll be more of them—lined up around its base, and some on the roof. And in the windows, too."

"It would be just awful to have anything go wrong," Timothy said soberly. Ever since the memorable day when Mr. Lincoln paused to exchange words with Mr. Brady's camera boy, the boy had cherished his sudden vision of the man as he actually was.

"That's where he'll stand while he makes his speech." Johnny leveled his finger at a wooden canopy near the front of the platform. "Lucky you! You'll probably be up here where you can listen. But I'll be down in the tent."

A shout from Mac made the pair turn.

"Here comes a hack—come on down, boys."

The darkroom tent, painted black on the outside and lined with orange cloth, had a center pole. Because of the wind, blowing in fitful gusts, the heavy canvas was difficult to handle, and pitching the tent proved to be a time-consuming task. Long before the last of the things had been unloaded from the wagon, people were arriving in droves. And soon only the rope, which encircled Mr. Brady's stand and the tent, kept the curious at bay.

Timothy, on his way up the ladder with a tripod, paused to look about at the staring faces. Goggle-eyed and expressionless, just like the folks who used to collect around the Professor's camera on some village green.

From the top of the stand the boy spotted an open carriage cutting across the grass. In it were Mr. Brady, Operator Sneedly and his son, Jake. People gave ground slowly, and by the time the carriage arrived Timothy was on hand, ready to help.

Jake was the first out. He was carrying the big stereoscopic camera and looped over his left arm was Rosemary's voluminous red coat.

"Here—take this," he ordered.

Timothy accepted the coat reluctantly.

"Where'll I put it?"

"No place—just hang onto it."

"Maybe *you* think I haven't anything to do except carry around a girl's coat," Timothy sputtered.

"None of your sass," growled Jake.

"Jake, take that camera up on the stand," directed his father, "I'll be up presently."

Timothy glanced questioningly at Mr. Brady. He was getting out of the carriage and in one hand was a length of rope.

"Son, do you suppose you can find me a couple of bricks?" he said. "There's so much wind I fear we'll have difficulty with vibration."

"Bricks? Why, yes sir, I know just where to get them. There're plenty over where the building stuff is—" Timothy pointed toward the new Senate wing. But Mr. Brady had already turned away and was making for the darkroom tent at a half-trot.

The boy scowled down at the red coat. He just couldn't lug it around with him. That would be too silly for words —yet he was at a loss to know what to do with the thing. A solution to the problem unexpectedly presented itself in the person of young Billie.

"Hello, Tim," he squealed, hopping up and down with excitement.

"Hello yourself and see how you like it," responded the older boy, with a glint in his eye. "Lookie, kid—want to do something for Rosemary?"

"Aw—I don't know," Billie hedged cautiously.

"This is her coat—see? And she'll need it the instant she gets down off that old float. She's in the parade, you know."

"Yup, I know," Billie's forehead wore a frown.

"You wouldn't have her catch her death, would you?"

"Well—nope."

"Then come on—I'll show you where to stand so's you can give it to her."

Elbowing his way through the crowd, Timothy, with the coat over his arm, led the way. Billie followed half-heartedly. He had counted on watching from the top of the high stand, and now the prospect of being poked off in some corner while waiting for Rosemary, held no appeal.

"Aw—Tim—shucks," he whined as he overtook him, "I don't want to do it."

"Oh *yes* you do!" Timothy stated firmly. "When she gets down off that float she'll be colder than ice. And mind you tell her that *Tim* sent her coat. Now remember that—it's from *Tim*."

Still scowling, Billie nodded.

They found the north door of the Capitol closed off by a high board fence whose entrance was guarded by men in uniform.

"Now this is the place the parade ends . . . Mr. Lincoln goes in here. So you'll see him fine—right up close." Timothy thrust the coat into Billie's unwilling hands. "And keep your eyes peeled for Rosemary. Tell her—"

"Aw, cheese it!" snapped the small boy.

In the litter on the ground near the tool sheds Timothy found two good bricks. Snatching them up he started back on the run. He was in high spirits now, pleased as Punch over the way the coat had been disposed of. Rosemary would have it the minute she needed it, but no thanks would be due Jake.

Upon getting back to the stand, Timothy climbed the ladder, hugging his bricks in one arm. Jake and his father were mounting the stereoscopic camera on its tripod; Mr. Brady, his hand on the other tripod, appeared to be testing the steadiness of the camera he himself would use. He welcomed the boy with a sunny smile.

"You found them, I see. And you were spry about it, too."

Taking one of the bricks from Timothy he handed it to Mr. Sneedly.

"Tie one end of the rope I gave you round this, then fasten the other end to the head of the tripod—" Mr.

Brady paused to watch while his operator carried out directions. "Good! Now let the brick hang straight down —it should just clear the floor—yes, that's right. You'll find the weight will do wonders in cutting down vibration—and in this wind there's plenty!"

As Timothy fastened the end of a second piece of rope to the remaining brick, preparing it for Mr. Brady's tripod, he stole a glance at the scowling Jake. The fellow was edging toward him.

"What the dickens have you done with that coat?" he demanded in a low voice.

Timothy eyed the sullen face now thrust close to his own. Along Jake's upper lip was a fuzzy dark line of hair. Once he'd caught Jake regarding it in a mirror, stroking it proudly.

Putting his free hand to his own upper lip, Timothy twirled an imaginary mustache.

"Bless me!" he mocked, "what coat do you mean?"

Jake's eyes blazed.

"I'll get your hide if it's the last thing I live to do," he threatened.

"Aw, don't scare me so!"

Timothy snickered as Jake leaned over the rail to look down. He apparently expected to see the red coat looped over one of the boards that formed the framework of the stand.

Mr. Brady drew his watch from his vest pocket, pressed the spring, and the gold cover sprang open.

"See if the first of the plates are ready, Jake," he said.

Hands in pockets, Timothy stood looking down on a sea of head-coverings. There were top hats and broad-brimmed shabby felts, checked caps and plain ones, and a

wondrous variety of flower-trimmed bonnets. The crowd had been gradually massing itself in a great semi-circle about the curved front of the inaugural platform. Standing shoulder to shoulder, with their backs to it was now a line of soldiers whose upright bayonets formed a picket fence of gleaming blades. Every tree in the vicinity held its quota of men and boys straddling branches.

"Plates are ready," yelled Jake.

As Timothy started for the ladder he heard the first faint strains of martial music, accompanied by distant cheering. The parade was drawing near. The thought of the girls in white, perched on the float, smirking and waving at the crowd, brought a smile to his own face. Undoubtedly Rosemary would be half frozen—it was good to think of Billie waiting with her coat.

With a wary eye out for possible trouble, Timothy approached the tent cautiously. He must be on guard against being tripped or whatever trick Jake might have up his sleeve. To his surprise he found Jake ignoring him completely, never once so much as glancing directly at him.

"So that's it," Timothy muttered under his breath, "biding his time, eh? Well, let him! Who's afraid?"

A few photographs were taken of the spectators and still-empty platform. Then came an interval of waiting while dignitaries in shiny top hats and black frock coats streamed out of the building and onto the platform. With some of them were ladies. And now a group of girls were filing out onto the portico to stand behind the fancy iron railing which connected the great pillars. One girl was wearing a bright red coat. With her was a small boy, his face wreathed in smiles.

Grinning, Timothy turned to look at Jake. He too had

seen Rosemary—there was no doubt about that—but his face was a picture of bewilderment.

"Why, he's plain stupid!" Timothy told himself, "I'd have figured it out straight off."

Presently a burst of applause indicated that Mr. Lincoln was coming, so it was time to fetch more plates.

The boy was on his way back from the tent when he heard a voice ring out:

"Fellow-citizens, I introduce to you Abraham Lincoln, the President-elect of the United States."

After that Timothy was too busy helping Mr. Brady to be able to listen to Mr. Lincoln's words with any degree of attention, but he did manage to steal frequent glances at the tall gaunt figure, and his pulse quickened at the sound of the high, resonant voice. The President-elect was standing behind a table, reading from a paper held in both hands.

In due time the last of the plates had been exposed and after handing them in at the darkroom tent, Timothy was free to hook an arm over the top rung of the ladder and listen with both ears.

Mr. Lincoln's voice was very earnest, he seemed to be pleading with an angry neighbor.

"In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. *You* have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while *I* shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect and defend—"

A loud sharp snap—sharp as the crack of a pistol—brought a gasp from the crowd.

Mr. Lincoln stopped speaking.

Timothy stared, anxious eyed. Had he been hit?

There was a tense moment, then Mr. Lincoln resumed:

. . ."We are not enemies, but friends. We *must* not be enemies—"

Mr. Brady, Jake and his father had turned and were looking down at something out of Timothy's range of vision. In an instant he was up on the platform with the others.

The cause of the commotion was apparent at a glance. A youth had fallen from a tree—a broken branch lay on the ground under it. And now a man in a battered stovepipe hat was helping him to his feet. Timothy could not see the man's face, but there was something remarkably familiar about his shabby frock coat.

On the impulse, the boy's cupped hands flew to his mouth. Then just in time he stopped himself from shouting, "Hey, Professor!"

The inaugural speech was still going on.

For a moment Timothy was sorely tempted to scramble down the ladder and dash after the man—just on the chance. But to do so would mean forcing his way through the listening crowd—and that would make for more commotion.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

INSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE

THE COOL DARKROOM, WITH ITS HAUNTING odor of chemicals, was never without fascination for Timothy.

After hours, when the hissing, fan-shaped gas jets were going full tilt and you could see every corner of the place, still the room was unlike other rooms. Floor, walls, shelves, bottles, waterpipes—everything was stained dark brown with nitrate of silver. Even the motto in its frame,

hanging over the sink was stained. "Kind words never die," it said.

Staying overtime to help clean up was no hardship for Timothy. Jake however, ducked out of it every time he could. All he had to do was make sure Mr. Ashley wasn't looking when he slipped away with those entitled to leave at the regular closing hour. And since neither Alec nor Johnny cared two pins for Jake's reluctant help, they never reported his absence. That suited Timothy to a T. He much preferred doing a little extra himself to having Jake around. Moreover, Johnny was usually willing to talk if the two of them happened to be alone in the darkroom, while with Jake on hand he'd shut up like a clam.

One day, shortly after Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, Jake did not show up. It was a Thursday and Johnny was in charge.

"Good riddance to the likes of him, I say," he remarked cheerfully.

Timothy, who had just finished filling a darkroom lantern, set the kerosene can down with a thump.

"The low-down rat," he growled.

Johnny was washing trays at the sink. Looking over his shoulder he said, "Meaning Jake?"

"Meaning Jake!" Timothy ran his fingers through his sticky hair. "Drat him! He dumped a whole bowl of egg yolks over my head this afternoon. I'd have lammed him one on the nose if Mr. Ashley hadn't come back just then."

"Quite a boast, that. Jake has long arms."

"*That* wasn't what stopped me—I wasn't *afraid* of him," Timothy gave a snort, "but the blamed eggs ran down over my eyes. It was hard to see. And then—well, Mr. Ashley sort of took over. He made Jake wash up the

mess on the floor while I wiped myself off. But I was hopping mad—I wanted to light in with both fists."

"I know how you feel—" Johnny paused to turn off the water tap—"I know because I had a big dose of Jake myself."

"You?" exclaimed Timothy.

"Yep—me. I hadn't been here so very long when Jake was taken on—at his father's request. Well, I guess he thought he was to be cock of the walk—Jake did, I mean. He started right in on me. Thought I was just a runt and couldn't stand up for myself. And of course I was too small—that goes without saying."

"The low-down rat!"

"Oh, he picked on me for fair. Used to yank my necktie, trip me up, hook an elbow over my head and hold me while he scoured the back of my neck—all that sort of thing." Johnny sighed involuntarily at the recollection.

"The rat—somebody ought to have caught him at it," Timothy muttered.

"Well, I lived through it. And one day I just happened to hear his father picking on *him*. He kept telling him how stupid he was. And nagging at him. And you know, Tim, I began to feel sorry for Jake!"

"I don't see *why?*"

"Oh, nobody likes to have his shortcomings rubbed in all the while, Tim—made to feel his insignificance. And I'll bet his father nags him at home plenty. So don't you see? When Jake was lording it over me he was sort of squaring things in his own mind—it made him feel big—"

"Aw, shucks! Jake's plain mean."

"Well, he's mean all right—that's the side that comes out. And it didn't sweeten him up any to have me pro-

moted to the darkroom. And when Fred Cary came along Jake went for him tooth and—" Johnny opened the tap and the splash of water in the iron sink made a great noise.

"Aw, the heck with Jake," grumbled Timothy. He began to clear the workbench of bottles, scales, glass funnels and stirring rods, returning things to their proper places on the shelves. It was a waste of time to talk about that beanpole when there were far more important subjects to discuss.

"Say, Johnny—about slaves," he said. "Why do you think it's so awful to keep slaves if—if—when they're treated well, I mean?"

Johnny turned off the tap and cocked an inquiring eyebrow. Timothy repeated his question.

"I'll tell you," Johnny said in an even voice. "It's wrong for the plain and simple reason that no one has the right to *own* another human being—the way you'd own a dog."

"But—but—"

"No buts to it! Every human being—no matter whether his skin happens to be yellow, red, white or black—should be able to call his soul and body his own."

"I reckon I've never looked at it like that," Timothy said, pulling at his ear thoughtfully.

During the weeks following Inauguration Day the daily papers were filled with titbits of gossip concerning the new family in the White House. Rosemary, who read the accounts avidly, found Timothy's pose of lofty indifference most exasperating.

One evening while they were doing the dinner dishes together she tried to rouse his interest by talking about the Lincoln boys.

"The youngest one is only eight. His name is Thomas but his father calls him Tad—short for tadpole. And they say he's too mischievous for words."

Her assistant politely stifled a yawn behind his hand.

"His mother's the one who tries to make him behave—" the girl paused, a little frown puckered her forehead. It wasn't as if she hadn't been making a special point of being nice to Tim—by way of a thank-you for her coat. He had been pleased as anything over the cake she'd baked for his birthday—pleased too because (as a joke) she'd put seventeen candles on it instead of only fourteen. But look at him now! Might as well talk to a post.

Timothy caught her eye and grinned.

"I'd love to see Mrs. Lincoln," Rosemary went on, as if talking to herself, "they say she dresses like a queen."

"Shucks, she's not so much to look at," drawled the boy.

"Tim! You mean you've *seen* her? She's been to the Gallery?"

"Yup."

"But why didn't you *tell* me?"

"You didn't *ask* me."

"Oh, you! What was her dress like?"

"Dress? I didn't notice."

"Tim—I'd like to shake you! Where were your eyes?"

"Well, I *saw* her all right. She posed standing up and I remember how her big wide skirt got poked out sideways . . . Mr. Brady had to move the immobilizer—"

"Was it blue? And cut real low? That's the one she wore to the Inaugural Ball."

"Yup, it might have been blue."

Rosemary scowled and bit her lip. Timothy was weaving and shifting his feet about, pretending to balance a feather on the tip of his nose.

"You're not in the least funny," she said stiffly.

The boy struck a pose.

"Tell you what I'll do," he said, his brown eyes twinkling. "We're going to the White House tomorrow to take Mr. Lincoln—that's because Mr. Stowe's got an order for a portrait of him, but he's too busy to pose for it. So Mr. Brady's going to take his likeness and Mr. Stowe's going to paint from that—"

"And you'll do *what?*"

"Oh, I'll take a good look around the White House and tell you just what it's like inside."

"Phooh! I know you," scoffed the girl, "you'll say, 'We took *six* pictures. And the light was just dandy. Or just awful.' Or whatever!"

"Maybe I'll fool you for once. Maybe I'll keep my eyes peeled."

"Oh, Tim—please try to."

He had no doubts about being able to "take notice" when he chose. It was only a matter of sorting things out in your mind—of remembering unimportant things that had no connection with picture-taking.

Timothy grinned lazily as he thought of Rosemary's eager, "Oh, Tim—please try to." In a few minutes now the carriage would be rolling up to the door of the White House, then he'd have to begin looking and remembering. In the meantime he could enjoy the spring day.

From his high perch beside the driver he could see ahead along the Avenue. The trees were pretty now with their new little leaves shining and dancing in the sunlight when the wind stirred them. It was almost as if summer had begun where winter left off. The birds were singing their little best; the sky was so dazzlingly blue it made

you blink. Better to look up though, instead of down, because of the mud. The whole wide Avenue was a lake of mud, and the gutters so full of standing water that there was no way to cross over short of wading.

By cocking an ear the boy could hear most of the conversation in the open carriage behind him. Mr. Brady and Mr. Stowe were sitting side by side, facing forward. Opposite them and with his back to the horses was Alec. He had the photographic equipment on the seat beside him—all but the big camera. Timothy was nursing that on his knees. And now, hearing the word *darkroom,* he gave his attention to what was being said. Mr. Brady was speaking.

"I've seen the room you're to use, Alec, and I think you'll have no difficulty in shutting out the light. Mrs. Lincoln told me that no one except her son, Tad—"

A big bus lumbered by and the words were blotted out by the noise.

"Tad's the apple of his father's eye," Mr. Stowe was saying, "and as full of mischief as they come. The day I was there his mother turned him over her knee and spanked—"

The sudden clanging of a firebell made Timothy lean forward to peer across the street. They were at Fourteenth Street, and on the opposite side of the Avenue was the firehouse. Its doors stood open and he could see men in red shirts and fancy helmets preparing to roll out the big engine. One man was shouting orders through a speaking trumpet.

"Stop a minute!" Mr. Brady called, and the horses were reined in so abruptly that the carriage stopped with a jerk.

People were coming on the run now, and you could hear shouts of "Fire! Fire!" A dozen or more men were

hauling at the engine and the next instant out it came, its polished brass as bright as the sun itself. Without a second's hesitation the firemen plunged into the standing water, their booted legs splashing it hip-high. When the front wheels of the engine reached the soft mud of the gutter, however, all impetus was lost and the firemen pulled in vain. Fortunately there was plenty of volunteer help present. Men and boys fell to, grabbing the big wheels by their spokes. Slowly—almost reluctantly the wheels began to turn.

To those watching from the carriage it was evident that the fire (wherever it was) would have more than a head start by the time the hand-pulled engine arrived.

"Drive on," Mr. Brady told the coachman, "we've an appointment to keep."

Timothy's first glimpse of the President's house was most disappointing. It wasn't even white. It was grimy and drab. And there wasn't so much as a single tree in front of it. He could see groups of men standing about in the sun on the lawn, and there were others on the portico. They appeared to be waiting.

As the boy climbed down from the high box of the carriage, he knew that many pairs of eyes were focused on the big camera he carried. Then, following Mr. Brady, he crossed the worn pavement of the portico and found himself in a small entrance lobby. On beyond was a large hall filled to overflowing with people.

Hearing someone address Mr. Brady by name, the boy turned to see an elderly man approaching. As the two shook hands the photographer said,

"Good morning, Edward, I should think a mob such as that would drive a doorkeeper out of his mind."

"Oh, we get used to it, sir. We've been swamped with

job-seekers every day since Mr. Lincoln took office. Do you want to go up to the President's office now?"

"Not till the others come—there are two more in my party. They'll be here in a minute with the darkroom equipment," Mr. Brady said.

"Well then, just you come take a look in the East Room, sir, and you'll see what we're up against in the way of numbers."

Determined not to lose sight of Mr. Brady for even a minute, Timothy tagged close. And as they threaded their way through the jam clustered about the foot of a broad flight of stairs, he glanced up. Standing elbow to elbow, in pairs, all the way to the top, were men waiting.

"It isn't going to be easy to get up those stairs with all our things," he told himself soberly.

They did not go beyond the doorway of the large East Room; it too was filled with waiting people. By standing on his toes and craning, the boy could see parts of the room. With Rosemary in mind he began to make mental notes: "I'll tell her there are chandeliers. Three of 'em. Glittery. And window drapes. Red. Mighty faded. Shabby-looking. A mirror over the fireplace—oh, what the heck! Who'd care a rap about such things?" His eyes came to rest on two dark-skinned men standing near the fireplace. Around the head of each was a beaded headband from which rose a tall, dyed feather. Now he had it! He could tell her there were Indians in the White House!

"I'll have one of the ushers take you up, Mr. Brady," the doorkeeper said, "you can use the private stairs from the usher's office."

Alec and Mr. Stowe were waiting in the main hall. And

after the four of them had been guided up the narrow, curved stairway Timothy was amazed to find even the spacious upper hall packed with people.

"However can so many people get to see Mr. Lincoln in one day?" he asked Alec, and the answer was a shrug.

"This is the room Mrs. Lincoln says you may use—" the usher flung open a door—"it's a spare room. Tad keeps his toys here."

"Toys!" exclaimed Mr. Brady, "I must say he has a *few!*"

"Exaggeration is to paint a snake and add legs," murmured the artist.

On the floor lay a scattering of lead soldiers, toy drums, a wooden cannon, a tin sword and belt. There were bean-bags and game-boards. And near the wall stood a huge rocking-horse. But what particularly caught Timothy's eye was a miniature theater. It had everything: stage, curtain, orchestra and tiny seats.

Pitching in with a will, the boy helped Alec and the usher clear a working space. It took surprisingly little time; and soon the boy, the artist and the photographer were following the usher along the crowded hall to the President's office.

As the moment drew near when once again he would see the tall, kindly man, Timothy was filled with an inner excitement. Would Mr. Lincoln possibly remember the boy to whom he talked that day in the Gallery? It wasn't likely. . . .

Mr. Lincoln was seated at a desk which stood at right angles to one of the windows. He had apparently been writing. But now he was leaning back in his chair, a yellow telegram held in one hand while he watched a

young man empty a sack of mail on the table which occupied the center of the room.

After rising to shake hands with Mr. Brady and Mr. Stowe, the President nodded briefly to the boy. If he remembered him there was no sign of it.

"I can give you only ten or fifteen minutes, Mr. Brady," he said in a tired voice. "The deluge will begin at ten o'clock and the many applicants leave me scant time for even my official duties." He paused and turned to the young man with the mail sack.

"Bobbie, hold the fort for me, will you? Don't let a single would-be postmaster in here until after Mr. Brady has his photographs."

"I doubt we need detain you long, Mr. President," the photographer said confidently.

While Mr. Lincoln was being posed Timothy mounted the camera on its tripod. Watching from the corner of his eye he approved the simplicity of the pose: the President was sitting at ease beside his desk, his long legs crossed.

"Fetch the plates, Son," Mr. Brady said, and the boy made for the door.

The signal agreed upon was two taps on the spare-room door. If Alec had the plates ready he would open at once, otherwise Timothy must wait. There was no waiting however. Almost at once the knob was turned, but the door remained closed, and a muffled voice said,

"Who's gone and locked this door I'd like to know."

Timothy had a hand on the knob when behind him he heard a defiant young voice.

"That's *my* room!"

Spinning round he saw an angry small boy shaking both clenched fists.

"You keep out!" he yipped, "that's *my* room and nobody but me can go in there."

"Oh, come now—give me the key, do," pleaded the older boy, "we've got to have the plates . . . you're holding us up."

"I won't! I won't! I won't!" shrieked the youngster.

"What's going on here?" demanded the young man called Bobbie, "Tad, what are you up to now?"

"That's *my* room—I've a right to lock it! They can't—"

Timothy broke in with an explanation.

"We've *got* to have the plates," he went on, "please make him give me the key."

"But it's *my* key!" cried the small boy.

Turning quickly, he slipped like an eel through the crowded hall, heading for his father's office. And Timothy, with a groan of exasperation, started after him.

Tad threw himself on his father's knees.

"Papa—Papa—they can't have my playroom," he sobbed. "I—I locked it."

Mr. Lincoln laid a soothing hand on his son's shoulder.

"Tad, go unlock the door." His voice was mild, he spoke slowly.

The boy backed off, muttering something under his breath, then turned and dashed from the room.

Again Timothy gave chase.

Those waiting in the hall were now alert with curiosity. One man clutched Timothy's arm.

"Say, what's all this?" he cried.

Timothy yanked himself free. Tad was no longer in sight, but the door through which he had vanished was directly opposite the locked room.

The door closed with a bang, but Timothy was not to be stopped. In he bolted to find himself in a bedroom.

Tad faced him like an animal at bay.

"You get out of here," he screamed, "this is my mama's room."

"Aw, now Tad, be a good kid," the older boy pleaded, "give me the key."

"I'll not!"

"But we'll be gone in just a little while—if you'll give me the key."

"No! No! No!"

Timothy was at his wit's end. Short of taking the key from Tad's fist by force, there seemed no way out.

As if in answer to a prayer he suddenly heard Mr. Lincoln's voice behind him.

"Tad," he said gently, "do you know that you are making your father a great deal of trouble?"

The small boy's face began to pucker. His mouth opened. He burst into tears.

"Here it is," he sobbed, extending his hand, "you can have—it—now."

Quickly taking the key from the small hot palm, Timothy looked up to catch Mr. Lincoln's eye.

"Tad didn't understand," his father said indulgently, "you'll have no more trouble—" he paused, smiling. "Now I remember you!" he exclaimed, "you're the lad whose name is the same as my wife's—Todd."

"Yes, sir," Timothy was showing all his teeth.

"And you, Tad—I'd advise you to get those tears washed off. When your mother returns she might question you." Mr. Lincoln's eyes crinkled at the corners, his smile broadened. "She believes in corporal punishment, you know."

Timothy's heart warmed to the tall, kindly man. He liked him—he just plain *liked* him.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

WAR CLOUDS

FOR MID-APRIL THE WEATHER WAS REMARKably warm. All the studio windows were wide open, but the heat seemed to stay outside, the indoor air felt uncomfortably chill.

Timothy was sitting at Mr. Stowe's desk struggling over a Sunday letter to his aunt. His eyes were fixed hopelessly on a blank sheet of paper while he chewed on a lead pencil already ringed with dents. No matter how he put it she'd be furious with him, he told himself grimly.

A splinter of wood came off in his mouth. He spat it

out noisily. Then, gripping the pencil with tense fingers, he began to write.

April 14, 1861

Dear Aunt Belle:

I reckon you're going to be mad at me and I am sorry. Anyhow I just can't come back right now so here is the train money you sent me.

The pencil-lead snapped. He'd been bearing down too hard. Oh, never in all time did ever anyone have so difficult a letter to write! No matter *what* he said, no matter how carefully he tried to explain, she'd still call him disloyal. A turn-coat! Possibly if she herself had heard Mr. Lincoln say: "You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors . . . we are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies."— Perhaps if she had heard that earnest voice with her own ears she might better understand how her nephew felt about the man who wanted peace, not war. The war had come now. And the South had been the aggressor—the hotheads of Charleston had fired the first shot.

And look at the question she'd asked about Mr. Stowe! "Was he related to the woman who had written the dreadful book about Tom's cabin?" Well, he didn't know. He'd never cared enough to ask him.

Fishing a penknife from his pocket, Timothy began to whittle a new point on his pencil. For some reason the frequent outbursts of noise from the street were distracting. People were out in droves, ready to cheer at the drop of a hat. Putting down pencil and knife he got to his feet and strolled to the window.

From the number of flags being waved about, you'd think folks had turned out to see a parade. But today it

was the other way round—the crowd itself was the parade. He could see a group of men marching arm in arm, singing *Yankee Doodle.*

Last night when Mr. Stowe had stopped in on his way home to tell them about the late news bulletin posted by the *Evening Star,* he'd said, "It's happened—just what we all feared. The fort has surrendered."

"Ah, zat means ze war begins," Papa Duval said, his voice trembly, as if he were going to cry.

"There are no details yet," Mr. Stowe'd said, "but the bulletin had it in a nutshell: 'After thirty-three hours of bombardment Fort Sumter has surrendered.' Well, I suppose next will come the President's call for volunteers," he went on, "I'd join up like a streak if I weren't already signed on as a sketch artist for *Harper's Weekly.* But I'll be in the thick of things anyway."

Then Madame Duval had wiped her cheeks with the back of her hand. But Rosemary was bright-eyed and excited. Tim had known what *she* was thinking because he'd heard her say more than once what she'd do if there was a war. She'd learn to be a nurse as fast as ever she could. As for himself, he too knew what he wanted. He wanted to be the camera boy chosen by Mr. Brady to go wherever he went.

With forearms resting on the sill, Timothy leaned out the window to look along the Avenue. He could hear band music in the distance, and church bells ringing. At the corner a man who had climbed part way up a lamp post was making a speech to a circle of upturned faces. Now, numbers of clattering horsemen were passing. They were soldiers and each had a great bundle of hay on the pummel of his saddle.

The boy's wandering gaze was suddenly attracted to the

opposite side of the street. At first he couldn't make out what was going on—too many people were in the way. But as he watched he saw two figures emerge from the crowd and start toward the closed market. One was tall, you could see only his back, but the hand with which he gripped the collar of the other was white. The captive was a colored boy, and as he struggled and twisted about, trying to free himself, Timothy recognized him. Poor Rass, he thought, what under the sun could *he* have done to get mixed up with the law?

As the pair turned east and the boy in the window got a good look at the taller of the two, he let out a gasp of surprise. It was Jake! And for some strange reason Jake was dragging Rass away against his will.

Timothy had seen enough to know that Rass was in trouble. He started lickety-split down the stairs. As he dashed through the kitchen he heard Rosemary sing out, "Oh, Tim!" But there was no time to be wasted in explanation.

Upon reaching the Avenue, however, he was brought to a full stop by a long line of lumbering white-topped army wagons. Their big canvas tops reminded him vaguely of the traveling Gallery. Ever since Inauguration Day he'd been on the lookout for Professor Pippin, and the familiar wagon drawn by the two piebalds, Punch and Judy.

A rattle of drums and outburst of military music caused the boy to peer down the Avenue. Evidently a parade was coming after all, so he'd better see to it that he'd cut and run before it reached Seventh Street. Luckily the last of the army wagons was now in sight.

Once on the far side of the Avenue a new problem pre-

sented itself. The problem of finding the pair. Had they kept to the direction in which they were heading? Not necessarily. They could readily have turned left, skirting the big market. Behind the sheds was the woodyard, a deserted place on Sundays—just the sort of place Jake would choose if he intended to do up Rass. No one could hear his yells for help, not when a parade was going by and everyone was yelling and cheering.

With confidence in his hunch Timothy circled the sheds. He had no plan of action in mind; no idea how he could cope with Jake. One thing only was certain—Jake didn't deal fair.

So sure was the boy of finding the two behind the market that he felt no trace of surprise when he saw them. Rass was half-doubled over, with his crooked arm drawn up behind his shoulder blades. Jake had him by the wrist and as he exerted pressure Rass screamed with pain.

Yelling at the top of his voice Timothy barged forward.

"Quit it, you rat! Quit it! Quit it!"

Jake twisted his neck and stared at the intruder without speaking.

"You'll break his arm!" Timothy yelled.

"Make him lemme go," sobbed Rass.

"Keep off or I'll do you in too," threatened Jake.

Timothy moved in closer.

"Ya—ya—ya," he taunted, "I dare you!"

Suddenly a long leg shot out. The kick missed Timothy by a scant inch. Just in time, quick as a cat, he had leaped backward.

For Rass, the miraculous appearance of help seemed heaven-sent. He had never felt quite at ease in the presence of the boy from North Carolina, although he had

always been nice enough to him in a condescending sort of way. But here he was now, challenging Jake like a gamecock.

The colored boy, taking heart, resumed his fruitless struggle to escape.

"Hey! None of that!" Jake gave the black wrist an upward jerk that rung a cry of agony from his victim.

Timothy saw red. Fists raised, he was on the point of striking out when Jake unexpectedly swooped down and with his free hand snatched up a stick of firewood. It was the only such stick in sight—a formidable weapon, too, which could be hurled with deadly aim.

There was nothing for it but to back off step by step. Timothy could not risk taking his eyes from the upraised hand for a split second. The stick was held poised, ready for instant release.

Tilted against the rear wall of the main shed were several old boards. One of them was fully six feet long. As he drew near, Timothy could just barely see it from the tail of his eye.

The next instant Jake had hurled his stick. Grazing the tip of Timothy's shoulder, it landed with a sickening thud against the side of the shed. He had dodged just in time.

No longer bound by the necessity of keeping his eyes on Jake, the boy whirled and caught up the long board. Holding it like a knight's lance he charged full tilt.

Jake had no choice. To stave off the thrust he must have both hands.

A violent shove in the back sent Rass sprawling. Then Jake, braced, was ready for the attack.

Timothy's sense of triumph was brief. Instead of over-

throwing the enemy he found that he had inadvertently presented him with a weapon.

The struggle for the possession of the board promised to be short. Timothy, feet planted, yanked with all his strength, but Jake's grip on his end of the board held firm. He had the young challenger in a tight spot and knew it. The instant Timothy let go and attempted to flee, a swing blow could knock him flat. The alternative was capture.

Slowly but surely the leering Jake was closing in on his young opponent, shifting his big hands one at a time along the board while keeping it firmly braced against his side.

Timothy, eyes narrowed, watched with growing fear. What had become of Rass? He'd seen him get to his feet and stand rubbing his arm, gaping open-mouthed at the tug of war between the two white boys. Then all at once he'd vanished.

Rass had crossed the woodyard in a matter of seconds. His choice of weapons was limited. All the boards leaning against the shed were rather short, but they were thick and had weight. If brought down full force on the skull of an enemy that would be the end of him.

As Rass caught up a board and swung it above his head, a sharp jab of pain shot along his arm. Gritting his teeth he made straight at Jake.

Jake saw him coming. The whirlwind attack was obviously too dangerous to be warded off with bare hands. Releasing his hold on the long board Jake quickly took refuge behind Timothy.

Rass swerved. Impetus was lost. But the fury of his intent had not lessened.

"I'll git you! I'll git you yet!" he yelled.

Jake began to edge toward the sheds. His sole concern now was self-preservation. Staving off two armed attacks at one and the same time was not for him. Arms crooked over his head to protect it, he yelped his protest.

"Lay off me! Lay off!" His voice was strained, his face white.

Rass, the heavy board held high, was circling, ready to strike the instant he could be sure of landing his blow with deadly effect.

Timothy, the long board held by its end, was making frequent thrusts at Jake's middle, but never quite touching him. It was evident that he preferred to rout the enemy rather than to fell him.

Rass was not for half-measures.

"Punch him in the belly!" he shrieked.

"By gum! I will," Timothy yelled. And his vigorous poke produced a loud and satisfactory grunt.

Hands over his middle Jake turned and bolted like a frightened hare.

Rass ran a few steps then hurled his board, although the fleeing Jake was already out of range.

"Oh, if I'd only slammed him *once,*" wailed Rass.

"You might have *killed* him. And he's not worth the trouble you'd be in then," Timothy said soberly.

"This ain't the first time he's hurt me *bad*." Rass scowled and rubbed his arm.

"Come on, let's clear out."

Side by side they made for the street, alert and on guard. But Jake had had more than enough, he was legging it for home.

The crowd in front of the market had thinned noticeably. The parade had gone its way and now the Avenue was jammed with equestrians, carriages, and wagons.

While the boys waited their chance to cross, Timothy eyed his companion inquiringly.

"Say, Rass, what'd you ever do to get Jake after you?"

"Nothin'! Not nothin'!"

"I thought he'd bust your arm for sure—" Timothy hesitated, Rass had his mouth buttoned up—"was he hurting you just for the fun of it?"

Rass shook his head.

Timothy shrugged. He knew that it was useless to question further.

"Aw, shucks—suit yourself."

Quick to spot a temporary opening in the traffic, he dashed ahead. But when he gained the sidewalk Rass was only a few paces behind.

"You-all was mighty daring . . . you-all—" Rass fumbled for words to express his gratitude.

"Aw, that was nothing," Timothy said airily, "but maybe I could help somehow if—"

"Can't nobody help me." The young Negro's voice was grim. He was tired and showed it.

"Want to come in the kitchen? Rest awhile?" Timothy invited.

Rass grinned with pleasure at the friendliness of the tone.

"A'right," he said.

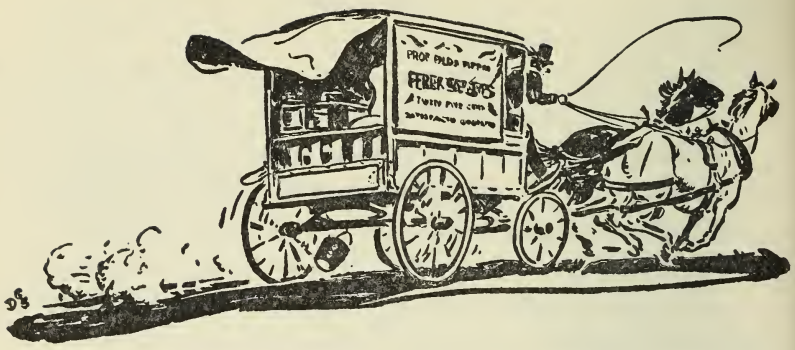
They halted at the kitchen door. Timothy turned the knob confidently, but the door failed to yield to his push.

"What the heck! This isn't ever locked in the daytime!"

Rattling the knob with one hand he beat on the wooden panel with the other.

Soon the key was grating in the lock and Papa Duval had the door open.

"Teem? *Eh bien!* Ze Professor is come for you."



CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

GENERAL TUBMAN

WITH HIS HANDS ON THE BOY'S SHOULDERS, Professor Pippin stood smiling down at his young friend.

"Tim, it does me good to see you looking so fit," he said warmly. "Guess you've fared well."

"Reckon I have." The boy's face wore a happy grin.

Madame Duval nudged Rass forward.

"You know Rass?" she said, "Rass Tubman."

"Oh ho! The General's nephew!" Professor Pippin exclaimed as the two shook hands. "I've heard Harriet talk about you plenty—she'll be mighty pleased to see you, Rass, when she wakes up."

"She am here now?" Rass asked, round-eyed.

"She is . . . got one of her tired spells. Has to sleep it off. You know how that is."

"I knows," agreed her nephew, with a little shake of his head.

Timothy sidled up to Rosemary.

"Is she up in the studio now?" he whispered.

"Yes. Isn't it too exciting!" The girl glanced quickly up at the closed door.

"Come, Teem, you sit here," Madame indicated a place at the table, "zen you can talk wiz your friend while he drink his coffee."

The Professor eyed with anticipation the generous slice of cake and steaming coffee cup brought to him by Papa Duval not two minutes before Timothy had banged on the locked door. Resuming his seat, he beamed across the table at the boy.

"Thanks to the young lady here, Tim, I've an idea how things have worked out for you," he said.

Timothy's grin widened. He knew just the way Rosemary must have chattered, making the most of every little bit he'd told her.

"Course you've wondered plenty why I didn't show up at the Monument—"

"You bet I did!"

"Naturally—naturally." The Professor took a large bite of cake and pointed with a long finger to a place on his upper arm. "I got winged I'll have you know. That guard feller . . . bullet caught me right here."

"What?" cried the boy, "he *shot* you?"

"Yup."

"But I didn't hear—"

"Guess you was a good ways across the bridge by then, Tim."

The Professor raised the cup to his lips, then paused and looked over its brim at Madame Duval. She was easing herself into the chair next to him.

"But what happened?" demanded the boy, "why did he shoot?"

"Joe sneezed."

"O-o-o-oh," Timothy groaned, "so they did find him!"

"Well, it's quite a story."

Professor Pippin dearly loved an audience, the larger the better, and his roving eye now noted with pleasure that the pretty girl with the dimples, her father and young Rass had joined him at the table. All were hanging on his words. And for their benefit he launched into an explanation.

"Joe's the poor runaway Tim and I picked up. We had him hid in my darkroom, but you'd never think to look for a snug little place like that in a van unless you knew something about photography. And when that guard feller said—remember, Tim?—when he said, 'There was a traveling gallery like yours through here last week—' when he said that I knew the gig was up—I knew he'd go poking round too much. So, on the spur, I sent Tim a-wild-goose-chasing cross the bridge with a letter I happened to have on me. Then I set myself to convince that guard that I had no call to drive over, now that the letter was off my mind."

The Professor stopped speaking when he saw Papa Duval rise from the table and go to the stove for the big coffee pot—taking notice was part of a photographer's stock in trade.

"Don't mind if I do, thanks," he murmured.

Timothy hunched himself forward on his elbows.

"Was that when Joe sneezed?"

"Not exactly. I'd been talking quite some time before that happened. I just talked along, saying how I'd found I could do better with picture-taking when I kept to Virginia and points south. Well, he got to looking real bored and pretty soon he said, 'All right—no need to

search you if you ain't crossing the bridge. So get going.' And I said, 'All right,' and reached for my whip. *Then's* when Joe sneezed!"

"Oh, goodness me!" gasped Rosemary. Madame Duval made a clucking noise with her tongue.

"You should have seen that feller grab for his gun, Ma'am. I laid on the whip and the team jumped like they'd been jabbed with a pitchfork. But he was quick on the trigger . . . winged me right here. Guess he fired again—I don't rightly remember—but anyhow we was traveling so fast that not more than one wheel at a time hit the road for the next mile. My whole arm was numb like it was dead. And I was bleeding bad."

The Professor gave his chair a little hitch so that he could look directly at Madame Duval.

"It ain't my custom to lash my horses, Ma'am," he said, "and Tim can back me up on that."

"Only when you *have* to." Timothy snickered when he remembered the way the wagon had raced away from the two paterollers who had stopped them. "Only when you have to," he repeated.

"Well, not to string it out too long, when we got to a place where it seemed safe to stop—they didn't chase us—I got Joe out. Poor lad, he was so scared he could hardly stand up. But when he saw the bad trouble I was in, he pulled himself together . . . knew how to tie up my arm, stopped its bleeding. Then he sort of took charge—drove and all that. We hid out in an old mill for a spell while Joe looked after me. Scouted nights—kept us fed."

Professor Pippin began to sip the hot coffee slowly, enjoying its flavor.

"Oh, do tell us about Aunt Harriet," Rosemary begged.

"Yes Ma'am, I was coming to her—" he smiled indul-

gently—"but if you want it now, Miss, it's all right with me. Harriet was telling me she's been here before."

"Oh, she has! She has, yes. She stayed up in the studio once for almost a week. She was on her way to Philadelphia. Remember, Papa? Remember what that Quaker wrote Mr. Stowe afterward? About how they'd hidden her in the Friends Meeting House."

"Harriet must have thought she was in clover," the Professor gave a quick chuckle. "Most times it's been pigpens and potato-pits—places like that she's had to hide in. Has she ever told you, Ma'am, about how she helps the runaways?"

"No, she talked but leetle," Madame said. "M'sieur Stowe has told us more . . . we know she is very brave."

"You're right she is, Ma'am. Got a heart like an ox. Near as strong as one, too. I've worked with her—I know how she handles her people when any of 'em get so tired, or so scared, they want to give up. You see she always totes a pistol with her. And if anybody squawks about quitting she just points it at 'em and says, 'Brother, keep going or die.' "

"Zat scar on ze head?" Papa Duval's fingers went to the faint line on his own forehead.

"Well, she got that when she was a slave on a plantation here in Maryland." The photographer's expressive face grew sober. "They treated her cruel—no mistake about that. Why, after all these years her shoulders show long lash scars. But the scar you're speaking of came from her trying to save a young fieldhand. The overseer had just started to beat him when he managed to break loose and run. Harriet was there. She jumped in the overseer's way so's to give the boy time. And that made the over-

seer so all-fired mad he let fly with a two-pound scale weight. Cracked her skull. Knocked her cold."

Timothy caught Rosemary looking at him with a what-did-I-tell-you glint in her eye. Now she'd insist harder than ever that *all* overseers were cruel monsters. He pulled a wry face.

"It was months before she was up and around," the Professor was saying, "but then she started right in making plans to get free. Oh, she's smart! Found her way through the swamp—got clean up North. But that wasn't enough for Harriet. No siree. She went straight back to show others how to get free."

"Why zey call her *General?"* Papa Duval asked.

"Oh, that's what John Brown called her. 'Cause she's a leader, I guess. But her own people call her *Moses.*"

"Mr. Stowe says she can whistle exactly like a whippoorwill," Rosemary put in eagerly.

"That's right. She goes from plantation to plantation rousing the slaves, giving 'em courage to run away. 'When the whippoorwill calls,' she tells 'em, 'you come. I'll steer you to freedom . . . we'll follow the North Star.' "

"I wonder how many of the poor people got caught," the girl said.

"Not one! Not one single one," cried the Professor, "and nobody knows how many hundreds of passengers she's delivered up North."

"Think of all those rewards, too," Timothy put in. "Wouldn't you think they might have caught her with bloodhounds?"

"Not Harriet—she's too smart for 'em," the Professor said, "I asked her once, aren't you afraid of the hounds? She just looked at me and patted the butt of her pistol.

'Maybe I'll get caught someday,' she said, 'but it won't be alive.' "

"Ze war—will zat make difference for her?" asked Madame Duval.

"Indeed yes! She tells me she aims to join up as soon as the real fighting starts. Says she can do anything the army wants—be a cook, a nurse, guide, spy—anything. And like I said, she's strong as an ox. Why, she can tote a barrel of flour on one shoulder.

Rass broke his long silence:

"Auntie ain't safe yet. They's still after her."

"That's true enough," agreed Professor Pippin. "There's a man right here in Washington who's worse than all the bloodhounds put together. He makes a business of picking up colored people—has a string of men working for him. Gives 'em forged papers claiming some freed Negro is a runaway. Or maybe they sneak up on some Negro and kidnap him and send him to a slave-pen down South to be sold. You know who I mean, Rass. He goes in for collecting rewards, too. He's been after Harriet this long while. Name's Garlick."

"Garlick!" shouted Timothy, "jumping Jupiter!"

"Oh, it can't be the one we know!" cried Rosemary.

"He's in the photo supply business, Ma'am."

The Professor turned to look at Rass. Timothy was looking at him too.

"Now I see it," he said. "*That's* why Jake was after you! He was trying to *make* you tell about your aunt?"

The colored boy licked his lips, hesitated, then nodded ever so slightly.

"Don't you fear—they won't get her, Rass," the Professor's voice was confident, "we ain't aiming to let down

our guard just because there's a war on. Garlick and his like are probably counting on its being over in two-three months, with the South in the saddle, so they'll not let up on their dirty work."

"Yes, I knows," Rass agreed sadly.

Madame and her husband had been exchanging words in French. Now she turned back to the others.

"M'sieur Garlick has asked much about M'sieur Stowe," she said, "but we did not guess ze reason." She shrugged her ample shoulders. "He learned leetle from us—ze—ze *cochon!"*

"It's that crack in her skull what gives her these sleeping spells." The Professor leaned back in his chair and looked thoughtfully at the studio door. "She'll sleep like the dead till it wears off—sometimes only a little while, sometimes it's hours." He turned to Rass. "Course it *was* risky, her wanting to see you this trip. When she told me she was aiming to come, I said wait till I hitch and I'll drive you in. And when we was just a little ways from here she felt a spell coming on, so she said bring her here. She said you folks don't keep open for meals, Ma'am, after three o'clock on Sundays—that we wouldn't be in the way."

"Tim," Rosemary interrupted eagerly, "he didn't know you were here—not till I told him! When he said he was a traveling photographer I asked if he knew you—then it all came out!"

"By cracky!"

"The young lady says you're working for Brady of Broadway, Tim," Professor Pippin's face was wreathed in smiles, "she says he opened a branch gallery here a couple of years back."

"Yup, I'm working there," the boy said guardedly. He did not want to return to his old job, to be a mere assistant to a traveling photographer.

"I was hoping you'd land on your feet—like they say a cat does. And I wasn't sure I could bluff the guard out of searching the van. If he had found Joe it would have meant trouble for me—and you, too, if you were there."

"Reckon I did land on my feet all right." Timothy caught Rosemary's eye and grinned. "You said you hid in a mill," he went on, "what happened after that?"

"Well, we were both pretty sick for quite a spell. But finally we came across by the Chain Bridge—that's way up the river and it ain't guarded. Do you know the old C and O Canal up there?"

"Why, yes," Rosemary began, but Timothy shook his head.

"Lots of locks. As many as seven in one place. But no need to go into particulars. The point is, one of the lock-tenders is a right good friend of the Underground. I'm still putting up there. Joe's working on a canal barge—" the Professor broke off abruptly. "Guess you were glad to get your carpetbag, eh, Tim?"

"Sa-a-y!" exclaimed the boy, "tell me—how'd you know where to bring—er—send it?"

"Well, I turned it over to the captain of the barge—he'd said he knew folks in Washington, tied up with the Underground. So—well, the chance was worth taking, eh, Rass?"

"Rass Tubman! I always did think you were the one who brought it," cried the girl, shaking her finger at him, "but *why* wouldn't you tell us? Don't you trust *us?*"

"Oh, it ain't that, Ma'am," the Professor put in. "Don't you see? All his life, probably, the boy's had it dinged

into him: hold your tongue—talk and your auntie may get caught. See?"

Professor Pippin's quick glance swept the table. Everyone, including Rass, was nodding soberly.

"And now you, Tim," he went on, "I'll leave it to you—stay on here with Brady if you want, or come along back with me. I'll be doing a land-office business soon as the army's got its camps set up. Yes siree, it'll be take-take-take all day long. Every Johnny in uniform will want a likeness to send home to the folks—" the enthusiasm in the photographer's voice mounted—"there'll be real money in it for you, my boy."

Timothy swallowed hard. All eyes were focused on him, he was expected to give his answer then and there. And the choice, all of a sudden, was not easy. At the Gallery things were very uncertain—now that there was a war on. He wasn't apprenticed; he could be dropped any day. On the other hand, it would be fun to go traveling about from camp to camp. Life would be varied and amusing. And on bright days they'd be busy from "can to can't."

"Well, I reckon—" he paused, his eyes on the studio door as it creaked open. Then he saw a stumpy figure dressed like a man.

"I'se ready soon's hit am dark enough," Harriet stated in a deep, resonant voice.

Rass sprang to his feet.

"Hello, Auntie," he said, grinning eagerly.

"Hello, Rass honey—" her gaze shifted to Timothy. "Who is you, white boy?" she demanded bluntly.

"He all right, Auntie," Rass said quickly, *"he my friend."*

"That's right," Timothy heard himself say, and realized

that he was more than a little pleased.

"You had your sleep out double-quick this time," the Professor said as Harriet started down the stairs.

"I'se sure am glad to see my Rass," she said affectionately.

"Rosemary, set a place for ze General," directed Madame, "she will have cake and coffee now."

Timothy had risen with the others. He stood by the table, frankly staring at the dark, plain face of the brave little woman who lived so dangerously, pitting her wits against those intent on her capture.

"I aims to go see Mister Lincum someday," she was saying, "Mister Lincum am going to free all my people."

"Tim," Rosemary twitched at the boy's sleeve, "Tim," she whispered, "you can't leave Mr. Brady's now. You just can't!"

"No?"

"No, you can't!"

"Why? Don't *you* want me to?"

"Tim, do be serious."

"Well, then—"

"Do you want to be just a tintype-taker all your life?"

"No, I don't," the boy admitted.

"Then tell him you're staying, Tim."

"Umm—reckon I better."

CHAPTER NINETEEN

THE TRAVELING DARKROOM

WITH FEVERISH HASTE THE CAPITAL CITY began to prepare itself for war. But the hour was late, people said. It was like trying to lock the barn after the horse-thief had his foot in the door. The South was mobilized and ready to strike, they said, while the North was not. And the city could not possibly defend itself, they said . . . they said . . . they said.

Rumor had it that at any minute troops from the other side of the Potomac might shoot down the handful of soldiers guarding Long Bridge. Then across they'd come to loot and burn the city, to seize the Government.

The prospect was frightening. Housewives, thinking only of their own families, frantically began to hoard pro-

visions. They bought right and left and as supplies ran low, prices mounted.

Madame Duval, bristling with indignation, could scarcely contain herself. Whether alone or in the company of others, she was given to explosive remarks.

"It is a crime!" she'd cry, "zey ask double ze value. More zan double! And say one is fortunate to get it at any price. Ah me, I would sooner we close zan go on like zis."

One night when Timothy and Rosemary were doing the dinner dishes she paused by the kitchen table to tap on its wooden top by way of emphasis.

"Teem, do you know what zey ask now for one barrel of flour?"

"Yes, Ma'am. Rosemary was just saying—fifteen dollars."

"And last time I buy, ze same flour cost *seven* dollars a barrel. It is a crime!"

Papa Duval had removed his tall starched hat and was mopping his warm brow. He sighed as he looked at the boy.

"Teem, does it go well wiz ze Gallery?" he asked.

"Bad! Awful! Not enough sitters to keep even one operator busy. Mr. Gardner's talking about closing . . . Mr. Brady's gone back to New York. I reckon things are in a bad way."

"Just look at the way everybody's leaving Washington," cried Rosemary. "Why, only this morning I saw a *gentleman* pushing a wheelbarrow with a trunk on it. There was a lady with him, his wife I suppose. And two children. They were all carrying things. I guess it's next to impossible to hire a cart—every one you see is piled up

with baggage and heading for either the depot or the dock."

"At least the trains are still running," Timothy said soberly. "Mr. Stowe says as soon as they begin sending troops, that will put a stop to passenger travel."

"I do wish they'd hurry up and send us some soldiers," wailed the girl. "How do they think poor Washington is going to defend itself, I'd like to know."

"There are the volunteers—" the boy began.

"My gracious! Have you seen them?" snapped Rosemary. "They're about as sorry a looking lot of greenhorns as you could find anywhere."

Timothy snickered.

"What about Jake? Don't you think he'd be equal to standing off a whole army by himself?"

"Tim! You don't mean—"

"Yep. I thought maybe you knew he'd enlisted."

"But, Tim, he isn't old enough, is he?"

"Oh, I reckon they'd believe him if he added a year when he told them."

The very thought of Jake's being permanently away from the Gallery filled Timothy with glee.

"Johnny says he thinks Jake joined up so's to get out from under his father's iron thumb," he said.

"He'd probably look real well in uniform," Rosemary said and smiled when Timothy made a grimace.

"I'm old enough to be a drummer boy," he said, "maybe I will enlist if the Gallery does close."

"What you say?" demanded Papa Duval, his forehead puckered.

"Well, it might be a good idea," the boy protested. "I can't go hunting up the Professor and say, please I've

changed my mind. He told me he was planning to train Joe to help if I didn't want to. And he'd not need two assistants, you know."

"Teem listen," Madame Duval put her hand over the boy's, "we lose one son . . . do not go."

"Yes Ma'am." Timothy wanted to say something comforting, but he did not know how, so he repeated, "Yes Ma'am," in a tone that made the words convey a promise.

Everyone at the Gallery was filled with gloom.

On Thursday morning had come the dreaded announcement: The Gallery will be closed indefinitely.

For more than a week the Photographic Art Gallery had opened its doors to the public at ten. But the public was in no mood to sit calmly before a camera. With an attack on the city expected momentarily, interest in portraits was at low ebb.

Even President Lincoln was in despair. He'd been heard to say, "I begin to believe there is no North."

Timothy and Johnny, suddenly finding themselves with time on their hands, turned their backs on the Gallery and strolled slowly along the deserted Avenue. Shop after shop had shuttered windows and padlocked doors. The wind from the river was heavy with the rank odor of marshy land at low tide. It was all most depressing.

"Shucks, I don't know what I'm going to do now," Timothy growled.

"Even if the Duvals do close the restaurant, couldn't you still bunk in the studio?" Johnny asked.

Timothy shrugged. The idea of being at loose ends made him so low in his mind that he hadn't even tried to think things out.

"I'll let you in on something," Johnny said.

"Such as?"

"You've seen the darkroom I've rigged up for myself at home. And now I'm trying to get hold of a better camera—second-hand, of course—"

"Huh-huh, that'll be nice," Timothy said listlessly. He'd been at Johnny's house any number of times. His mother was a milliner. Made fancy flower-trimmed pokes in her parlor-workshop.

"Then if I can rig up some sort of little portable darkroom," Johnny went on, "a sort of box with sleeve places where you can put your arms. And a little yellow glass window in the top, so's to look down and see what you're doing—"

The enthusiasm in his voice was contagious.

"Sa-a-ay—that sounds like an idea!" Timothy cried, "but all that would take a heap of money. And anyway, what could you do with an outfit like that?"

"Go to the camps. Take pictures of soldiers on paper negatives."

"Whew! Johnny! Need a helper?"

"Yep."

"Then you've got one!"

The two boys stopped short and shook hands.

"There's just one thing that'll keep me from trying to put my scheme through."

"Oh, say, I'd hoped—"

"Hold on—I'm talking about Mr. Brady's plans now. I'll tell you all I know about them if you promise to sit on your tongue."

"I promise—honor bright."

"Lookit, Tim. As long as we're just walking—no place special to go—let's head over toward the depot. I'll tell you as we go along."

"But why the depot?" Timothy made a sour face. "There hasn't been a train in or out for days and days."

"Oh, lots of people go to the depot every day just on the chance that a trainload of troops will come—they've *got* to come sometime. Now that the telegraph wires have been cut, we're awfully marooned. I've heard that they've sent out dozens of messengers on horseback and not one single one has returned. . . ."

"About Mr. Brady's plans?" Timothy dragged the conversation back. "Will the Gallery—"

"It's not the Gallery. It's what *he'll* do, now there's a war. He was in the darkroom just before he left for New York, talking with Mac. He asked him what he thought about rigging up a wagon with shelves and built-in places for plates and chemicals and all that. He said he'd want a traveling darkroom that could be stocked with enough supplies to keep him going for days at a stretch."

"By gravy! That does sound as if he really is aiming to take war pictures," Timothy cried.

"Yep, just that."

The two, hands in pockets, walked slowly, each deep in his own thoughts. Timothy could see himself helping Mr. Brady. The darkroom wagon would be drawn up on some battlefield, exactly as the Professor's Traveling Gallery had stopped beside a village green. Then quick as a wink out he'd hop with Mr. Brady's big camera and tripod, ready to follow the photographer right into the thick of things. Perhaps they'd live in a tent and maybe wear some sort of uniform . . . blue with metal buttons . . . the bullets would whizz by on all sides. But he wouldn't be afraid. He'd set up the camera and—

Johnny had stopped in his tracks. With his hand on Timothy's arm, he said,

"Hold on! Tim, did you hear that whistle?"

"I wasn't listening. What sort of—"

"Listen! There it goes again!"

Far off but clear and unmistakable came the prolonged tooting whistle of a locomotive.

"Hallelujah!" shouted Johnny. "Pick up your hind legs and run!"

As the two boys tore along the dusty street Timothy was impressed with the speed with which Johnny could get over the ground in spite of his short legs.

The triumphant whistle of the approaching train was bringing people on the run. All down the street, doors had been flung open. Women and children were leaning from upper-story windows. There were shouts of joy:

"The soldiers are coming at last! The city's saved!"

As if by magic the spell had been broken. The sleeping city woke to the tramp of marching feet; woke to find itself host to far more soldiers than it knew what to do with.

Soon the hastily erected camps, and even the public buildings, were jam-packed with men in uniform. Troops were quartered in the East Room of the White House. They were quartered in the Capitol and had to sleep on the hard marble floors. In all Washington there were not enough cots, clothing or rifles to go round. But a soldier with money in his pocket could always find places to spend it. Candy shops, tobacco shops and barber shops did a humming business.

Mr. Brady's Gallery on Pennsylvania Avenue reopened at once and was soon up to its ears in work. For the most part, the sitters were a picturesque lot.

One day when Timothy had occasion to go into the re-

ception room he saw a drum major, in a tall bearskin cap, talking to a young man wearing a gorgeous Zouave uniform trimmed with gold braid. Nearby stood a group of Highlanders in kilts.

The busy Gallery could not afford to be short handed, therefore a boy was brought on from the New York staff to replace Jake.

Timothy looked the newcomer over critically.

It was hard to guess his age. Light-brown hair, eyes that crinkled at the corners when he laughed, a snub nose and over-sized mouth. Nothing wrong there.

"You 'prenticed?" he asked the new boy.

"That I am. And I answer to Mike—*if* I answer," was the cocky reply.

The two boys had just completed the rounds of the Gallery with Timothy serving as guide. Remembering his own first tour of the workrooms (with Jake to show him around) he fully expected Mike to be properly impressed.

"We've got a mighty fine place here," he said proudly.

"Humph—think so? Well, then you just ought to see our New York Gallery. Why, you could put this dump in its pocket and never make a bulge. And old wind-bag Gardner was trying to make me think the move would be a step up for me—ba-a-ah!"

Timothy bristled. He looked down his nose at the boy from New York.

"Anyway, Mr. Brady likes it here. He's here a lot of the time," he said with warmth.

Mike grinned knowingly and wagged his head.

"Yup. Yup, and for good reason. There's a plan brewing. Heard about it?"

Conscious of his promise to Johnny, Timothy's reply

was noncommittal.

"What sort of a plan?" he asked, taking care not to appear too interested.

"Oh, just plans." Mike screwed up one eye and stuck out his tongue.

Timothy regarded him with open distaste. Having so recently been released from one rival by the departure of Jake, it was disturbing to now find himself faced with the fact that a new boy must be reckoned with. If the day ever came that Mr. Brady set forth with his traveling darkroom, he'd take one, not two, camera boys.

As the busy weeks raced by, Timothy found himself actually liking his cheerful, snub-nosed workmate. Say something funny and Mike was always ready with a yowl of laughter. He was two years older, and from the first it was evident to both of them that he was the more experienced of the two, yet he never tried to lord it over the younger boy.

Nevertheless, the fly in the ointment did buzz at times. Mike was apprenticed. Timothy was not. And whenever he approached Mr. Wood on the subject the answer was always the same, "Later, perhaps."

By the middle of July all the staff knew that Mr. Brady had purchased four horses, and two wagons to be converted into darkrooms on wheels. And all but one of the staff waxed enthusiastic over the plan to take "war views."

Mr. Sneedly alone threw cold water on the project. He was heard to say,

"It's beyond me how anyone would want to take photographs of a field covered with dead bodies."

Afterward, when telling Rosemary about it, Timothy wound up with the comment that old Sneedly was a sour

one anyway.

"Oh, I think pictures of poor dead soldiers would be just too dreadful!" she cried.

"But *look*—" Timothy had not expected the girl to chime in with Mr. Sneedly's sentiments, "look, that's not all there is to it! Mr. Wood says photographs of entrenchments would be invaluable to—to military topographers. They make the maps, you know. It's just that the whole idea is so new—that's the reason he's having trouble—having ummm—" his voice trailed off. Rosemary simply wasn't listening. Her eyes were on her knitting. She was counting stitches under her breath.

"Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen—there now," she looked up with a bright smile. "What did Mr. Wood say?"

"All wool and a yard wide," growled the boy. Let her get mad if she wanted to . . . he listened when *she* talked, even when what she said was dull as mud.

He saw Rosemary steal a glance at him from under her long lashes. Repenting, he grinned and she gave a self-conscious giggle.

"You ought to see all the flags our church sewing group has made," she said, "flags and bandages—oh, so many! Next week we're to begin making havelocks."

"Havelocks," repeated the boy, "Have lock . . . have scalp. Sounds like Injin talk."

"Oh, you! Don't you know what they are?"

"Nope."

"Why, they're the funny white flap things the soldiers wear hanging down from the backs of their caps. That's to keep the sun off. You don't get sunstroke if the back of your neck is covered," she explained.

"Fine! Just what I'll need when I'm out in the sun carrying Mr. Brady's camera—"

Rosemary's eyes flew open.

"Oh, Tim—you don't mean—" she began breathlessly.

"Yep, we're starting most any day now."

"It's all very well for Mr. Brady to get mixed up in battles and have his head shot off, if he wants to, but if you —you—" Rosemary broke off, her face suddenly rose-pink.

A little glow of pleasure warmed Timothy's heart. He liked Rosemary a lot, but until now he had no idea that she cared two pins for him.

"We've been trying the new darkroom wagon out, and it's sure fine," he began to fish in his pocket. Now that he had the girl's full attention the time had come to show her the ferrotype. Holding it in his hand, face-down, he went on talking.

"Yesterday we drove out to one of the camps. And who d'you think I saw? Guess."

"You just *might* have seen Professor Pippin."

"That's who it was! He and Joe were busy as bees. They were taking likenesses of soldiers and I didn't have much time to talk with him until Mr. Brady went into the Headquarters tent. The Professor was taking mighty fancy photos—I'd never seen the like, but Johnny knew about them. And he took one of me . . . for you."

Grinning with mischief, the boy handed the small ferrotype to the girl and then sat back, waiting her squeal of surprise. It came almost at once.

"Why, Tim! Tim, whatever? It's your face—but—"

"Yep, my face and the body of a sweet li'l pig."

"But how—what—"

"Oh, that's a new wrinkle—a caricature picture, it's called. And I'll tell you how it's done. The Professor had a lot of big cardboards with pictures on them and with

places cut out on top for the chin." The boy pointed to the small photograph. "See? My chin fitted right in there, but you can't see any line because it's a close fit. And of course the picture of the pig didn't have any head . . . I was sitting down, holding the cardboard picture on my knees."

"Well, I suppose it *is* funny, but—"

"Some of the cards had little dwarf men—didn't have heads of course—and some of them had donkeys and oh, I don't know how many other animals. I remember a goose, but I chose the pig—thought you'd say it was a good fit."

"Oh, Tim," sighed the girl, "what a tease you are."

"Of course there are some *ifs* in our way," the boy's voice grew sober, "Now that Mr. Brady's all ready to start for the place in Virginia, where they're fighting, he's being held up. Can't get the permit to go. Johnny says Mr. Brady knows General Scott real well, but when he went to him to ask for a permit, the General probably hemmed and hawed. Anyway, Mr. Brady had to keep on asking and asking. He went to the White House and Mr. Lincoln sent him to someone else. And, well, he hasn't got it *yet!* So maybe he gets it. Maybe he doesn't."

"Dear me, it does seem there's always something—some problem that you have to deal with, no matter *who* you are," Rosemary sighed.

"Yep, I know," agreed the boy. "Mr. Stowe was at the White House the other day—went to show Mr. Lincoln the portrait of him he's just finished. And he says Mr. Lincoln looks ready to fold up, he's so tired and worried, too. Worried because the troops are so green. . . . Yep, no matter who you are, there's always a problem," he added sagely.

CHAPTER TWENTY

WAR VIEWS

HE WAS SITTING HUNCHED ON THE GRASS, legs drawn up, blinking sleepily at the dancing flames of the campfire. Earlier in the evening Mr. Brady and the others had been talking about the coming battle—then Timothy had been all ears—but now they were discussing politics and he was not interested.

By turning his head he could see the glow of many fires in the next field where the soldiers were camping. Dark forms moved back and forth, silhouetted against the light. There was much shouting and laughter, with occasional outbursts of song. A group was at it now, singing *The Girl I Left Behind Me.*

For him there was only one girl—a girl with a dimple in each cheek. When they'd all said goodbye the night before, she'd fetched out a box.

"I made these spice cookies myself," she'd said, "because I know how much you love them. Only don't be piggy, Tim, and gobble them all up at once."

He'd wanted to kiss her then and there, but lacked the nerve. Then, of all things, Papa Duval had up and kissed *him!* On both cheeks! Madame had kissed him too. But that was different—he'd been expecting that.

"Do take care, Teem," she'd said, "we want you back."

It was just as if they thought he would be in real danger —which he wouldn't of course. All fighting was taking place miles away from where they were now—a town with the funny name of Fairfax Court House.

Timothy yawned and began to unlace his shoes.

The two darkroom wagons had left Washington at sunup. Mr. Stowe, a newspaper man from New York, and Mr. Brady had shared the seat of the first wagon, while he and Alec and Johnny had been together in the other. Operator Wood preferred a horse, so he'd ambled along on a big bony creature hired for the occasion. For most of the way he'd kept close to the wagon driven by Mr. Brady, little dreaming of course that his son, Billie, lay hidden in back.

It was Alec who'd discovered the stowaway later on, while unloading the tent from the wagon.

"For the love of little green apples!" he'd shouted, "look who's here!"

Then he hauled Billie out by the heels. His face was beet-red, but that was because of the terrific heat in the closed back of the wagon.

The boy's father had been furious, but Mr. Brady had only chuckled. And later Timothy had heard him say to Mr. Stowe, "That's just the sort of caper I might have cut at his age."

The day had been a scorcher, but the dust was worse than the heat. It was gritty between your teeth and your nose seemed stuffed with cotton wool.

They'd been forced to travel in a cloud of dust from the time the two wagons had wheeled across Long Bridge, until they reached Fairfax Court House. Travel at the snail's pace, too, set by the endless train of white-topped army wagons. With horses' noses right up against the tailboard of the wagon ahead, they'd poked along, breathing dust, until finally there'd come a chance to cut out of line and drive to the head of the column. Little good that did them, though, because all too soon they found themselves following in the wake of the army.

He and Alec and Johnny had their jackets off and their sleeves rolled up, but Mr. Brady kept on his linen duster throughout the livelong day. He was wearing a straw hat that looked too small for him.

As soon as they had reached their destination Mr. Brady called for plates, so Johnny climbed into the back of the hot wagon and started in. Meanwhile Alec and the others pitched the tent and made camp.

Presently, when he and Mr. Brady set out to take photographs, Billie elected to tag along, so Timothy had thought it wise to warn the youngster.

"Now don't you dare get lost," he'd said, "I'm going to be too busy to keep an eye on you."

He had indeed been busy. For one thing he had to stand guard over the precious camera. It couldn't be left a minute because the town was swarming with soldiers

on the loose, looking for fun. You could tell from the things they were carrying that they'd been looting the houses. One fellow had a rocking chair hooked over his arm. Two others lugged a basket between them. It was filled with sofa pillows and table silverware. One clownish soldier had a lace shawl round his shoulders and on his head a poke bonnet.

"Where's the birdie?" he yelled, thrusting his grinning face close to the lens, "take me! take pretty me!"

Timothy, uncertain of what might happen, had put a steadying hand on the tripod. Mr. Brady was busy at the moment with the officer who had asked to see his permit. Only the day before he had managed to get what was called "a temporary pass." Lots of people were being given such passes, Johnny said.

The soldiers, clustering about the camera, roared at the antics of the show-off in the poke bonnet. Encouraged by the laughter he was prancing too close to the tripod.

One of the laughing men shouted at him.

"Watch out, private! That box is loaded—it may go off and kill you!"

That was all Timothy had needed. Quick as a wink he had caught the idea.

"It's loaded!" he shouted, "it's a steam gun . . . it can shoot a million bullets a minute!"

How they'd all yowled at that—all but the fellow in the bonnet. He'd backed off, with a silly grin on his face.

There was no telling what the soldiers might have been up to next. Luckily, by then, Mr. Brady was free to take charge of things.

In all the photographs of street scenes, the men kept traipsing back and forth in front of the camera. Mr. Brady said it didn't matter so long as they kept on the move.

"I'm using a small-sized stop in the lens," he explained. "With a long exposure only stationary objects register."

It was not until he was starting back for the darkroom wagon with the plate-holders that Timothy had wondered about Billie. Then he saw him on ahead, trailing a big Confederate flag in the dust. And all at once he'd found himself feeling mighty edgy at the sight of the stars and bars being treated like a rag.

"Guess who I've seen," Billie was yipping at him a minute later, "guess who. Go on, guess."

"Aw, your granny," he'd said, cross as two sticks.

"I had to chase after him 'cause I wasn't sure. But it *was* Jake—it was him all right."

"Wasn't that just bully!" he'd said. He wasn't going to let on he'd liked to have had a squint at Jake in uniform himself.

From the first, the two darkroom wagons had attracted much attention. And when he and Billie got back to the field where the wagons were, they found a dozen or more Zouaves standing about, eyeing them with interest.

"What's this outfit anyway?" one tall fellow had shouted at Timothy, "Say—what's it?"

"That's it," he shouted back, "it's a *whatsit*."

The joke brought a roar. And the name stuck. Later he heard two soldiers laughing about "Brady's Whatsit."

Yawning, the boy got to his feet. They'd be making an early start in the morning and it was high time he stretched out beside Billie. They had spread their blanket on the grass behind the tent. It was going to be fun to snooze under the stars with a chorus of tiny insects chirping and singing among the leaves.

Next morning the two darkroom wagons were on the move at an early hour.

It was only a matter of six miles from Fairfax Court House to Centerville, and by taking to the road before the army wagons set out, Mr. Brady's traveling darkrooms were able to make excellent time.

The new campsite was on the side of a hill. And Timothy wondered if Mr. Brady had chosen it because of the view. You could follow the winding turnpike with your eyes for all of a mile or more. There were dark wooded stretches dotted with open fields, and in the far distance was a line of blue and purple mountains. Everything looked so lovely and peaceful that he found it hard to realize that the deep, rolling rumble, echoed by the hills, was actually artillery fire.

When he'd first heard the heavy rumbling he'd mistaken it for thunder.

"Alec!" he yelled, "it's going to storm."

"No, it isn't," Alec said, "that's man-made thunder you hear. And it sounds as if the rebels are catching it hard."

And now, all morning long, the army wagons and columns of marching men had been streaming past.

The carriages, bringing the Congressmen, arrived at noon.

Mr. Brady knew them all, it seemed. He greeted each man by name as they shook hands, and Timothy heard him say to one of them.

"So you've driven all this way in the heat to see with your own eyes how things are going?"

"Oh, we knew our boys in blue would make us proud of them," the Congressman said. "Yesterday when a dispatch rider brought word that McDowell had taken Bull Run without firing a shot, the House adjourned to celebrate. And a number of us thought we'd drive out and look things over."

"We've been hearing artillery fire now and then," Mr. Brady said, "but I imagine the rebels are still on the run. I believe those who predict a quick victory for the North are surely right."

"Do join us, Mr. Brady," called a ruddy-faced man, "we've brought a picnic lunch. And wine. We'll drink a toast to quick victory."

A colored coachman in livery was spreading a snowy cloth on the grass. Timothy watched with interest as he began to unpack a large hamper of food. The very sight of the many sandwiches, pickles, fruits, cake and pie made his mouth water.

"One of the hotel keepers told me that the demand for picnic lunches for tomorrow is tremendous," the ruddy-faced Congressman went on, "apparently half the population of Washington plans to drive out here tomorrow."

"That's right," exclaimed a stout gentleman who was fanning himself with his hat. "Every carriage, rig, hack and saddlehorse in the city has been engaged in advance."

"And at cutthroat prices, too," put in a deep voice.

"Here, my lad, enjoy yourself." The ruddy-faced man laughed and handed Timothy a huge slice of cake.

The boy accepted it with an enthusiastic, "Thank you, sir." Outdoor life whetted the appetite. Billie was missing more than he counted on when he accompanied his father and Alec. They had driven off together to get photographs of one of the nearby camps.

The Congressman with the deep voice was talking now. The boy turned to listen while he devoured the cake.

"Certain of our good church-going members are shocked at the idea of a battle being fought tomorrow . . . they say no good can come of fighting on Sunday."

"Oh, the better the day the better the deed, I always

say," cried the ruddy-faced one. There was a general laugh. Taking a pair of opera glasses from his pocket he focused them on the turnpike.

"Ah, here comes someone now," he exclaimed, "riding as if the very devil were after him. Let's hope he has news of the battle."

All watched while the approaching rider turned in through a gap in the rail fence and took a diagonal path across the sloping field. When he was within hailing distance the stout Congressman waved his hat and called,

"Officer, how is the fight going?"

"Couldn't be better," came the answer, "we've whipped them on all points . . . they're retreating as fast as they can and we're after them."

The news was welcomed with lusty cheers. Timothy saw the Congressmen slap one another on the back and shake hands heartily.

"It's bully!" they cried.

The best he himself could do was a grin. He was for the Union now—no doubt in his mind about that. Nevertheless it didn't come easy to *cheer* the defeat of the South.

Sunday dawned bright and clear. A perfect day for photography, if you discounted the heat. Extreme heat was hard on the wet plates. You had to coat them, expose them and then develop them all in the shortest possible time. And as for working conditions, he had Johnny's word for it: the back of the closed-in wagon was a veritable oven.

Timothy was wild to be off. It was obvious that the longer the start was delayed, the hotter would be the sun. But all during the early part of the morning there seemed no chance whatever for the traveling darkrooms to take to the road.

He and Billie joined the crowd on the hillside to watch the uneven lines of men slouch by, their scuffling feet stirring up so thick a cloud of dust that, from the knees down, their legs were invisible. They didn't look much like the spick-and-span soldiers he'd seen parading the Avenue in perfect step, flags flying, bands playing. Yet these hot, weary, plodding men might be the very marchers he'd watched less than a week ago.

And now the dark columns were winding on and on along the turnpike, accompanied by their dun-colored cloud of dust. In spite of it, though, you could see the gleam of arms. Every bayonet seemed tipped with a spark of living fire.

"Ain't we ever going to get started?" Billie wailed.

"How'd we get past the troops?" sighed Timothy. "Looks hopeless."

"Mr. Stowe's lucky," Billie went on, " 'cause my Pop let him have his horse to ride. So he and that Mr. Barrett have gone—"

"Mr. Barrett? He the newspaper man?"

"Yep. And you ought to see the horse he got himself." Billie giggled. "He said it was a 'Secesher's horse.' "

Timothy, hands in pockets, turned to stroll among the carriages, carts and numerous other vehicles drawn up on the hillside.

"Look at the ladies over there, Tim," Billie was tagging close. "Look at 'em laugh."

"I know—they came early. And just look at the big pistol that man's showing the other one—he's the one who gave me the cake yesterday."

As the two boys drew near the carriage in which the ladies and their escorts were sitting, a high feminine voice reached their ears.

"Oh, isn't it thrilling to think we'll be in Richmond by this time tomorrow!"

Billie snickered.

"Seems more like we're going to keep right on staying *here*," he said.

By noon, however, the two darkroom wagons were rolling along Warrenton Turnpike in the wake of the advancing army. In the first wagon with Mr. Brady were his two young assistants: Johnny, his darkroom man, Timothy, his camera boy. Trailing them in the other wagon were Operator Wood, his son Billie and Alec.

The first stop for pictures was at a white farmhouse which was being used as a hospital. In the front yard a long line of field ambulances waited. After a brief discussion with Mr. Wood, concerning the photographic possibilities, Mr. Brady climbed back into the wagon he was driving.

"We'll leave Mr. Wood and Alec to deal with this," he said, "while we go on ahead and get some photos of the entrenchments deserted by the Confederates."

Timothy was conscious of an ever-growing sense of excitement. Surely the mysterious place called "the front" could not be far now. No longer was the cannonade a muffled roar in the distance. Every little while would come a series of boom-thumping crashes so startlingly loud that he wanted to clap hands to ears. Instead, he just sat tight so as to prove he was no softy.

Johnny, next to him on the seat, would stiffen during the ear-splitting crash-bangs, then relax again. He wasn't wanting to talk . . . probably because of his aching tooth.

When Mr. Brady had first noticed the way his cheek stuck out he'd said, "What ails your face, Johnny?"

"Nothing a good tooth-puller couldn't cure, sir."

"Hurt?"

"Oh, my cheek feels a bit stiff, sir," he'd said, making light of the pain so he wouldn't be left behind in camp.

As the wagon rounded the top of a long steep hill Mr. Brady halted the team. Pointing with his whip he said to Timothy,

"Son, do you see that tall persimmon tree? Think you could shinny up it? I'd like to know if you can see anything of the battle from here."

"Yes, sir—that's an easy climb." Timothy was glad of a chance to display his tree-climbing skill.

The upper part of the tree was dead and therefore barren of leaves. The boy raised himself from limb to limb until he was about thirty feet above the ground.

"Don't go any higher," shouted Mr. Brady.

Shading his eyes with his hand the boy stared open-mouthed.

Less than a mile away was a great plain over which lines of tiny figures were moving in a wavering mist of light blue smoke. Tiny horsemen flourished tiny swords . . . a flag fluttered briefly, then vanished. Bright flashes and white puffs of smoke marked the location of a battery.

"Come, Son, come on down! The horses don't like all this noise—"

A whining scream was followed by a deafening crash as a shell exploded in the woods.

The boy's ears were filled with a great roaring noise. Startled, he looked down.

Both horses were plunging and rearing. The next instant the darkroom wagon was careening madly down the road in a cloud of dust.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

THE GREAT ROUT

FOR A LONG MOMENT THE BOY WAS POWERless to move. The deafening noise, followed by the sight of the wagon hurtling off, had a paralyzing effect. He clung to the high branches of the persimmon tree and gaped at the stretch of road where the wagon had been swallowed up by the dust.

Suddenly, with reckless haste, he began to lower himself from limb to limb until he was within jumping distance of the ground. Then running for all he was worth, he gave chase.

All too soon his heart was thumping under his ribs and he was forced to slow down. Surely Mr. Brady would be able to get control over the frightened animals before anything serious happened . . . the man had a way with horses. But what if they met anything head on in the narrow road while still going at breakneck speed? The thought was terrifying.

Through the dust that hung like a cloud above the road he caught a glimpse of horses and a wagon—a wagon with a top! Mr. Brady had managed to turn round! He was coming back for him . . . coming fast.

Springing off the road just in time to keep from being run down, Timothy waved both arms and whooped at the top of his lungs. But the wagon tore by in a swirl of dust. It was a sutler's wagon.

As the boy hurried on, he gradually became aware of a let-up in the din. No longer was the thunderous noise so startlingly loud. Perhaps the battle was over, he thought, perhaps the war had been won.

Presently he found himself faced with a choice of roads. Two forks seemed to lead in the general direction of the plain he had seen from the top of the tree, while the third swung off at a wide angle. He halted, wanting to figure things out.

Now if that sutler's wagon came this way, he reasoned, and Mr. Brady's team kept straight on, they wouldn't have met. He turned to peer along the third fork. The backs of several horsemen could be seen, but an instant later they had vanished into the dust.

Deciding on the straightest route the boy hurried on and soon was crossing a bridge which spanned a wide stream with steep banks. The dust in the air was growing thicker, indicating that on ahead something was keeping it stirred up. He forced his tired legs to increase their pace.

Almost at once he caught sight of the back of an army wagon. And when he overtook it he found it to be one of several ammunition carts. Like all such carts, each was drawn by a four-horse team with a man in uniform riding the near horse of the leaders.

As he drew close he hurled his question at the nearest man.

"Have you seen anything of a runaway? A wagon with a square top . . . two horses?"

"Nope," came the answer, "but there's something coming now. Maybe it's your wagon."

Timothy craned eagerly, then shook his head.

Through the dust he could make out the looming form of a white-topped army wagon with dark figures running along beside it.

A voice was shouting a strange command.

"Turn back! You're all to turn back!"

"What'd you mean—turn back?" yelled a driver of one of the ammunition carts.

An officer on a lathery horse galloped forward.

"Make way for the General," he ordered.

"What do they mean, sir—turn back?" shouted the driver.

"We're in retreat . . . we've been badly whipped."

The boy could not believe his ears.

Retreat! Badly whipped! How could victory so quickly change into defeat?

Perspiration was streaming down his face; his wet shirt clung to his shoulder blades. All at once he was dog-tired.

Scrambling across the ditch, out of the way, he stood watching the white-topped army wagon crowd past the line of ammunition carts. On the high seat of the wagon, sitting very erect, arms folded, was a man with a bloody handkerchief round his head. The scabbard dangling at his side was empty.

Timothy heaved a deep sigh and started toward the bridge. Might as well look for a needle in the haystack

as to look for the runaway wagon now.

The fleeing soldiers had begun to fan out across the field, ridding themselves of guns and knapsacks as they went. A riderless horse raced past the boy, with half a dozen soldiers after it, all bent on its capture. One of them, a lanky youth, had managed to grab the end of the animal's long tail and now he was being hauled over the ground so fast that his spindling legs were flying. Losing his grip, down he went, flat on his face. And Timothy broke into a raucous laugh. He had no sympathy to waste —the lanky youth was Jake.

Hearing a shout behind him that sounded very like his name, the boy turned to make sure. Coming toward him he saw a hatless rider with coppery hair.

"Timtod! How on earth . . . where's Mr. Brady?"

"I—I don't know, sir. The horses ran away."

"Here, give me your hand. Now put your foot in the stirrup and up you come. Where were you when it happened?"

"You know where the road forks? It was back there—a little way before that."

With both arms round his friend, the boy clung on while the horse, carrying double, became part of the mob pushing, crowding and inching its way over the narrow bridge. Some of the soldiers had taken to the stream. Timothy saw them wading waist-deep.

"Hope we can make it," one of them yelled.

"Tough going," shouted another, "the bottom's danged soft muck."

As soon as the two on the horse were across the bridge they left the road to cut through a cornfield. And the long green blades of the standing corn whipped at their legs as they passed.

"Now let's have it, Timtod," Mr. Stowe said, "tell me just what did happen. . . ."

Prompted by an occasional question the boy told his story, then, in turn, asked the question that had been troubling him.

"Why are they all retreating, sir? Did something go wrong up front?"

"Yes, very wrong. Our men were badly outnumbered . . . they were dead tired to begin with. They'd been on the march for twelve hours. And the Confederates kept throwing in more and more reserves—I can't imagine where they all came from—no power *could* stop them. Oh, it was awful—" Mr. Stowe hesitated—"one officer I questioned said he'd had two horses shot under him. The one he was riding at the time, he said, he'd caught in the field."

Once more back on the road the horse, carrying double, was one of many similarly burdened. And now the number of fugitives had increased, and a great wave of men was streaming toward Centerville. Underfoot the ground was strewn with caps, belts, bayonets and cooking tins. A wounded man limped slowly along, using his gun as a crutch; others, overcome with weariness, lay by the roadside, sound asleep.

The dust was suffocating. Timothy was tormented by thirst. On ahead he could see the hills of Centerville, bathed in the red rays of the setting sun.

"There's a bridge somewhere along here," Mr. Stowe was saying, "it crosses a little stream called Cub Run. I judge from the way the wagons have all stopped it must be blocked."

The boy was not listening. He was leaning sideways,

peering intently at a wagon which stood by itself among the trees bordering the stream. A wagon with a square top!

"Oh, that's it! That's it!" he cried excitedly, "that's Mr. Brady's wagon."

Mr. Stowe urged the horse across the ditch, digging his heels into the animal's sides to hurry it.

"But where's the team? I don't see *anyone,*" wailed the boy.

"I'll shout," Mr. Stowe said, "he might be within earshot."

Following a prolonged, "Bra-a-a-ady," Timothy chimed in with a loud, "Johnny! Hey, Johnny!"

Almost at once came an answering shout, and a minute later, through the foliage of the underbrush, they saw a flutter of light cloth. Then Mr. Brady was hurrying toward them, his linen duster unbuttoned and flapping about his legs.

"Red! I'm glad you're all right," he cried, "and thank heaven, *the boy!* Are you all right, Son?"

"Oh, I'm all right, sir." Grinning with relief the boy slid to the ground. "But Johnny—where's Johnny?"

"I sent Johnny back." Mr. Brady took hold of the bridle while Mr. Stowe dismounted. "Your friend, Barrett, came by a short time ago and I sent Johnny back with him. Bad tooth. Needs attention."

"But Mathew, why aren't you—"

"I'm staying here, Red. All night if need be. The bridge is blocked—didn't you see? Supply cart and gun-carriage. Jammed in a deadlock. And I've no intention of deserting my equipment, I assure you—"

Timothy broke in breathlessly.

"Please let me stay, sir—I haven't any toothache."

"No, you go along with Mr. Stowe. It's just possible that you'll overtake my other wagon. Barrett had met it —they were waiting for me, but Johnny's to tell them I said to get back to Washington as fast as they can."

"You are running some risk, Mathew," protested the artist, "there may be skirmishers along here before morning."

"Now don't try any of that on me, Red. I'm not to be scared off."

"I'm not afraid," Timothy put in hopefully.

"You should have heard Barrett's description of what happened in Centerville, Red, when some stray shells exploded near the hill where all the sightseers were," Mr. Brady went on, "there was a stampede, he said. People went wild—screaming, running. Carriages got in a tangle . . . some of them tipped over—" he broke off and turned to the boy.

"I was just starting back to hunt you up when I met the retreat head on. So I had to give up. The horses are badly jaded, I've got them hitched to a tree over there in the woods where it's more quiet."

"Well, I wish you luck, Mathew. I've got to get my drawings in the mail," the artist patted his saddlebag. "Come on, Timtod."

"No, *please*," the boy began, and then pointed at a soldier hobbling toward them, his eyes on the horse.

"Take him instead," he cried. "He needs a lift—I don't. And I *want* to stay."

"What do you say, Mathew?" Mr. Stowe ruffled the boy's hair. "Which'll it be?"

"You win, Son." Mr. Brady was smiling and Timothy

knew that he was pleased.

Again carrying double, the horse picked its way across the stream. The ford was not deep and when they gained the opposite bank Mr. Stowe turned to wave.

"Remember? 'They also serve who only stand and wait,'" he shouted, then grinned and waved again.

Sometime during the night the rain began, and it was still drizzling when Timothy woke. For a long moment he could not think where he was, then it all came back with a rush. He was stretched out in the back of the dark-room wagon. Mr. Brady was up front on the seat—that's where he intended to spend the night, he'd said.

When he found the seat of the wagon deserted, the bewildered boy stood peering about in the misty half-light. Rain, dripping from the leaves above, ran down his face. The woods were full of cracking, snapping sounds as if a host of men were pushing their way through the underbrush. An instant later he caught sight of the linen duster. Mr. Brady was bringing the horses.

"Sleep all right, Son?" he said cheerfully. "Our visitor didn't wake you up?"

"Visitor?" echoed the boy.

"The bridge has been cleared—we'll start as soon as we can. And I'll tell you about him as we go along. Get around there, Prince . . . back up. Back!"

Timothy's fingers flew as he buckled the straps.

"There! I reckon we're ready, sir."

As Mr. Brady put his foot on the little hoe-shaped iron step to swing himself up to the seat, the boy heard a jangle of metal and caught a quick glimpse of the scabbard which poked out the linen duster.

"A gift from my visitor," Mr. Brady said and gathered up the reins.

As they wheeled across the narrow bridge Timothy looked down at the cart which lay on its side in the water. It was the one that had blocked the bridge yesterday. They were not to be the only ones on the road, it seemed. Ahead was a fragment of the army, marching with some semblance of order. But there was no dust. The rain had put an end to that.

"This retreat, sir," Timothy said, "does it mean that the war's over—that the South has won?"

"Oh, by no means! Of course if the rebels can follow this up—if they can capture Washington, it may go hard for the North for a while. In any case, I suspect the fighting will last far longer that any of us have been counting on."

The rain was drumming gently on the top of the wagon. The horses had settled into a steady clop clop—a sound which changed abruptly when they splashed through puddles of water.

"About my visitor," Mr. Brady began briskly. "It hadn't started to rain. The moon was still bright. And when I heard the noise in the bushes I thought the whole Confederate army must be coming, so I kept well back in the shadow. Presently I saw him—one of the Zouaves—a huge fellow. He stopped by the wagon—seemed to be looking it over. And I heard him say something quite puzzling. Something about a *whatsit.*"

Timothy made a little snickering sound.

"What did you say, Son?"

"Oh, nothing, sir. I was just remembering—"

For a fleeting moment the boy was tempted to tell how

the darkroom wagon came by its name, then quickly changed his mind. Mr. Brady was not a man to see the funny side of things.

"Well, anyway," he went on, "when I told him I was staying right where I was till morning, he unbuckled his belt and gave me his broadsword. He said he had no further use for it—he was done with fighting. He was heading for New York, he said, and wouldn't stop running till he got there. Quite an exaggeration of course."

"Then if the war keeps on, will you go on taking war views, sir?"

"Well, Son, I had plenty of time to think things out last night, sitting there on the wagon seat alone. I'm sure I shall not have any further difficulty now about a permit —my photographs will speak for themselves. So I plan to outfit and put—oh, perhaps as many as two dozen operators in the field. We'll make a pictorial record of this war if it takes my last cent."

Mr. Brady turned his head to look at the attentive boy.

"And you, Son—you're plucky. You're persistent. And persistence can be a most useful trait."

Timothy's hopes were skyrocketing. He waited, scarcely breathing.

"I want you to dig in and *learn*. A good operator must know every step of the process—he must be prepared to coat his own plates, to develop them, print them—"

"But, sir—"

Mr. Brady seemed lost in thought.

"A pictorial record invaluable to history," he murmured.

"You'll need a camera boy, sir?"

"Of course I shall. And we'll see to the apprenticeship papers tomorrow."

"Tomorrow," Timothy repeated the word softly.

Ahead lay promise of good hard work, spiced with excitement and high adventure. He took a deep breath of the fragrant, damp air. The blessed rain had held off long enough for them to take the first of the photographs for Mr. Brady's pictorial record.

THE END

JEREMY PEPPER

By **FRANCES ROGERS**
and **ALICE BEARD**

Illustrated by Frances Rogers

A colorful but little known chapter in American Colonial history is the story of early American glass-making in Pennsylvania, carried on by Baron Stiegel. Frances Rogers and Alice Beard, with their usual zestful research, have studied the period and woven a fascinating story of Jeremy, a boy who comes from England with a secret ambition and is apprenticed to learn glass-blowing.

From the day when Jeremy steps off the ship, watching his chance to escape, the reader follows his adventures as he begins a successful apprenticeship in the difficult and highly dangerous craft of glass-blowing. The adventures increase when he is forced to run away, and at last he achieves the purpose of his journey to America.

This is a story rich in color and drama. Though the historical setting is secondary, it is of high interest. The Stiegel Glasshouse at Manheim in 1743 was famous for its processes of glass-making. A plot in the furnace room provides excitement and the eccentric Baron's picturesque American castle at Manheim is the fascinating background.

Here is a tale absorbing and worth the reading. It has much of the appeal and the feeling for early American crafts that is found in the story of young Johnny Tremain, the silversmith's apprentice in Paul Revere's Boston.

Frances Rogers and Alice Beard were members of the Howard Pyle group of artists in Wilmington, Delaware, and later began writing as an outcome of their common enthusiasm for American history and American antiques. They are the authors of 5000 Years of Glass. *Their home is in Woodstock, New York.*

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